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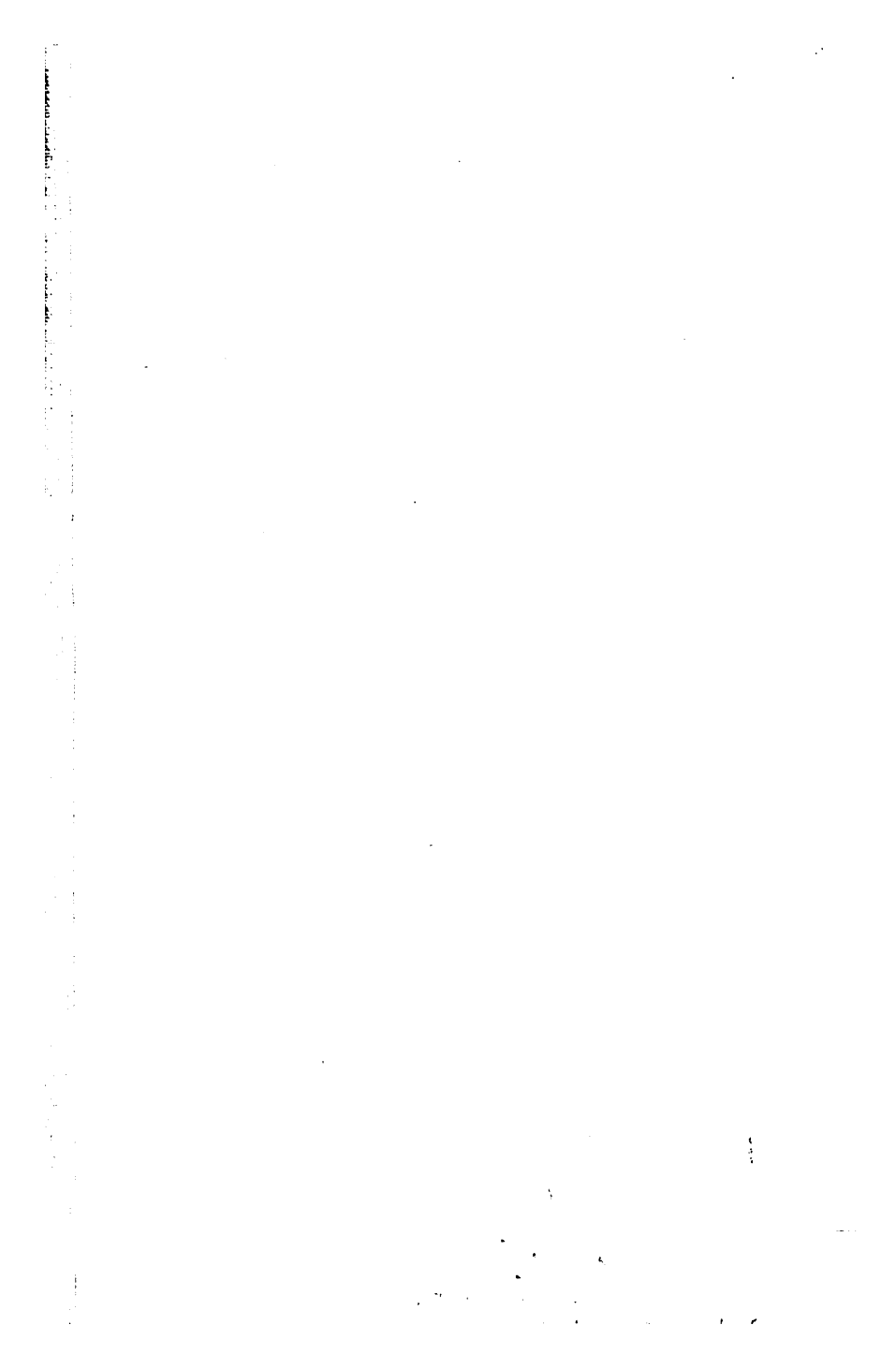
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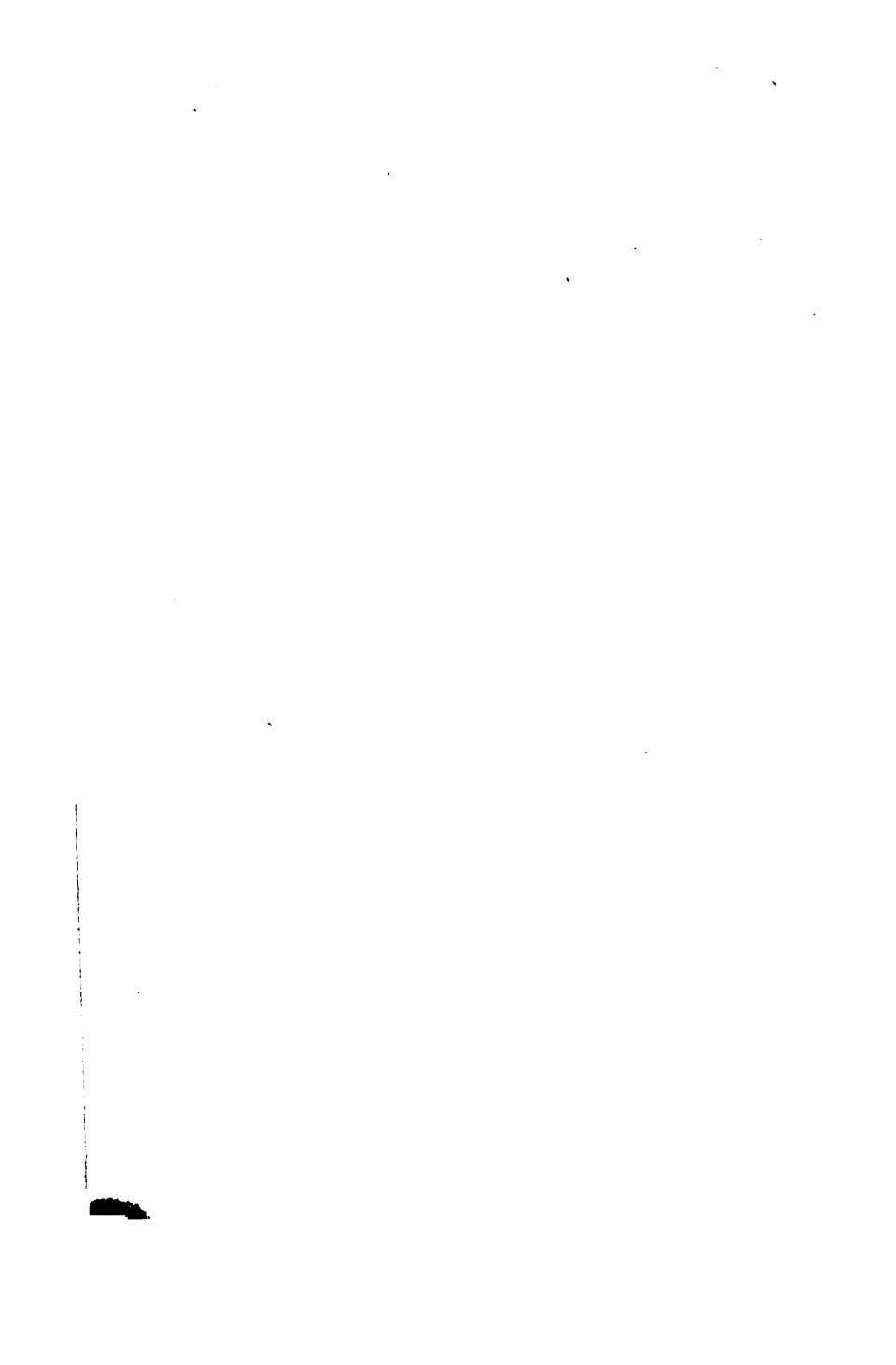
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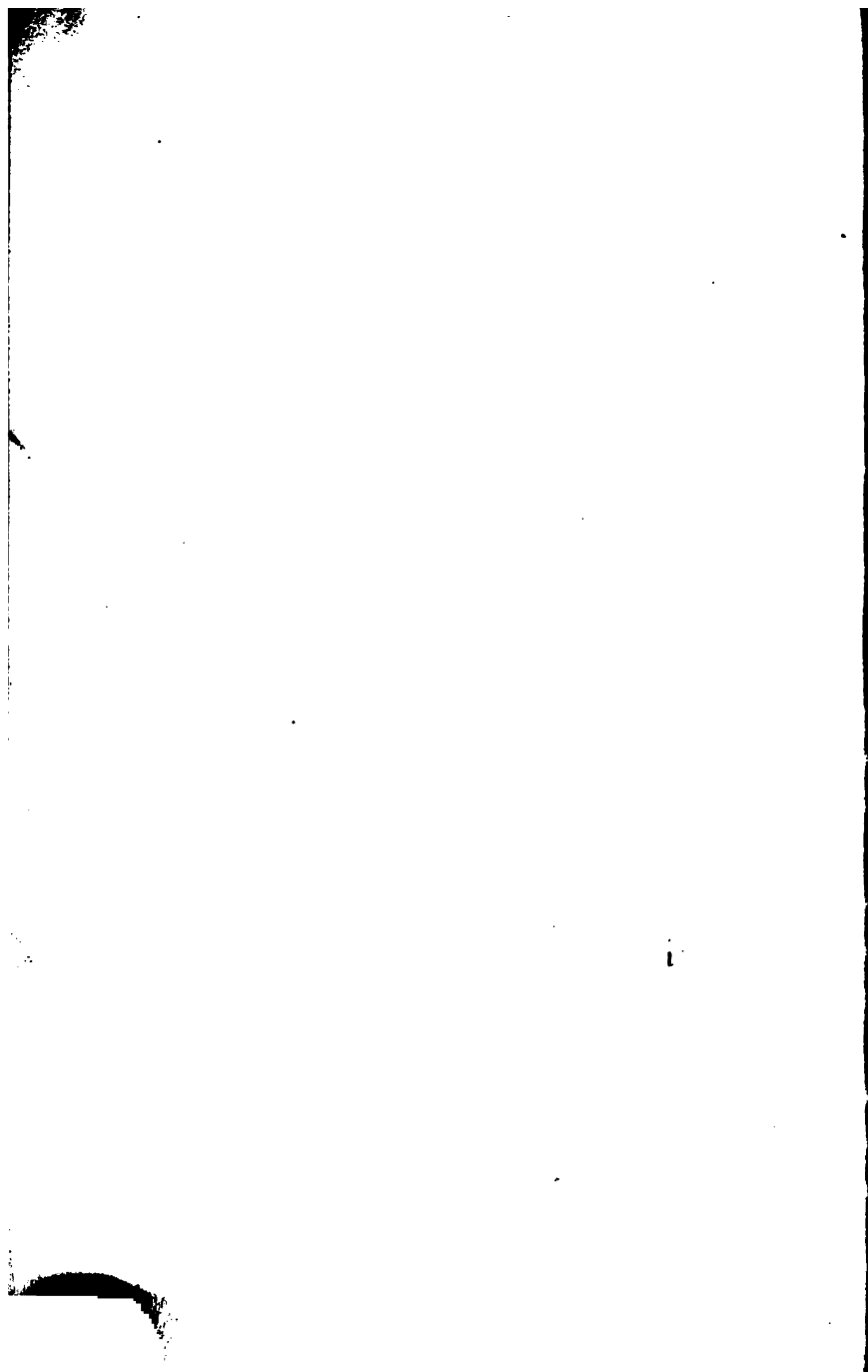
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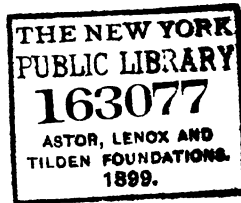
AUTHOR OF "‘PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH,’ AND OTHER ESSAYS."



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PREFACE.

IN going to Europe in the spring of 1878, my aim was, in part, to describe the citizen of Paris and the farmer of France. Endeavoring to act upon the principle that five lines upon the spot are worth pages of recollections, I brought back to this country a great quantity of notes. From these I have already prepared two brief articles for *Harpers' Magazine*; and in this volume I offer at much greater length the substance of my observations during my stay in France and brief visit to Belgium. Not often have I been obliged to rely on memory alone for my statements; but I crave indulgence for any faults that are found in this book, trusting that, as a picture of common life in the places that I visited, it will be found to be at least as accurate as the productions of the average tourist, and more complete.

JUNE 2, 1879.



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FRENCH AND BELGIANS.

PART I.

PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

1878, *April 27th*.—I land at Dieppe, in the north of France, having crossed the English Channel from New Haven. The most striking object, as we approach the shore, is the great crucifix raised aloft with the image of the agonizing Jesus, the head surrounded by gilded rays. And next I notice the mansard roofs. It seems to me that there is more dirt and more freedom than in England. As I wish to walk out and see the town, they will set my box into a little room free of charge. The only question asked of me by the customs' officer is whether I have any tea. You may have studied French for years, and scarcely understand a word of the babel which strikes the ear on landing. I walk out for fifteen minutes to get a glance at Dieppe, a town in Normandy, containing twelve thousand people. Women are walking the street in caps. There is a donkey with panniers and a high old wooden saddle. How many women on the street! How much fish! It is Saturday, and the market is still animated, although it is towards noon. What quantities of women are selling fish,

mostly or entirely without bonnets, but wearing white caps. I hear that the men are out catching fish. How willing the people are to give information! I buy a large, but poor and withered apple for two sous, and see butter in an enormous earthen pot, butter which smells to heaven and sells at eighteen sous the French pound, which is about one-tenth heavier than ours.*

Upon a sign is "The widow of *Is. Angot* and her sons, Wines and Brandies." I lunch at the buffet of the railroad station, the butter being very good, with little or no salt.

By my train it is four and a half hours from Dieppe to Paris. Although it is still April, and far north, some horses and cattle are already out grazing, but they appear to be tied. Colza is growing, with its bright yellow flowers of the color of mustard blossoms, but larger. In England it is called rape. The seeds are used for making oil, which is burnt in France. The trees are very pretty and striking after the bare hills around New Haven, in the south of England. Afterwards I see quite a number of wooded hillsides. The woods are enchanting in the tender green of spring with the bright sunlight; they contrast well with a manufacturing town through which we pass. In my division of the car is a young Englishwoman, married to a young Frenchman. She speaks a little French, and he a little English. He says to me,—ours is a second-class car,—“Will you permit I smoke?” She has a parrot in a cage, the same that was on the boat last night. They live in or near Paris. We pass through Rouen, but stop only ten minutes; so I do not go to see where Joan of Arc was burned. The young woman with the parrot tells me that the heart of

* The French sou nearly equals our cent. Twenty sous make a franc, worth about nineteen cents.

Richard Cœur de Lion is here, and that I can be shown the church by paying a small sum. I observe after leaving Rouen that the ground is planted greatly in strips or bits, and the expense of fencing is almost entirely dispensed with, as the cattle are tied. We pass through a number of manufacturing places. Although it is Saturday, many clothes are still out drying or bleaching. We see the broad Seine often between Rouen and Paris. Many of the roofs are of tiles, and many are thatched; one I see is of slate, but I note none of shingles. Although there is fence or hedge along the railroad, yet a broad meadow upon the Seine seems to be undivided for a mile or more, which I imagine must be food for lawsuits; afterwards I learn that low stones are set to mark corners. There seem to be more tunnels upon the road than we have, and a lamp burns all the time in the car. On one of the little patches of ground a flock of sheep is grazing, guarded by a man and dog. Were there two or three times as many, it seems to me that they would cover the bit of ground entirely. Not a very beautiful object is a row of Lombardy poplars, so straight-sided and tall. Other trees are trimmed nearly to the top; as I suppose, that they may not shade the ground, for I have not yet learned how scarce fuel is in France. There is very nice agriculture, but the hillside looks strange when thus cultivated in patches,—oblong bits of green and bits of brown. At a town stands a machine marked "Force, 20,000 kil.," the French kilogramme being about equal to two and one-fifth of our pounds. I see masses that I suppose to be mistletoe. These are dark green, and look strange upon trees that are putting on their spring foliage. Not all the land is good and cultivated. Some is gravelly, with sorrel growing among the grass; and again there is brush, or young wood, but another hillside shows greatly

variegated with green and brown irregular patchwork, and in the midst a village or town. Approaching Paris, we pass through a long stretch of poor ground grown up with wood or brush, or lying uncultivated; afterwards I observe that fruit-trees become numerous, and there are pieces of cultivated ground stuck with stakes like pieces of our fence-rails. These, as I infer, are vineyards, but not yet green.

On arriving at Paris, I see that the people have not the ruddy look of the English, but I notice one plump person with a good color. He is a tall man in a very neat, long, black robe, and he is an ecclesiastic of the Catholic Church. Among many other signs, I observe one of Madame —, midwife of the first class. At length I find the residence of the gentleman to whom I am especially recommended. It is in a rather handsome quarter, near a celebrated church. Finding the number, I go into one of the stores upon the ground floor to inquire for Mr. C., but here I am referred to the *concierge*, or door-keeper. So I enter a great door and a carriage-way, and on the left side find the small room of the *concierge*, whose wife tells me that Mr. C. is "at the fifth," which means up five flights of stairs. I enter the handsome door on the other side of the carriage-way, and find the ascent easy, though long. When I get up, there are two doors with bell-pulls. I ring at the right hand. No one comes, and it is now near nightfall. I sit down on a cushioned seat, and a gentleman comes up stairs and rings also. He thinks the domestic may have gone to the cellar. He says, however, that Mr. C. will soon be in, as he is to receive some gentlemen. He has called to tell him not to expect him. I receive the message, and he goes. Hearing a sound within, I ring again, and a woman-servant comes. Mr. C. is in, and I

enter, and find an elderly gentleman with a benevolent look. It is he who has been expecting me, and who says that I shall stay there until the morrow. He is looking for his brother and wife from the south of France; but he has heard of several places where I may obtain board or lodging.

Then the domestic comes and conducts me to a neat room with a waxed-floor, like the rest, with a mahogany bedstead, a wardrobe,—the door of which is a great mirror,—and a French clock. Mr. C. is a widower.

On the wall is an engraving of Emile Souvestre, the author, beneath which is written, “Mr. and Mrs. C——, Souvenir of the family Souvestre.” Under this hangs, in a frame, a bunch of black hair, rather long. My host has kindly inquired whether I have eaten, and told me that he dines at half-past six. The domestic asks whether I wish to wash, and then takes me to a little closet, partly filled with sticks of wood. She apologizes for these, but not for what is worse,—namely, the small amount of water. As I wish to take a bath in the morning, she tells me that there is a man who brings up two buckets of water for three sous, and I give her the change. Mr. C.’s rooms cost him about three hundred dollars a year, there being no gas nor water introduced. I ask Marie whether I cannot take the things into my own room to wash, but she fears that there will be spots upon the waxed-floor. A man comes “all the fifteen days,” or once a fortnight, to polish the floor, but the spots that get on between-times are her care. She empties the water out of the window of the little closet into a large funnel, whence a spout conveys it down.

At dinner only Mr. C. and myself sit down. His sons are married and living elsewhere. We have first a clear

soup with little or no thickening, but with bits of bread in it. After this an omelet is served, and this Mr. C. tells me is the only dish added upon my account. There are two bottles of wine,—white and red,—but only the white is opened. It was made by one of Mr. C.'s sons. We have bread with the omelet, and after this course *le potage au feu*, or piece of boiled beef with carrots, probably the same from which the soup was made. The next course is a fine cauliflower, eaten cold, with salt, pepper, vinegar, and oil. Afterwards a bit of fresh cheese, oranges, almonds, and raisins. The housekeeper will observe that there is not a great deal of labor for the domestic in such a dinner (all the bread that I see in Paris appears to be baker's bread). There are several changes of plates; but the number seems to be adapted to the supposed habits of English and Americans.

This is quite a fine house, near one of the boulevards. It belongs to a widow. On the first floor are stores. The next is the *entresol*, where those live who keep the stores. On the next floor is the apartment of the owner herself, an *appartement* being a suite of rooms. Madame the marchioness, however, does not occupy the whole of this floor, but rents a part of it. The entry and staircase are very neat, and are furnished all through with the same carpet, this and the entry gas being furnished by the owner. Even up the five flights of stairs the floor of the landing is black and white marble. Entering Mr. C.'s door, we are in a neat little ante-chamber or vestibule, also paved with black and white stone, and furnished with curtains, chairs, a hat-rack, with a simple bracket for a candle, and upon the wall a yellow hand-bill with a notice of some free lectures in which Mr. C. is interested. The first room that we enter from this is the dining-room, with two win-

dows looking upon a little yard. It is simply furnished, and beside it is a little office or study. Opening from the dining-room is also the door of the *salon* or parlor. Then there are two sleeping-rooms, the bit of a kitchen, two little dressing-closets, and the water-closet, without water. Marie sleeps in the mansard above, a flight of outside steps going up to it. Her wages are, I believe, nine francs a week. In her little kitchen is a furnace or range, covered with tiles or plates of white faïence. There are seven places in the furnace where small charcoal fires can be made, and where she can boil, broil, or stew. For roasting there is something separate,—a sort of quite small, upright, portable furnace, grated in front. In this charcoal is burnt, and a tin-kitchen or roasting-vessel is set before it. Beside the furnace is a shallow stone sink, with a great earthen pan. There is an earthen pot with an earthen lid for boiling, and a number of earthen pipkins are standing round, while handsome copper and tin vessels hang on the wall. There is room for two small tables, but two persons would with difficulty work in the space left vacant. The floors—that of the narrow passage and of the dressing-closet into which I am shown—are of tiles. The room in which I sleep was madame's. If it were not for the regular, rather handsome cornice running around the room I should think that it had been partitioned off; for the door that goes out into the narrow back entry is apparently cut in the partition, and papered over with the same hangings as the room, there being just a little glass handle for opening it. This has the effect of scenery in a theatre, especially as the gilt ornament of paper which goes around the room near the floor is also carried over the door, all looking like an attempt to conceal it; but I afterwards hear that such doors are made to avoid taxation.

I understand that Mr. C. and his wife were friends of Emile Souvestre, author of "The Attic Philosopher" (*Le philosophe sous les toits*).

Mr. C.'s father was a physician in a town in the north, and he himself was a teacher and lawyer. He now holds real estate in different places, and has retired from active business, being over seventy.

His wife, who was originally a Protestant, was a person very highly esteemed. I often heard her spoken of, but obvious reasons prevent my mentioning the work which she established in Paris. One of their sons is a cultivator, a vine-grower; and the other a machinist. Mr. C. was originally a Catholic, but is now a free-thinker: he says that he believes in God and in the immortality of the soul. His wife and he had only a civil marriage, which, indeed, is the only legal marriage in France; but all the religious and fashionable world add the church marriage. The two sons of Mr. and Mrs. C. were married in this latter manner; one of them, I believe, is a Protestant.

Mr. C. is an ardent, a devoted republican; perhaps this is a reason for his receiving so kindly a plain person from republican America. When he tells me that his landlady is the widow of a marquis,—“Ah!” I say; and he doubtless perceives some eagerness that displeases him, for he adds a little roughly, “It is no matter what she is.”

My countryman, who gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. C., is an ardent advocate of peace, being also of Quaker origin. But with his sentiments Mr. C. does not entirely agree: he thinks that the Americans did well to go to war with Great Britain for their independence, and that the French did well to help us.

Sunday, April 28th.—At seven, Marie gives to each of us a cup of very strong chocolate, served unceremoniously,

without saucer or tablecloth. Bread in the loaf, wine and oranges are also upon the table. The chocolate is too strong for me, and I take wine and water; Mr. C. being kind enough also to bring some cheese. At eleven he will have his regular breakfast. He has ordered a hackney-coach, and is ready to take me this morning to seek a boarding-place. I want cheap board in a private family where English will not be spoken. I had been told, however, by a Frenchman in my own country, that I cannot find board in a private Parisian family, but I will at least try to obtain it. As we ride I hear the cry of something for sale, and I ask Mr. C. whether they cry things to sell on Sunday. He answers, "We don't keep Sunday in Paris. We amuse ourselves. We go into the country." However, I am told that there are good Catholics and good Protestants who observe Sunday, but that the greater part of the people do not. As we go, I observe that the greengrocer woman offers spinach, or some similar plant, boiled and chopped up all ready to warm and put upon the table. We enter a court-yard, where a man and woman are carding wool, and a street-singer, probably a beggar, is chanting. In the fourth or fifth story of a house we find the family of a Lutheran minister who take boarders, their charge being three hundred francs a month for children or young people. Here is a young man in a uniform, which indicates that he is a pupil in some Lycée. This is a high grade of school; higher, I afterwards understand, than the college.

At another place we find that the mother of the family is occupied giving a lesson. She teaches French, and her daughter painting. Six Norwegian ladies are boarding here, and another is expected to-morrow. We see two of them; young, well-looking, and well-dressed, but they are

not so genial to us as Madame de F. and her daughter. Mr. C. speaks highly of this family. They are his friends; they are republicans; they are free-thinkers; they earn their own living. But they are full; I cannot board here. Mr. C. is obliged to make frequent inquiry for some of the persons he seeks, and much time and effort is thus consumed. There are no general directories in Paris. At every place at which he inquires, at the washer-woman's, the fruit-dealer's, or others, he says in parting, "Thank you, madame."

At length we come to a wine-seller's, who has a shop and little restaurant on a corner. He has a room to let in another building upon the same court-yard as is the house of which he occupies a part. I will call him Lenoir. Mr. C. has been here before me; he thinks well of the man, but does not like his wife. We go up with Lenoir to see the room, which certainly wants the modest elegance of the one I occupy at Mr. C.'s; indeed, it looks as if house-cleaning time has come, but house-cleaning is not yet done. The room is about eight feet by nine; but, behold, there is a dressing-closet with a wardrobe! the closet being about five by five. The room-floor is of six-sided tiles, and a good sweeping and washing would not hurt it. Mr. C. asks whether I will look at the *cabinet*,—it is customary to see the *cabinet*. Whereupon Lenoir tells us where it is, and Mr. C. quickly mounts another flight of stairs, and we find the *cabinet* in an open corner of the entry: it is a water-closet without water. Does not my countenance express dejection and disgust? I am offered this lodging for thirty francs a month, but I cannot venture to take it for so long a period. I will merely engage it for a week, but must then pay ten francs. Mr. C. makes the very rash statement that all the people in England and America are accustomed to take a bath or wash themselves every day,

and Lenoir consents to let me have a bucket of water, and another bucket to empty water into. I can, of course, take my meals in his restaurant, if I desire. He is not accustomed to coffee with milk, but he can take some milk if I order it. As soon as I take the room, for which I pay in advance, Lenoir brings a piece of paper, and wishes to know my name, my first name, age, profession, place of birth, in what department, and my last residence. This, I understand, is to give to the police.

This finished, Mr. C. and I return to his home to breakfast, where we have an excellent steak, very well broiled, bread without butter, the two decanters of water and two bottles of wine, and it appears that the red is milder and more suitable for women. There is also cold meat and so forth, and the table is covered with oil-cloth. In conversation with Mr. C. I have spoken of men not marrying in France, unless the bride has money. He rejoins that marriages are made upon too short an acquaintance, say of a fortnight; and that then the husband has mistresses, and the wife, lovers. "Is it so now?" I ask. "Not so much so as under the Empire," he says. While speaking of morals, I may here add that upon a conspicuous street I have noticed the sign or advertisement of a clothing store, called "To the Good Devil," with a figure of the same. Then I question whether the moral ideas of the people are not all topsy-turvy. Some months after, however, in Belgium, a young gentleman, speaking in French of the parish priests, calls them good devils, which greatly astonishes me, till I learn that the phrase means *good fellows*, as we say, *poor devil*.

After breakfast my trunks are taken to my new lodgings, and I afterwards dine very nicely with Mr. C., and meet a young Swiss, who is in business at Paris, and who is polite

enough to wait upon me to my lodgings in the evening. Mr. C. advises me to buy my candles, instead of getting them from the wine-seller. He says that he always buys his when at a hotel, and his sugar for sugared water, a drink which pleases the French more than it does us. My young Swiss stops with me to buy the candles, and says "Good-evening!" in parting with the shopman. Upon the staircase he kindly strikes wax-matches, and lights me up to my room, then giving me the box. What a contrast to my hotel in London is this forlorn spot in which I am now domiciled; but only, as I hope, for a short time. And there are mean places in London, too.

CHAPTER II.

Monday, April 29th.—Down in the wine-shop there is a little room or closet partitioned off, where I can take my meals, if I choose. On the breakfast-table stand two glass bottles or jars, one of water; but the contents of the other are thicker, and there is something in the bottom. Is it pepper-sauce, with little pods in? No. Lenoir says that it is rusted water, and that those are nails within; it is iron-water; it is good for the stomach; people drink it. I breakfast on hot soup or a clear bouillon, and a bit of beef. On the card this is marked *ordinaire*, and the price is seven sous, or, as they express it, thirty-five centimes, for in their decimal system the franc is composed of one hundred centimes. To the foregoing I add bread, and Lenoir asks whether I want wine. No; but I will have some hot water and sugar; and having a lemon, I make lemonade.

He brings me three little flat squares of sugar for two sous. The price of a good-sized glass of ordinary wine is three sous. I take a short allowance this morning; Lenoir's card would certainly afford much more. He has a man-cook and two waiter-girls.

To-day I take a long walk to the Exposition grounds. On the Avenue d'Eylau is a sign, "Protestant Orphan Asylum for Young Boys." Another is of a girls' school, conducted by the Sisters of Wisdom. I fall into talk with an intelligent woman of the class who wear caps instead of bonnets. I ask whether they have public schools, and I understand her to say that there are laic schools, belonging to the city of Paris, where nothing is paid; and also schools of the brothers, and of the sisters, where nothing is paid but for books, pens, and so forth. We see a brother in a robe going into a school-building, and hear the sound of children's voices. I say that if I had time I might go into the school, but she does not encourage me to do so, saying that they will be forming the classes. I tell her that in my country they like to have persons visit the public schools, thinking that it encourages teachers and scholars. We speak of the police, and she tells me that the old *sergents de ville* are called guardians of the peace, which is the same thing as policemen. She signifies that the police are not so much regarded here as in England.

On the Avenue d'Eylau I see cans of tomatoes at twenty-five sous, whereas in Philadelphia I had lately seen them as low as six cents.

On the Avenue de Suffren, near the Exposition, there is a wonderful drinking-place. Wine and beer are drunk; and from the little glass, spirits as I suppose. I meet one man with a red face, quite drunk, his companion supporting him. It seems to me as if about one-third of the

women in this region are wearing caps instead of bonnets. A good many soldiers are upon the streets, but not very grand and warlike. A short and crooked one reminds me of the colored man's tree, which was so straight that it bent back the other way. These soldiers wear wide red trousers, long blue coats, red epaulettes, and straight-up caps, with a funny little straight feather in front. I hear that there are very many soldiers in the fortifications around Paris.

When, after much walking, I find the office of the United States commissioners, I am told that they have gone; but I find our commissioner of education, who kindly conducts me within the grounds, the Exposition not yet being open, and into Governor McCormick's office, but we do not find him. As I have charge of an exhibit from our country, I expect free admission; but I find that this has been already obtained by the French gentleman to whom the article was forwarded.

The charge for admission, however, will not be near so high as ours, being only one franc. I go to the restaurant Gaugloff, and cannot get coffee with milk for my supper. They say that the milk has been gone for some time. They are selling wine at four sous the carafon, or small decanter, very small; and coffee with milk is eight cents!

Opposite to the Exposition grounds there is an immense structure of stone, and a great court-yard within it. Over one door is the word "artillery;" over another is "cavalry." It is a barrack. I have seen the officers of the *octroi* of Paris in dark green, the *octroi* being the tax collected by French cities from those who enter them to sell provisions. In dark blue, I see the guardians of the peace; in dark blue, with red stripes down their trousers and with caps and spurs, the artillery men. Those soldiers with helmets

are horsemen, and those tall men with blue trousers are the republican guard of Paris; and they are married, a young woman tells me.

"And cannot the others marry?" I ask.

"They are paid more," she explains. The pay of the common foot soldier, besides his clothing and rations, is one sou a day.

On the street I inquire the way of a man, who asks me whether I can read. The streets of Paris are not regular, like ours in Philadelphia, but they are very beautifully named. Every little street and court has the name at every corner. There are pretty plates high up on the houses,—plates of blue faïence or porcelain, with white letters; and all I notice are new, except a couple on the street *Fourth of September*, named for the downfall of the late emperor, or the establishment of the republic.

I have just said that the streets are not regular; they run in so at acute angles, that when you are crossing without thinking of it—clatter!—drive!—comes a carriage. One day I was in danger of being caught between two.

After supping at the restaurant of which I just spoke, I foresee that my evening will be dismal, spent alone at my lodgings, and I conclude to call on an American friend who has been several years in Europe. Not far from the great stone barrack, I find a railroad-office for tramways, as they call the street-cars. We rush into the office and get a round ticket of pasteboard, say number 63. I do not know what it means; but I am charged nothing, and I take it, and hurry out to a car where the people are showing their tickets; but some are before me, as 53, 54, 56, 59, and these must have a seat first. I remember what great difficulty there was about street-cars at our own Ex-

hibition, and I do not know but I may be long detained ; then word is given that there is room for several more on top, which as yet is quite an unknown country to me. At last I get a comfortable seat within next to a woman, who is quite social, and who tells me that I speak French well, —a grateful compliment, and a wonderfully rare one. The conductor comes and takes our six sous, and behold I have also the privilege of an exchange ticket, or *correspondance*. I must get out at the *Barrière de l'Étoile*, and go into another office and get a number as before. This time I get into an omnibus ; but I must be very careful to hand the exchange ticket in entering, before the conductor has made up his list, if I do not want to get into difficulty. And I must not expect any driver to stop if the word *complet* is up on the outside, showing that all the places are taken. The omnibus stops at my friend's door, and I find her quite handsomely lodged *at the second*, or up only two flights of stairs. There are some elevators in Paris, but I never see one. I have mentioned that my friend Mr. C. answered me somewhat roughly when I was impressed with the fact of a certain lady's being a marchioness ; but my American friend differs from him ; titles are not displeasing to her. I think it is a duchess at whose house she has been when that lady was holding a lottery for the relief of a reduced family ; and the conversation turns upon one of the Ministers of State or of legation. A conundrum is told concerning the late empress, and a bonmot of that extremely edifying monarch, Louis XV.*

I remain at my friend's house until after nine, and walk

* On the fall of Louis Napoleon, after the battle of Sedan, Eugenie sought refuge for a short time with Dr. Evans, the American dentist. The question has been asked, Why did the empress go to the dentist ? *A cause de ses dents* (Sédan).

back alone to my lodgings, about a half mile. I stop to inquire the way, and get along without any difficulty.

Tuesday, April 30th.—I wanted to mail a letter lately, and I found that there are offices at different places. Not far from my lodgings is one which I find to be about the size of a post-office in one of our country towns. There are two openings, where we can speak to the officers. After mailing my letter I inquire where I shall go, or to whom apply, to find whether there are any letters for me in the general post-office.

“In order to change your address?” asks the clerk.

“No,” I reply, and endeavor to explain that some of my friends may write to me without knowing my number.

“*Poste restante?*” he inquires: but here I find myself in difficulty. I ask who is their postmaster-general, and he begins to speak of the Minister of the Treasury, or some such person. At length I explain to him that if letters are not called for at home they are advertised, and if not applied for then are sent to the dead-letter office. No, I understand him to reply, there is no such thing here; they would stay in the office. It is very convenient, however, to have these small offices, where your letter can be weighed and receive the proper stamps. But if you mail a letter and do not pay enough, the person who receives it will be charged double. I prefer our own plan of charging to the receiver only the amount still due; but then our post-office is not self-supporting.

The reader may observe my difficulty in conversing with the post official. He who has studied a language many years may still find difficulty in going to live among the people. It is not very flattering, when you enter a store and deliver a carefully-prepared sentence in French, for a man to jump with a smile and ask, “What you like, ma-

dame?" and continue to speak in his imperfect English, fondly imagining, perhaps, that he speaks our language quite well.

I have received word of a private Parisian family in which I may be able to obtain board. Lodging as I now do, and taking meals at restaurants, is a lonely way of life, and quite the opposite of what I desired in coming here.

Posted up in Lenoir's shop is a handbill containing a copy of the "law tending to repress public drunkenness, and to combat the progress of alcoholism." I would like to read it and take notes, but I refrain on account of the presence of Lenoir.

On his table lies a copy of *Le Siècle*, a paper now in its forty-fourth year. Price at Paris, thirteen centimes (about two and a half cents); in the departments, twenty centimes.* The leading article in this paper speaks thus: "We have asked of *The Defence*, What think you of the *Society of St. Joseph*, which recognizes two classes of trade,—one orthodox and well-minded, the other free-thinking and republican,—and which says to its members, You must enrich the former and ruin the latter?" *The Defence* answers, "Is the buyer no longer free to buy where he pleases? Can he no longer choose who shall supply him? Assuredly the buyer is free to get whatever he wants and wherever he pleases; but does the Society of St. Joseph respect the liberty of its members when it draws up in advance and sends into dwellings the list of persons from whom they ought to buy their clothing, their provisions, their furniture, every object of luxury

* *Centimes* means "hundredths," one hundred making a franc. Modern France is divided into about eighty departments, which may be said to correspond with our States; but this is a consolidated not a federal republic. The governors of these departments are prefects; appointed, not elected; and for life or good behavior.

or necessity? No; the Society of St. Joseph exercises upon its members a true inquisition. It is then we who place ourselves upon the soil of liberty in denouncing the Society of St. Joseph as an instrument of hatred and of civil war. Nothing is more odious than to mingle religion with the purchase of a hat or a cutlet."

To-day I see another great barrack, and marching away from it a company of soldiers, with knapsacks and without overcoats, taking their exercise. On the building is conspicuously painted, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Opposite to the barrack is a green enclosure, a public garden. It is called a square, for they have adopted this English word. There are very few within when I enter. On a long bench sits a woman diligently darning stockings, and at a distance, on the same bench, a man reading a newspaper. The fountain plays; the grass is clipped and very green, and on it are a quantity of little birds; there is a large bed of flowers, whose fragrance is wafted towards me; horse-chestnuts are in bloom; into the blue sky towers the great dome of St. Augustine's Church, surmounted by a light, airy, ornamented construction and the inevitable cross; behind me is the great stone barrack. Beautiful Paris! All this the more beautiful in contrast with the dingy quarters I have left.

I am told that at Paris, Versailles, and the forts near there are, at this time, probably from forty to fifty thousand soldiers. The whole French army, without the reserve, amounts to about four hundred and fifty thousand. All the young men of France, at the age of twenty-one, are obliged

to offer themselves to the conscription to draw lots. The levy is about one hundred thousand yearly, who are obliged to serve five years. Those who are not drawn enter the reserve, to be recalled in case of war or necessity. If the two Chambers demand this year one hundred thousand men, the proper quota is demanded from each canton according to its population. France is differently divided from our own country: we are in States, counties, and townships; France in departments, arrondissements, cantons, and communes.

Madame Lenoir is not very bland. She was talking to me lately about my wanting things cheap.

"And do you find things cheap in your country of Africa?" she wants to know.

I tell her that my country is America, and that I can get a cup of coffee with milk, and bread and butter, for ten cents; and a glass of ice-water, I proudly add; but ice-water does not profoundly move her; even my American friend, long resident here, inclines to consider it unwholesome. As to my landlady's speaking of Africa, I afterwards learn the importance to the French of their colony, Algeria.

I take my evening meal at the restaurant Duval, near the Madeleine church. We are served by a quantity of nice-looking waiter-women in black dresses and white caps. At the same table with me is dining an elderly woman, whom I suppose to be a storekeeper, or in business in the neighborhood. I wish to know what she calls the women who wait upon us: does she call them servants,—*serviteurs*?

"I call her madame," she says. I afterwards learn that women-servants are generally called *bonnes*, or good women; the word *domestique* is also much used.

I have felt uneasy with my surroundings at Lenoir's; but Mrs. L. tells me of respectable people who are in the building with me, *honnêtes gens*, who are making money. He who lodges below me is a coachman, and his wife is a cook for some lady; and above me a tailor sews; decent people who are enriching themselves; and the great court-yard door upon the street is closed at night, and I need not be afraid. The little servant-girl, too, offers me consolation when I address her: these are good people around me, not fast people; they "do not make the train;" there were two young ladies who made the train, but they are gone. Strange to say, I am not deeply consoled. I had been promised a bucket into which to empty water, and when I speak of it the little servant is sent to show me an opening in the wall of the first flight of stairs, where you draw forward an iron plate and pour water down.

I ask Lenoir whether, when I address a religious woman, a nun, I should say madame or miss. He intimates that this is a nice point, but adds, "We say, 'my sister.'" Is it Protestant obstinacy that induces me still to say *Madame* in addressing one?

Before leaving Lenoir's I endeavor to describe my surroundings. While the restaurant faces on the street, the building in which I lodge opens only on the court-yard. To describe the buildings around the yard will show how closely people live in Paris. Living thus piled up, the houses are more imposing, but what about bringing up families without a play-yard? The court-yard is paved with square stones, and measures about twenty-five by thirty-six yards. First upon the street, with its back to this court-yard, is a long building, divided below into four shops, including the restaurant of Lenoir. These are kept by four families, most of whom occupy the back room behind the shop,—narrow

quarters, indeed. The family of the concierge, or door-keeper, makes the fifth. Their door opens upon the carriage entrance, by which also we come in. The concierge has three children,—one of them away at nurse; the vegetable merchant has two, and the other three families, I hear, have none. Above these shops the building has four floors, and there is a family on each; that on the fourth floor has one child; the rest have none. This building is the one facing the street. Now enter the carriage-way, passing under and through the house just described, and find yourselves in the court-yard and in face of another great house, the front of which forms the back wall of the yard. This house is of brick, somewhat ornamented with sculptures in stone. Once the brick was red and black; now it is dingy. The ornaments are busts in figure and busts in bas-relief and stone facings, which give it an air of nobility, or of having belonged to an old family. This building has carriage-houses on the ground floor, instead of shops,—four of them, with great dark doors: they are called *remises*. Above the carriage-houses the house has three floors, occupied by three families and a widow. One of these families has two young ladies, and these are all the children in the house. I learn these particulars from another. I rarely or never see these persons; once I called on one of them on business. The widow in this house seems to be a rich lady, with horses, carriages, and servants, of whom I shall speak. The smaller building, in which I am lodged, may be said to stand between these two, on a third side of the court-yard. It has two stables on the ground floor, and three floors above. On the first is the coachman whose wife is a cook; they have no children. On the next floor is my lodging; and here also is another coachman, he and his wife having one child, which is still in the country, for it

is yet the custom to put young children into the country with a nurse who suckles them, because the air is better. The little one of the concierge's wife will probably return between the age of two and three years. She says that she is entirely too crowded for a cradle; the child is about seventy French leagues from Paris, and the cost of keeping it there is from twenty-two to thirty francs a month; in the neighborhood of Paris it would be forty to fifty. As for the rich, she says that there are some who suckle their own children, but many employ a nurse in the house.

To return to our court-yard; nearly all the windows of the great house with the stone trimmings are furnished with outside blinds, like our parlor-blinds which draw up, such as were formerly much used in Philadelphia; but why are these hung upon the outside of the windows? There are plants in some windows, not so handsome as the rhododendrons at the Exposition. The fourth side of our court-yard is formed by the back of a high house upon another street. This high house has a little bit of back-yard, separated from our court-yard by a high wall. There are six or seven floors in that house. In one window is a bird-cage; and canaries, too, are in our court, and we have music. I stand at my window and rest my note-book upon the strong grating, which protects one from falling out when the windows are opened like folding-doors, opening in the middle, as so many, if not all, of the Paris windows do.

Once the coachman shows me the horses and the carriages. There are three horses and three carriages, which belong to the lone lady, the widow who has five men-servants. It is very neat in the stables; the horses have plenty of clean straw. When the coachman goes out to drive he is in mourning, and I notice one of his horses

with crape at the ears. Every three days the manure merchant comes to buy the manure, which is piled up in a separate place from the stable. I say to the coachman that it is very neat, and he says that it ought to be, it is so small. I see the merchant come in with his load in a large cart or wagon. While he is loading this, he seems to separate the strawy part and roll it up with his fork and place it around the edges, as a barrier to keep the finer from escaping. Now the load is so high that it is good throwing. He takes a ladder and mounts, and arranges his load carefully. He does not mean to lose any. Does it help to make that great asparagus of Argenteuil, which I see for sale? After he is gone one of the men-servants goes over to a fountain or hydrant in the yard and draws great buckets of water, and with a broom of twigs cleans up the small amount that the merchant has left. The water runs down the stone gutter in the pavement, and disappears in a little hole under an iron shelter. In one corner of the courtyard sits a woman in a cap carding wool for mattresses. It is spring, and a suitable time for cleaning house. They can open the mattresses, card the wool, and put them together again. The wife of the concierge says that the wool is mixed with hair. This, probably, is a woman who goes around to do these jobs. I look down, too, at the little, little kitchen of the concierge. They have a small room and this bit of kitchen. How beautifully clear is the glass of the lantern set up high over his door to light the court-yard. One night when I came in near midnight, I rang the bell, and the outside door seemed to open without hands, or as if the concierge in his room had a rope to pull it. It seemed that his wife had gone to bed in that built-in place, or great bunk in the side of the room, and the curtains were partly drawn. I do not envy the person who sleeps be-

hind. A beggar-woman is in the court-yard, to-day, chanting almost like a priest. Afterwards there are two, a woman singing, a man sometimes accompanying. Then she speaks, and I catch the word "charitable." Sometimes the money can be heard that is thrown from windows. Upon the street, beggars are very rarely seen, except the blind, and in a court-yard where I afterwards live, beggars are not allowed until after the proprietor has gone away in the summer. To return to the lone lady upon the former court-yard:—what can she want with three carriages and three horses and five waiting-men, and how many women? How do such people pass their time? She is said to be sixty. The concierge tells me that the master and the coachman of the other carriage-house have gone to be soldiers for fifteen days in the territorial army; they have gone to make the exercise or to train. The master is a young man; he does not live on our court-yard, he rents this *remise*. If there should be a war, he and his man will have to go.

At a branch of a well-known American house, the cashier tells me that they are not sufficiently advanced here to have bank-books, but they give check-books. He says that in France separate receipts are given for all deposits, which is much more troublesome to the clerk than to have a bank-book in which to enter the deposit. Here in Paris, when checks are presented at a bank; they are always paid in cash, but in America and England bankers can pay with checks on other banks where they keep deposits, which is a great deal safer and more convenient. I receive at the bank a note of five hundred francs, which I feel inclined to ridicule for its blue impression on such common-looking white paper. The gold coins here are

elegant, and the silver are well enough, but the big copper pieces of two sous are as ugly as the English penny.

I sit down with my note-book at a little table before a restaurant and ask a young man for water and a small glass of wine. He replies that they do not sell less than a bottle. Then I ask for ice-water.

"With sugar?" he inquires.

"No; only ice-water."

"One does not ask for water," he replies.

"Can I not have ice-water if I pay for it?" but he answers not. Stupid that I am! could I not have taken the sugar?

I am often in the vicinity of the Madeleine church. The sculpture at the top, in what I may call one of the gable-ends, represents the passage,—“Then shall the King say to those on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father: and to those on his left, Depart from me, ye cursed.” Over the church-door is conspicuously visible the legend, “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.” While writing this about the church, I occupy a chair on the Place Madeleine, or open space near the great church, and a woman comes up, whom I understand to say, “One sou for the chair;” but when I hand it, she says, “Ten centimes.” When I give the two sous, she hands me a bit of paper, upon which I read, “Seats of the Promenades of Paris, Chair Of, 10 c.” If I had taken a seat upon the bench near by, there would have been no charge.

CHAPTER III.

Wednesday, May 1st.—The Exposition opens to-day. I see cavalry in a street near the Boulevard des Capucines, and one person thinks that the prince of Italy is there. Another, who seems to be a merchant in the neighborhood, says, "It is probably the escort of a prince," as if this is a matter in which he has no great interest. This evening, Mr. C., the gentleman who has before been mentioned, receives his friends, and I go to his house, and also see the illumination. Little colored lanterns with candles inside make no great show, but the restaurants and the churches illuminated with gas are much finer. When we leave our friend's house, the young Swiss gentleman, before mentioned, kindly takes me to see the Place de la Concorde, the Hippodrome, and the residence of Marshal MacMahon, which are brilliantly illuminated. There are so many people upon the street, that I ask how long this will be kept up, and the young man thinks until two or three o'clock.

At our friend's house, in the evening, our names are announced as we enter, but there is no other introduction. Before eleven tea is handed round with sugar, but no milk; also, little sweet biscuits. Madame S. serves, and pours from a bottle into some of the cups brandy or other spirits. One present hands me a circular, showing that his wife and daughter keep a Protestant boarding-school. He tells me that co-education of the sexes is forbidden by law. Our

friend has illuminated his five windows upon the street, and 'way down upon another floor some other windows are lighted by lanterns, but all the rest of the large building is dark. I learn that the holding of the Exposition is considered a victory for the republicans, as it shows what the nation can accomplish under republican rule, after all their reverses. I hear a statement that those who do not illuminate are Bonapartists and clericals. A literary man present becomes very animated in conversation. I endeavor to explain the views of certain persons, and quote the text, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding;" but the literary gentleman does not seem to like the expression "the Almighty," but to prefer "natural laws."

Thursday, May 2d.—In a mourning-store near the Madeleine is a picture of a nun, with the inscription, "Mourning is a worship for the nun." At the Madeleine they are taking down immense dark hangings within and without the church. I venture to ask the meaning of a large D which, in white, is upon them in several places. "It is for the name of the deceased." "Is it for an ecclesiastic or a private person?" I ask. "No, madame, it is a military man." These hangings I understand are a part of the funeral pomps of Paris, belonging to the city. Within the church is a large man, whom I imagine to be from the provinces, come to see Paris and the Exposition. As he is about to leave, he bends a knee before one of the statues. I see a box to receive offerings for the poor, who are assisted by Mr. the Curé; Mr. the Curé, being head-priest of the church and his assistants vicars. I also see a large notice, "Offerings for St. Peter's pence."

After leaving the Madeleine, as I walk the street, I observe at a height upon a large building a long sign, "Great Lying-in House, under the direction of Madame ———. Consultations from one to five." It is very strange to me to see such a sign so conspicuous, and I feel as if there is something rotten in the state. But of these houses I shall say more hereafter. I call to-day to present my letter of introduction to another of the three gentlemen to whom it is addressed; but I do not find him at liberty to offer me such attentions as I have received from Mr. C. (or Carpentier, as I will call him who entertained me in his own house). However, he gives me another letter addressed to a distinguished person,—a professor, and a writer in one of the journals. Before leaving to present this, I speak of the recent illumination and of the affair being kept up very late, but this gentleman says that the restaurants have to be closed at midnight. He adds that it has been desired that they should be kept open later during the Exposition, but he thinks that this would not be favorable to public morals. "You observe," he adds, "the condition of our streets now?" But on this point I cannot decide.

I seek the residence of the distinguished gentleman to whom my new letter is addressed, and am so fortunate as to find him at home and kindly inclined to converse. I tell him what objects I desire to observe in this great city, and among them, mention the drainage. He tells me to write upon the subject to Mr. Prefect of Police, and he suggests this form, "I have come from America to study the administration of the city of Paris, and especially the construction of the sewers. I beg you, then, to grant me permission to visit them. Be pleased, Mr. Prefect, to receive the assurance of my most distinguished consideration." He tells me that a woman must not say to a man,

Yours with respect, unless he be an old man. In speaking of the schools, he tells me that he thinks the visit of a woman to their schools would not be well received by the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine. He adds, that simultaneous instruction, or schools for both sexes, are not permitted, except in small communes, townships where the children are too few to make two schools. On the subject of churches, he tells me that if the government did not support the churches of different persuasions, the Catholics would become all-powerful, adding, that at this time the liberal Protestants can scarcely sustain themselves, as the government does not help them. He means at Paris. He speaks to me of the great controversy which resulted in withdrawing government support from the liberal Protestant church at Paris. Guizot, the historian, was a Protestant, opposed to Martin Pachoud, a liberal, having a chair in the Reformed Church, Mr. Coquerel being his suffragan. The professor adds, that Mr. Guizot told him that liberal Protestantism is not a religion but a philosophy. I myself understand that the views of the liberal Protestants of France are like those of Theodore Parker, or advanced Unitarian.

In speaking of their newspapers, the professor gives me the names of some supporting the different parties. Among others, he mentions *L'Union*, an organ of the Legitimists or old Bourbons; *Le Soleil*, of the Orleans party; *Le Pays*, of the Bonapartists. Of the Democratic journals he gives these in the following order: *La République Française*, *La France*, and *Le Rappel*. All, I understand, are daily, and none bring in an income like that of the *Public Ledger*, in Philadelphia. What makes this paper so valuable is the advertisements; but the French do not advertise freely in the journals as we do. Of another celebrated Parisian paper, the professor tells me that *Figaro*

is a rope-dancer; its specialty is scandalous stories; travellers read it in the cars, it amuses them, but it is not fit for families. All my Parisian acquaintances who mention this paper speak of it in a similar manner; but my American friend does not agree with them.

Friday, May 3d.—A very noticeable thing in Paris is gilding on the outside of buildings, as on the great dome of the Invalides, and on figures on the Grand Opera-house. I do not admire it, nor what I may call the tawdry appearance of the latter building, which cost so much money. I pay, to-day, my first visit to the Exposition, and observe a fine figure in marble of a wounded soldier, which reminds me of the Dying Gladiator; but why a nude, or nearly nude, figure should wear an immense helmet with a tail streaming from it, I cannot tell.

In one of Miss Biddy Fudge's letters from France, as given by Tom Moore, that young lady laments that

Not a monk can be had now for love or for money,
All owing, Pa says, to that infidel Boney.

If she were thus dissatisfied with Napoleon I., she would be gratified at Paris now, where so many ecclesiastics are walking about in petticoats and long robes (if these are the names of their articles of dress). They are seen at the Exposition, which is not surprising, for they are considered to be men of peace, and this is a peaceable competition. On the streets there would be more soldiers than in the Exposition. The common soldier, with one sou a day, can scarcely afford to visit it.

I am recommended to the restaurant Duval upon the grounds, and here I find the same class of neat women-

waiters as at their place near the Madeleine church. Should we have another great affair of the kind, some of our restaurant-keepers may learn a lesson from their exactness in keeping accounts. As you enter, a person hands you a list of their establishments and of what they furnish. Afterwards the waiter takes the list, and makes little pencil marks opposite to the things you order; or, if the article be not on the printed list, she sets her mark beside another of the same price. When done, you go and hand this to a woman-cashier, who quickly sums up the account; you pay her, she stamps the list, and as you go out you hand it to a man in waiting.

At the Exposition, one of my countrymen says to me, "Have you seen the gospel-distribution stands, where the English are distributing gospels and tracts? The French are quite eager to receive them."

May 4th.—I am going to leave Lenoir's before the week expires. My room, small as it is, is taken by a man and woman. I see her, and am pleased with her looks. I ask Lenoir whether they can cook there. No, although there is indeed a pipe-hole for a stove in winter.

"And where will they get their meals?" I ask.

With a gesture, he answers, "Every one is free," to eat with him or elsewhere.

This is Saturday, and I have not got over the impression that I must buy things to-day, because to-morrow is Sunday. On the street, I see nice-looking boys trooping out from a door; they wear a slightly-marked dress, with showy buttons; some of them seem to be in charge of young women. A gentleman kisses one of the boys. Near the close of the troop two ecclesiastics appear, and then two or

three men in citizen's dress. Of one of them, carrying a portfolio, I ask what the place is, and am told that it is the College St. Ignatius, conducted by the Jesuits. I go round to try to find the front of the building; but upon another street I see another long building from which scholars are coming out, not so much dressed, it seems to me, as our public school-children; for almost none of the girls wear bonnets. Above the first story of the building is cut in large letters, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Communal school of young boys. Primary instruction." From the building floats the tricolored banner. On a board over one door is painted, "City of Paris," with the number of the ward and the words, "Communal Laic School for Young Girls." The other door is for the boys, and on a neat board at the door is a notice of the hours of evening school. This is a public school, not under the care of the clergy, and in grade similar to our grammar-schools. No yard is in front of the school-house, nor is one seen at either end; there is no effort at elegant architecture, and none of the pride of naming the school for a public citizen; little or none of the distinguished appearance which marks some of our schools at home. So I surmise that distinction is for the military man, and remember, too, the great Trocadero upon the Exposition grounds, which, I hear, is built at the expense of the city for festivals. It is, indeed, however, used for a part of the Exposition.

I enter the boys' end of the school-house, before mentioned, and find a neat hall paved with stone. Between this and the girls' department is a room, labelled "Concierge."

Hanging in the school-hall is a handsomely-framed blue paper, a tablet of honor, and on white slips are introduced the names of the pupils distinguished. Thus runs the list of subjects, each followed by pupils' names: Religious in-

struction, reading, good behavior, writing, orthography, arithmetic, duties, history and geography, assiduity, recitation, gymnastics, application. Singing has only one name, and drawing four. Duties or *devoirs* I understand to be such exercises as compositions, and examples in arithmetic, attended to out of regular school-hours. The scholars enter at nine and remain till twelve, and again from one to four. Thursday is the holiday instead of Saturday. Going up stairs I find the principal in one of the school-rooms; he, with his family, living in the school-building, as is customary. He tells me that religious instruction in these schools includes the catechism. I learn, too, from him that I cannot visit the public schools without permission, and that I should apply to the Prefect of the Seine, or to Mr. Gréard, who is at the head of primary instruction in this department. I tell the teacher that such religious instruction would never do in our country; that we have had trouble enough between Protestants and Catholics about reading the Scriptures in the schools. It seems to me that he is uneasy; perhaps because two of the boys are within hearing.*

This is the day that I am to remove to my new lodgings. I hear that there is a *commissaire* or porter at Lenoir's, and I appoint a time for him to come, and the poor little man seems to make a note of it, but the hour comes, and not the man. Down stairs I go, out of the court-yard, and to the

* According to report, the number of schools of this grade—or primary, as they are called in France—was, in 1877, 71,547, of which 9352 were entirely gratuitous. The number of these schools under charge of the clergy, or *congreganiste*, was about 20,000, employing 9468 men and 37,216 women. Instruction by the laity employs about 24,000 men and 22,000 women.

street-corner, where, at Lenoir's door, he sits looking so clean in his striped cotton trousers.

Then he takes his *croche*, or the little wooden thing that he puts upon his back, and putting the larger and smaller trunks upon it, carries them down, and, when at his journey's end, up three flights of stairs. The charge is a franc and a half, but I add a trifle. Poor little man! I understand him that he is from near Switzerland, "from that great lake which runs into the Rhone."

My new boarding-house pleases me, for I am placed in a French private family, at the moderate rate of forty francs a week. Victor Leblanc and his wife are young married people. He is lame, but very industrious in the house, keeping no servant. Their apartment is somewhat showy, with a piano and bronzes, but it is small, and they have put a bed for me into their little parlor or *salon*. Victor is a book-keeper. He seems, too, to have adaptability, *savoir faire*. He has tools, and if he wants a closet can run up a partition himself. I will take the liberty of adding what an elderly French gentleman told me,—that Victor wished to be *sage*; he married young; and that madame is pregnant; she is going to take her bed. After my arrival, or about seven in the evening, we dine on a ragout or stew of potatoes and meat, sardines, wine of two kinds, and, for dessert, a bit of cream cheese, quite delicate. They have, too, at this meal, *houblon*, a drink made of hops, but not fermented. It is said to be purgative, and good for the health, but I cannot praise its taste. My hosts tell me that their best meal is in the middle of the day,—the breakfast. Victor is the protégé of a gentleman to whom I brought a letter of introduction. Victor is a very ardent republican. In the dining-room is a bust of Voltaire, of whom he speaks as the forerunner of their Revolution. I laugh, and ask

"The John Baptist?" but I am not sure that he understands me. He says that they do not regard Mirabeau with the same veneration as Voltaire.

This Saturday evening, I am again at Mr. Carpentier's.

The Swiss young gentleman, on entering, goes up to our host and kisses him on one cheek and then on the other. I am fresh from my call on the school-master, and we discuss the public schools. Our host, though a warm republican, does not consider it desirable for every one who wishes to be allowed to visit these schools. I speak about the catechism, the religious teaching, and some one says that the Senate would not listen to a proposition to abolish it. I thought, judging from my own country, that if there were three men sufficiently opposed to it, they could get up petitions and force the Chambers to discuss the subject. This education is allowed in the schools, while at the same time there is talk about the clericals being the enemies of republicanism, which seemed to me like building with one hand and tearing down with the other. They tell me that in the higher—the professional—schools there is no religious instruction. About nine-tenths of the people of this country are Catholic.

Among the guests present this evening is a distinguished gentleman from southeastern Europe who takes snuff. Another person present is Madame Latour, said to be living upon her *rentes*, or the interest of money, though doubtless the expression generally includes rent of houses and lands. This seems to be considered a desirable thing here, and is not despised in other countries. She is a widow, quiet and unpretending. This is the second anniversary of her husband's death, and on Sunday she will visit the cemetery.

Sunday, May 5th.—This morning Victor calls me to an early meal, served to myself alone. It is coffee with hot milk, and bread without butter.

To-day I meet again the learned professor upon whom I called last week, and again we speak of the journals and of the schools. Liberty of the press does not exist as with us even in republican France; and the professor tells me that a journal is not allowed to say "to-morrow we ought to have a new revolution," or "to-morrow we ought to reinstate the house of Bourbon," because the people are so little instructed, and so ready to be stirred up, that doing so might produce a serious difficulty, causing the death of many persons. On the subject of the schools, he says that if the public were admitted, idle persons, of whom there are many in France, might go in and disturb the exercises. He adds,—and is it not funny?—that members of the clerical party might visit them with the desire of picking flaws, as well as representatives of the press. Whereupon I tell him that we have a free press and do not fear it. The public schools of France are comparatively such humble things that it may be that gentlemen of standing do not generally interest themselves in their workings, and what is said about religious instruction does not seem to agree entirely with what I afterwards learn; but it is as follows: at a given hour the Catholic priest visits the schools to give religious instruction; at another hour, the Lutheran minister; at another, the Reformed or Calvinistic; and at another, the Jewish (these being the four religious bodies paid by the State). The learned professor, who, as I hear is not Catholic, argued in favor of this instruction, saying that there are in Paris many families of mechanics or workingmen, in which both parents are busily occupied all day, earning their livelihood, and so have little or no time to give reli-

gious instruction to their children. Again he says that very few of the workingmen go to church, and therefore their children would have no religious instruction at all, but for this in school. I reply that with us this instruction is given in churches and Sunday-schools, and tell him of the labors of a certain citizen of Philadelphia in establishing a mission Sunday-school. (But would a lay Catholic be allowed by the church to do such a thing?)

While we are talking a gentleman enters, whom the professor introduces as a member of the House of Deputies. This gentleman kindly offers to let me have an order to enter the Chambers or their parliament at Versailles. He mentions an American woman who has been here, named Ward. She has spoken upon the co-education of the sexes. It occurs to me that he means Julia Ward Howe, and I tell him that she is a distinguished woman, a poet. The deputy tells the professor about our having schools for both sexes, not only for the young, but (with a smile) for those of fifteen and thereabout. He tells us that Mrs. Howe touched upon delicate subjects with purity. It has not been common for ladies to speak in public in France; and it was a Freemasons' hall that had been obtained for Mrs. Howe. The deputy spoke of having heard women address meetings during their civil war, by which he meant what we call the commune.

"And how did they speak?" I ask. The deputy makes little answer, but the professor is complimentary, saying, "On quite different subjects from those that Madame G—— speaks about."

This Sunday we have a guest to the noontide-breakfast, and at dinner we have her husband also. Soon after my morning coffee, Victor begins to prepare for the *déjeuner*,

and makes quite a show with the table-cloth, the oranges and apples that he places upon it, and the red radishes in rays, ends in the middle of the plate, leaves on the outer edge. He says that he adores cooking. The guest is very neat. She is a pretty young woman with color in her cheeks. She has been married about a year, and has a baby at some distance from Paris, with a relative. For breakfast we have first the dear little radishes, with bread and very good butter. The next course is a piece of veal roasted in a tin-kitchen, before the charcoal grate, before described; the veal, when dished, being partly buried in *oseille* or sorrel, which looks like spinach, but has an acid taste, and is good; the juice or gravy of the meat having been poured over it. The wine is opened, and white wine poured into small tumblers. After this course, there is a dish of *haricots* or string-beans. I do not think that I want any, but they tell me that they are *haricots* with butter, and induce me to eat. They are young, tender, and good. Then there is salad dressed with oil and vinegar, without sugar. Victor opens a bottle of red wine, which he calls Bordeaux, and it seems to be a treat, and glasses are touched all round, when healths are drunk to Garibaldi, to America, and to Mr. L., of Philadelphia: and our guest compliments Victor and Madame Leblanc by saying, "To the little one who is coming." After the salad we have the oranges and apples and black coffee with sugar. The sugar looks very nice. I am told that it is from beets, and costs fifteen sous a pound, the French pound being about one-tenth heavier than ours.*

In the afternoon I call upon the professor as before de-

* The French pound is the same as the half-kilogramme, or, popularly, the half-kilo. The kilogramme is about two and two-tenths pounds avoirdupois.

scribed. In my walk I see a portion of beautiful Paris. I observe, however, a building that is not beautiful, with the sign "City of Paris Primary Communal School for Young Boys, directed by the Brothers." It is a grammar-school, under charge of the clergy. Farther on, I see a convent, quite large,—a convent of the Sacred Heart,—with a fine garden. How nice gardens seem in such a city, when you live upon paved court-yards and rarely touch mother earth! How valuable this convent property must be! But the envious wall does not allow us to view the garden. On my walk I also see a very fine house, with a garden in front. The concierge woman tells me that it all belongs, with much other property, to the widow Chapsal, whose husband was author of the grammar,—Noel and Chapsal's. On the Boulevard des Batignolles I see a long white building; over the entrance of which floats the tricolor, and at the top is faintly seen "Normal School." Seated at a table on the street, before a restaurant, two men and a woman are playing cards.

What a blessing to the people shut up in narrow quarters to come out and rest on these benches under the trees in the wide boulevard! What a dejected appearance has that plain, common-looking woman, sitting alone! She has on no bonnet; she seems to have escaped from labor, and to be absorbed in sad thought. She looks like a sensible woman. This street, this Boulevard des Batignolles, is, I suppose, at least a hundred feet wide. I sit down facing the Normal School, and note that there is first a wide stone sidewalk, and then a paved way, wide enough for several carriages; then this wide, gravelled promenade in the middle of the street, planted with four rows of trees, underneath which are benches; behind me again is another wide car-

riage-way, and then the stone side-walk. While I am in Paris, however, one of my acquaintances tells me that the wide avenues were not constructed to embellish the city, but to prevent the formation of barricades. However that may be, must not such a spot as I have just described, with trees so carefully tended as they are in Paris, be a beautiful thing? Yet I never hear a Parisian say, "How fine is the Boulevard des Batignolles!" Paris is very rich in beautiful objects. Farther on, there is an immense building of brick and stone, so fine that I think it may be something military, but it is a superior school,—the Collège Chaptal. A baker opposite has named his shop, in Paris style, "Bakery of the Collège Chaptal." This grand school is for boys, and so are the Lycées. Many of them, I believe, are under government patronage. What is the government doing for girls in Paris beyond the common public schools? There is this one Normal School, of which I have lately spoken; and an American lady has told me of free lectures at the College of France and the Garden of Plants; but the opportunities of girls are, it seems to me, not equal to those of boys.

When I return to the house, my hostess and her guest are scraping and trimming asparagus, preparing it for cooking. They have soon done, and after a while there is a ring, and Madame F. says, "My husband." He seems rather pleasant, but I like her better. He plays with his wife, and I speak of her being neatly dressed, which pleases her. We talk about what they can do if they come to America, and about Germans and Irish coming to my country and Frenchmen not. Victor tells me that the reason the French do not come is that they have such good

times in their own country ; but the country of the Germans is poor. He calls them real spoil-trades,—*gâtes-métiers*,—meaning that they will work for lower wages than the French. (They do not love the Germans since the war.) As to America, Victor did think of coming here, in the service of a business-firm ; but they did not agree upon terms, for the firm would not give him a written agreement nor promise to pay his return voyage. I have before said that he is a book-keeper. I understand that he goes round from place to place, and must sometimes write where it is dark, by candle or gaslight. We dine about eight, principally on the remains of the breakfast. After the soup, we have radishes, bread and butter, veal, and *oseille* (does not that sound better than “sorrel”?). But the asparagus is a treat. We shall each make our own sauce of salt, a little pepper, vinegar, and oil. Then Victor takes up in his hand, by the hard end, a handful of asparagus, and gives it to me, which manner of serving is, as yet, new to me. Other dishes are offered, and there is Bordeaux again.

CHAPTER IV.

May 7th.—At the Exposition a terra-cotta group of two newsboys in their rags attracts attention, from workmen as well as others. It seems to me, however, that a marble figure of Louis XVII., of which the face expresses much dejection, loses nearly all its force by the boy's wearing a ruffled shirt and embroidered drawers, which so poorly express the misery and want of the unfortunate child in his imprisonment. Then I remember Joe Jefferson in the rags of Rip Van Winkle,—how he has dared to dress in

accordance with the character. Here too is Doré's picture of the Neophyte, the young monk included in a circle with the old ones. I had seen the engraving at Mr. Frothingham's, in New York, and the subject was then very painful to me; but now the young man in the painting does not seem to have the same look of horror and repugnance at his surroundings. However, the associations here are extremely different; there I was alone, in a room not fully lighted, and here is the animation and life of the Exposition. Further, I notice a very fine picture of Galileo, pointing to an orbit of the earth, which he has drawn upon the pavement, while one churchman argues with him, and one in a cowl stands reading, as I imagine, his accusation. Among the visitors to-day are ecclesiastics again; and a picture of a young woman, which faces that of Galileo, does not seem very suitable for such celibate eyes. A live group to-day is very striking. There are two ladies in our usual fashionable attire, accompanied by a monk of about thirty-five, tall, bare-headed, with a magnificent black beard, and with a countenance, it seems to me, somewhat sad. He wears sandals, but no stockings, a coarse brown woollen robe, with a hood or cowl, a rope around his waist, and a rosary at his side. What a figure in these surroundings! What a subject for a painter!

In our own department, I find one of our chief officers in a state of temperate disgust. I speak to him of one of the English exhibits, in what a state of completeness it is, and I observe how much confusion still prevails in our department. He replies that the English had two years, when we had three months; and I hear that their catalogue was printed six months before Congress granted our appropriation. Nor is our educational department yet ready. Prussia has so long been considered far advanced

in public instruction that I ask our commissioner about the Prussian exhibit. He replies that the Prussians are not here. "Why?" I ask; "do they feel guilty?" It is only in the fine-art department that the Germans exhibit. In the Swiss department of education is a little map of the northern hemisphere to illustrate twilight as connected with the earth's atmosphere. I understand that it was drawn in a penitentiary; and a plain man tells me that the Swiss believe in reform in prisons, and that even those condemned for life receive intellectual training. In the French educational department a woman makes a handsome exhibit of one of their elegant raised charts, which show the different elevations of the country. She is Miss Caroline Kleinhans, and she proposes to teach geography by topography, beginning with the plan of a little school, and passing on gradually to that of France. While I am at Paris our commissioner of education tells me that France alone exhibits here four times as much in the educational department as all nations together did at Philadelphia.

An effort at our language is to be seen upon the grounds, where on a neat building we read "Waters-closets, Dames;" "Waters-closets, Hommes." These are very nicely arranged; but it seems peculiar to see women taking charge of both sides and receiving the five sous from men.

The plain man whom I met in the Swiss department asked me whether I was a Christian. He says that in France they will not notice a book which contains the name of God. When I repeat this to my American friend she thinks the statement incorrect, and says that the *Journal*

des Débats has excellent book notices; but if I rightly understand Mr. Carpentier, he believes the Swiss statement more correct. At Mr. C.'s I inquire concerning an expression I have read somewhere about taking the little God to a sick man, meaning the mass. A person present replies that there is a saying, "He is such a good man (or serious man) that he can receive the good God without confession."

May 9th.—I should have been almost isolated in Paris but for the American lady just spoken of. She has been several years in Europe, and now, with her son, has a nice suite of rooms here. She has kindly assisted me in that feminine occupation, shopping; and at one of the great stores she says quietly, "Do not speak English," for fear they will charge more.

I have lately dined with her; and even at the risk of being thought to talk too much upon such subjects, I will mention how tender was the fowl, and how delightfully roasted in the tin-kitchen before the charcoal fire. At the pastry cook's she probably obtained the *goutets*,—little pies or tarts made of mushrooms, and the Charlotte Russe. Her asparagus is served with white sauce or melted butter, and in eating it is customary to lift it with the fingers by the coarse end, dipping the other into the sauce. Having been so long resident here, my friend can explain to me some things that I do not understand. We speak of the public midwives, or *sage-femmes*, and she tells me that her servant's sister was lately confined at one of the lying-in houses. The woman was a cook in one family, and her husband a servant in another. She adds that such women work almost to the moment of their confinement, and then

go right to one of these surgical boarding-houses, kept by women who, having passed an examination, have received a diploma from a medical school. Here the patient receives board and medical treatment usually for ten days, the customary pay being from five to eight francs a day. The charge in hospitals is less; some indeed are free, and in every one there are free beds. All the babies, Protestant and Catholic, are generally baptized within twenty-four hours, and about the third day are commonly sent away to nurse. My friend adds that her own servant's husband is a valet in another house, and is an excellent man. Adèle, the wife, is expecting to be confined in a few months, and hopes to be able to put her child with her sister in Paris, whose husband is a *sergent de ville*, or policeman, and consequently a person of importance in the eyes of Adèle. Adèle's wages are fifty francs a month and an allowance of ten francs for wine, and five for her washing. Besides, my friend furnishes her with four good white aprons and four colored ones, which are included in the family wash, —this washing being done by a *blanchisseuse*, or laundry-woman in one of the shops down-stairs, who sends the heavy part of her washing into the country, but irons in the shop. It must not be inferred because my friend gives her servant an allowance for wine that it is not used upon own table.

Upon the Boulevard Haussman I get a bonnet from Madame G.; and she also consents, she or her assistant, to make me a dress. They are both nice-looking women. Once the assistant sends away a bonnet by a little girl dressed in dark-blue flannel or water-proof. She tells me that the child will make her first communion to-morrow,

and that she is well pleased. She is eleven years old. "Are these children yours?" I inquire. "Oh, no; they are the nieces of Madame G." On another occasion she returns to the subject of the first communion, and shows me a little colored picture of children with a bird-nest, telling me that it is customary for children, at their first communion, to make presents to their little friends. The girl has a number of pictures. Before I leave Paris, when the children (there are two girls and a boy) come on an errand to my lodgings, I understand them to say that they are Madame G.'s children.

I see upon the streets, at this present season, young girls wearing white muslin dresses, white caps, and white veils falling back, and they look quite interesting, adding another variety to these varied streets. I understand that they are making their first communion.

To-day a man tells me not to be crushed, and the greatest danger that I find here is that of being run over. The streets are wide, and come into others often at acute angles, so that you may start to cross a *place*, or opening, seeing no danger, but before you are over something will come thundering up, so that you feel you must run. One American lady tells me that she walks, but I can hardly attain to so much composure. The little cry of warning that the coachman sometimes gives is no great thing. Besides the hackney-coaches, there are a great many private carriages. Once, while in Paris, I speak to Madame Leblanc, with whom I board, of the pretty private carriages that I see on the *Place de l'Europe*. She answers that she does not like to see them, —she is afraid of being crushed by those insolent servants who crawl before their masters and can slander them too.

I have before spoken of a door which was covered with wall-paper, and which looked as if cut out of the partition. My American friend tells me that all doors are taxed, and that these frames are put up and covered with paper to avoid the tax. Windows too are taxed, and, as my hostess says, furniture and food. She adds that this last falls with especial weight upon the poor, who only buy in small quantities. At one time her husband speaks of the tax upon handbills, which of course I desire to hear about, and which he afterwards explains. (Their coins, weights, and measures are at first very troublesome, although their decimal or metric system is scientific.) He says that the stamp upon a handbill of twenty-five centimetres is six centimes, or about a cent. On a handbill twice the size, or about one foot six inches by one foot three, the stamp is about two cents. Over three cents is charged on a handbill over three-fourths of a yard in length; and, if I do not misunderstand him, sixteen sous on a handbill over a metre in length, or about a yard and four inches. On one occasion I buy several things at a store, and not having enough money with me, order them sent home with a bill. When they arrive I find that I have to pay for a stamp of two sous upon the bill or receipt, because the amount exceeds ten francs. This tax has been put on since the war. I also see in a baker's window a written notice of rooms to let, furnished; down in one corner is a blue stamp, "France, ten centimes," two sous.

A Parisian lady afterwards tells me that carriages, pianos, and expensive furniture are not taxed, and that coffee, sugar, matches, and places in third-class cars are. She says that Thiers was the man of the *bourgeoise*, and feared that the rich would not support him if they were

taxed. She adds that on real estate the tax has not been increased since the war.

Sometimes I speak of Red Republicans, so often mentioned at home. Madame Leblanc says that Red Republicans are those who love to shed blood, which her husband does not like. Nevertheless, she says that he is a very advanced Republican. Victor himself does not like the former epithet.

I have before described a suite of rooms ; and now I can speak of the cellar, as Madame Leblanc has allowed me to accompany her in her journey below ground. We descend our three flights of stairs, go out our door into the court-yard, enter a side-door, and go down three short flights of broad stone steps, twenty in all. Now we are in the *cave*. Here are different passages and a good many numbered doors. Mrs. L. unlocks number 17, and shows a little cellar of irregular form. Here are three wine-casks of different sizes,—two of them containing new wine, which has to settle before being opened. Here, too, are wine-bottles lying upon their sides in rows, with plastering-laths between their necks. The cellar does not seem to be used for any other purpose than this. It is damp and cool, as if one might take rheumatism. Desiring to see all that I can, I take the light and look into other passages. In one part, madame tells me, there are casks of zinc to receive the contents of the water-closets,—new houses being thus built. Once a week these casks are taken away and replaced by empty ones. She says that in the old houses there are in the court-yards deep pits, into which the closets empty, and she thinks it is about once in three or four years that men come round

with pump, pipes, and wagon, and take out the contents. Then the vault must be left open until the inspector comes to see whether repairs are wanted. This refuse is taken to the environs and made into poudrette, and those who make it and those who sell it, she says, become rich.

In our dining-room is a porcelain stove; yet not in the room, for not much more is seen than the front covered with white porcelain with brass bands. Mrs. L. says that they burn coke in it, and adds, "That is a gulf! It consumes! it consumes! And then we must watch it every quarter-hour for fear it goes out. It is very costly in winter, as regards light and heat."

Speaking of soldiers, Victor gives me the following numbers: There are four hundred and fifty thousand soldiers in France (about one hundred thousand of them in Paris and its environs); also ten thousand *sergents de ville*, who receive five francs a day; ten thousand municipal or republican guards, who receive four francs a day,—old soldiers on a pension for having served many years in the army. Then, in France there are twenty-five thousand of the *gendarmerie*, police officers in the country and in small towns. These receive a pension after twenty-five years' service.* I see so many young soldiers in the flower of their age,—for they begin to serve at twenty-one,—that I ask Victor what they do. "They lounge," he answers; "*ils flânent*, and practise their exercise. When their time is out, they are not willing to busy themselves with anything, they become so

* By the proposed budget for 1879, the effective strength of the whole French army, including the *gendarmerie* and *Garde Républicaine*, is 496,442 men and 124,279 horses—*Statesman's Year Book*, McMillan & Co.

lazy." While in barracks the soldier does not prepare his food ; this is done by the *cantinier*. Those who do not know how to read and write are taught ; but they rise early, and must have time for other studies, did France desire to teach them, or did they desire to learn. Mrs. Leblanc once said that military life brutalizes a man : " You see a man who has learned a trade, and who is a good workman, but when he becomes a soldier he gets a taste for idleness, and then he is good for nothing. Idleness, we say, is the mother of all the vices. The women who lead a bad life, the cause of it in three-quarters of the cases is idleness ; the desire for luxury and idleness is the cause of their leading that base life."

Soon after my arrival at Paris I spoke to a gentleman of its being a heavy burden upon the workingmen to support so many soldiers. The gentleman replied that their heaviest burden is the five years' military service. Once, upon the street, I ask a question of a woman carrying something, and then for a few moments I walk on with her. We meet a man in uniform, and I tell her that in my country we have not many soldiers ; in my great country, so much larger than France, there are not so many soldiers as are now in Paris. She answers that there are small towns in France that have not the advantages of Paris. " Do you call that an advantage," I ask, " that is costly ?" Apparently she is of the same mind as a young countrywoman of mine here, who said, " I like a military government."*

For myself, I have sympathized with the young soldiers who come up from a life of rural toil to this idleness in barracks. If France were truly a paternal government, what would she do for them ? Could she not instruct them until no Prussian soldier could surpass them ? Could not

* The army of the United States numbers 25,000 men.

the people collect journals for them, as is done among us for those in hospitals?

I take a very long walk to the Luxembourg palace, having a card of introduction to present to Mr. Gréard, who is at the head of grammar-school education here. I get into Old Paris, and sit down upon a bridge over the Seine, the Pont Neuf, and talk with a couple of women, one of them of that numerous class who wear caps, but no bonnets. She is quite intelligent, and tells me that the *Pont Neuf* was built by Henry IV. She points out the equestrian statue of Henry close by, and we talk about his history. How sensible some of these women are! On the street are hanging little colored pictures, which I stop to see, and beside me is another of these women. "They ridicule the priests," I say to her, and she gives me a look indicating that she has not much regard for the priests. What a wonderfully interesting city Paris is! Reaching that old palace, the Luxembourg, I seek the office of Mr. Gréard, director of communal schools. I do not see him, however; I hear that he is much occupied with the Exposition, but I can see his secretary. These offices are up four flights of stairs, and that of the secretary is small and plain, paved with hexagonal tiles. I show him my letter of introduction to the learned professor before mentioned, and he says, "You desire to visit public schools; probably those of the girls?" He does not seem to suppose that I want to see the boys. I reply that I want to visit both, but if I cannot obtain permission to do so, I will take that to visit the girls. He notes down what I want and my address. The matter—this important matter—will doubtless be referred to his chief, so I depart.

Victor Leblanc, my host, says that he favors co-educational

tion of the sexes ; he proposed it in some private societies for instruction. I tell him about men's smiling when the subject is mentioned, and he says, " We have people who think we are lost when they see a boy and girl together. We are so corrupt that we imagine there is evil in it." For myself, the great care which so many French people have to guard the intercourse of the young of both sexes reminds me of the dread which our temperance people have for the use of any intoxicating drink.

May 10th.—The narrative of the preceding day is very long. This is caused by my having gone forward in order to preserve more unity in subjects upon which I write. Mrs. Leblanc comes in this morning with bread and meat, which she has been buying for the eleven o'clock breakfast, and goes at once to the book to put down what she has bought and the price. She says that every month they reckon up their expenses.

The window of my room looks upon the court-yard, which is kept in beautiful order by the concierge and his wife, being much nicer than one near by. The floor of my room is waxed, and there is a rug before the bed. I ask Victor whether I may shake the mat out of my window, and he replies that I may, if I do it before the concierge is up, adding that the concierges are the plagues of houses, like the plagues of Egypt. Being up lately about half-past three, I shake the rug at the window with impunity. Looking out of my window one Sunday morning, Mrs. Leblanc and I see the man, the concierge, below scraping asparagus. Mrs. L. says that the concierges live very well at times, better than some who rent apartments ; but that it is a life of slavery, because the two can never go out together.

This pair have quite a handsome room, but she says that she knows a concierge, a widow, who is very unhealthily lodged.

In speaking of marriages, Mrs. Leblanc says, "Among people like ourselves and among mechanics marriages are made for love,—*d'inclination*,—but it is not so among the rich; they only wish to marry the rich, and they make very bad marriages. They are called suitable marriages,—*de convenance*,—but I call them unsuitable."

This evening I receive from Mr. Gréard permission to visit a goodly number of girls' primary or grammar schools, but none to visit the boys'. Can any danger be anticipated from the mother of a collegian? Further, there is no permission to visit the *asyles* or infant schools, nor any of the clerical schools.

What a quantity of little dogs upon the streets! although Victor tells me that they are taxed ten francs a year. But a large dog is rarely seen. One afternoon, when the season is more advanced, I see a fat woman upon the street, red-faced, as if warm, and leading by chains two small dogs. One of them is a female, apparently in an interesting situation.

CHAPTER V.

May 11th.—To-day I have the pleasure of calling upon Mr. Gréard, and I afterwards receive permission to visit other schools, but none of the boys'. Although the Luxembourg was a palace, all parts of it are not elegant; but

Mr. Gréard's office is large, neat, and carpeted. From the palace an arched way opens directly into the Luxembourg gardens; and how lovely they seem on leaving the office which was dark in comparison! A sentry, a young soldier, is on guard; and, looking towards the palace, I ask him who built it. "I cannot tell you," he says; but I afterwards learn that soldiers on guard are not expected to converse. There has been a shower; the garden-grass is of a light-green and the flowers are bright. I sit down upon a bench, on the other end of which is a woman falling asleep,—an old woman in a cap, with a red face as if she has been drinking. As it is lunch-time, I find a cheap restaurant outside, and am not delighted with a dirty cloth, poor butter, acrid wine, and two chattering young men at the same table, one of whom wears his hat all the time. I see some other parts of the premises which are even less pleasing, and when I go forth and again enter the gardens they are again charming, especially by contrast. Here a woman in a cap seems to have finished her lunch, and is feeding sparrows with bread-crumbs, while a young man upon the same bench, at a little distance, is looking on. How many young men there are here, and in the busiest part of the Parisian's day, between the eleven o'clock breakfast and the evening dinner! Here, too, are women with their sewing,—one young woman on the bench with me is embroidering,—and there are plenty of children. The water is flowing in the fountain, the large one with statues; some one calls it the Fountain de Medicis; birds are bathing and drinking in its waters. Horse-chestnut trees are yet in bloom, and their shade is growing heavy. Quantities of chairs are turned up around trees, I suppose for use when there is music. A company of youths pass through, going to some school. A young man sits down and is sociable with the

young embroiderer on this bench ; nearly opposite me, in a chair, is a young man with books and portfolio. There comes into my mind the student-at-law who abandons the girl in one of Victor Hugo's novels.

The size of the Luxembourg gardens surprises me. Behind me an old man has been spading a large garden-bed, and now they are unloading plants from a wagon ; birds are warbling ; what a paradise after all those crowded holes ! What sort of a place has this young embroiderer come out of ? While she talks she stitches. She and the young man help me to fix the date of their late revolution, September 4th, 1870 ; and from this epoch, as Victor has told me, date the words so often seen on public buildings, "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité."

The fountain of which I have spoken is finely built and imposing. Close by it is a nice-looking man with two young girls. I ask him who built it, but he cannot tell. Walking around it, I see a poor woman with a baby ; neither does she know ; she thinks there may be an inscription on the other side, but I find only a coat-of-arms and a crown cut in the stone. Not far off is a soldier in handsome uniform putting a collar upon a dog,—a much larger and finer animal than the puppies of Paris. The soldier tells me that Marie de Medicis built the Luxembourg. "Was she the wife of Henry the Fourth ?" I ask ; but he thinks that Henry's wife was Margaret of Valois ; then I suggest that he was twice married.* I venture to inquire whether the decoration on the breast of the soldier is that

* In 1572, Henry of Navarre married Margaret of Valois, daughter of Catherine de Medicis, and sister of the reigning king, Charles the Ninth. In 1599 this marriage was dissolved, and Henry, become king of France, married Marie de Medicis, niece of the grand duke of Tuscany.

of the Legion of Honor. It is. And may I ask how it was obtained? He was three times wounded in 1848 (I suppose upon the downfall of Louis Philippe; but he must have been young then). He says that both his father and mother were with the army, and so he was *enfant taube*, an expression which I do not understand; but I say, "So you are son of the regiment?" which does not appear to displease him.

I see at the end of a vista a distant building with a large dome. I am told that it is the Pantheon. I have long heard of that temple to all the gods, and so, instead of going to the Louvre to-day, I think that I will saunter to this building so celebrated in their first Revolution of 1789. Popularly it is the Pantheon, but clerically is it not the church of St. Genevieve? It seems to be a jumble of Republicanism and Catholicism. Within are the confessional boxes; without, the carved façade and the gilt inscription, "To great men from a great country." On high within are large paintings, inscribed "Death," "The Fatherland," and in contrast is a great mural picture, with the inscription, in Roman letters, "In the year CDXXIX., St. Germain of Auxerre and St. Loup of Troyes, in going to England to combat the Pelagian heresy, arrive at the environs of Nanterre. In the crowd that runs to meet them, St. Germain perceives a child who is marked to his eye with the divine seal. He questions her, and foretells to her parents the high destiny to which she is called. This child was St. Genevieve, patroness of Paris." A notice upon the outside of the Pantheon, of tickets for visiting the vault and the dome, with the price added, is in the English language; which fact is suggestive.

In quitting the Pantheon I see two old buildings near

by, and ask their names from a young and well-dressed woman. She says that one is the College Henry IV., and the other is the Church of St. Genevieve; but as regards the latter, I am sure that she is wrong. I enter this ancient structure, and find among many other things a little tablet on the wall, with this modern inscription, "Gratitude to the Virgin Mary. I invoked her, and she granted my prayer. A. L. May 23, 1871." There are other tablets, but I see none of a later date than 1874. Some of the paintings here, as that of the annunciation, the offerings of the wise men, etc., are not disfigured by the brass plates, as I call them, which, to represent glories, are painted around some heads I saw at the Exposition; but in one of the chapels of this church,—I think it is of the Ten Thousand Chevaliers,—can be seen plenty of these unnatural things around the heads of the ancient knights. As to the name of this venerable pile, we learn from an old tablet that during the reign of Louis the Just, the XIII., it was consecrated under the invocation of the first martyr, St. Stephen; doubtless it is the Church of St. Stephen of the Mount (*St. Étienne du Mont*). A young man of about twenty-three comes into the church with a portfolio under his arm, whence I suppose him to be a student; he kneels devoutly for a little while, and then goes away. In this ancient building Catholicism may be seen in a venerable form. A nice-looking priest with gray hair is hastening to confess some women. I walk around the church, and find seven confessional boxes in as many different chapels, railed off from the body of the church. The door of one box stands open, and I see the woman kneeling within. In the church is a notice, "Association of prayers for easing souls in purgatory." Also a tablet bears the following inscription, "Work of the propagation of the

faith, founded in 1822, and spread over the whole world. Prayers and subscriptions destined to aid Catholic missionaries going at the peril of their life to carry faith and civilization among infidel nations. Prayers, one Lord's Prayer and one Hail Mary, each day, and the invocation, St. Francis Xavier, pray for us! Subscription, one sous a week. Once in two months, annals relating the travels and the labors of missionaries are distributed, and giving a detailed account of receipts and expenses." In one of the chapels I come upon an interesting scene,—a baptism. The nice little baby behaves very well; the company appear to be in moderate circumstances. The priest seems about forty, and is rather good-looking. His head indicates intelligence. He goes rapidly over the service, apparently in Latin; but when he comes to the creed the father or god-father (for I am so ignorant I know not which) has to repeat it in French. The little one takes the salt into its mouth, receives the oil of the chrism, and has water poured upon its head three times, in the name of the Father, etc., and is named Caroline; then there is a signing in one or two books, and one of the men takes off his glove and puts his hand into his pocket, and hands something to the priest's assistant, who seems pleased, and the certificate is being prepared as I leave. In quitting the church, I see upon the street a monk in more showy vestments than most of the churchmen,—in black, with cream color or pale buff. I am told that he is a Dominican, and that they have a house at Les Carmes. Close by is a large old square tower, and on the door of the building connected with it I read Henry IV. Lyceum,—*Lycée Henri Quatre*. I step into the door, but am not allowed to proceed farther than a court-yard, where it appears that some of the boys are receiving their parents or friends. It is now Saturday

afternoon. Riding home in the omnibus, I meet a nice-looking colored woman, neatly dressed and very ladylike in her behavior; she is companion or attendant of a boy of about fifteen, dressed in a Lycée uniform. She is from South America, and cannot speak English. The lad is eating his bread and meat in the omnibus, as if he had been obliged to hurry away from school. He is quite open and pleasant, and tells me that he is from Venezuela, but he has not a Spanish look, having light eyes. His talk is very hard for me to understand, perhaps from the Spanish accent; he may be the son of some person of wealth or importance, who has brought him or sent him to be taught in Paris. Now I am not so much surprised that people should ask me from what part of America I come. At the Exposition I see a guard of the section of South America, bearing upon his cap the words Latin America,—*Amérique Latine*. And this reminds me that while in Paris I heard Mr. Carpentier speak of a literary society for the Latin races only. But this Mr. Carpentier does not approve; he wishes to unite Europe.

This evening, May 11th, I attend a lecture,—they call it a *conférence*. The hall is a pretty one, the ceiling not very high, but it and the walls are ornamented somewhat like our theatres. It looks as if lighted with short candles, but when the gas is turned up I perceive that they are jets. At this conference several ladies sit upon the platform; but I believe this is quite unusual in Paris. I am introduced to Monsieur and Madame G. He is not a large man, but he is a great Phalansterian, or Fourierite, and addresses me upon the subject before the lecture begins. I afterwards hear that Mr. and Mrs. G. are *rentiers*,—they live on the interest of their money; that they are very active in good works or in progress, and that they are united; wherever

you see Madame G. you always see Mr. G. At the lecture we applaud, men and women. Occasionally there is spoken approval, "Well!" "Very well!" "Bravo!" The lecturer is a very gentlemanly man; he has been a professor, but has had trouble on account of certain sentiments published in a book; he has lost his place, or has been removed. He speaks of America, of our country, and of emulating our example, and thinks they may yet excel us. After the lecture I shake hands with him, and in the antechamber tell him that I do not think they will excel us; that there are two points which we regard as of the highest importance, namely, the independence of church and state, and the entire liberty of the press. The slender, gentlemanly Frenchman answers not.

When we get home and talk upon this subject, Victor says, "Before we surpass America, some water will run under the bridge," which makes me laugh, for of course I am pleased.

One of the gentlemen whom I met at the lecture once lived in Algeria, and now exhibits Algerine cotton at the Exposition. I also heard Algiers mentioned at the Luxembourg gardens. A young lady spoke to me, and told me that she is the daughter of the Lutheran minister at whose home I sought board. She has five brothers, and three of them are pastors (the title here for Protestant ministers), and one of these is in Algeria. So this African-French colony must be of importance in their eyes.

Sunday, May 12th.—It has been suggested that we should go to the country this afternoon, but Victor is fatigued and occupied. Last evening he had to go early to the hall, and make preparations for the lecture. After the

meeting I missed him, and came back in an omnibus ; but he and his wife walked home, in spite of his lameness, because the flags which he brought from the hall could not be taken into the omnibus. This morning, without eating breakfast, he is off early, to serve an old and valued friend, by superintending the bottling of wine. After eleven, when he returns, he says that he is quite exhausted.

In conversation, I remark that the lecturer last evening did not drink his wine. Before him there had been a decanter, a bottle of water, and some nice white sugar. They tell me that it was not wine, and Victor adds, "Rum." "Oh!" said I, adding something more. "That is good," said Victor; "you make very good rum in America." After the twelve o'clock breakfast he and I have a very long conversation, from which I learn that the Christian Brothers who teach are not always obliged to submit to an examination, as other teachers are. This subject is hard to investigate, but I finally understand that a letter from a superior sometimes qualifies a monk or nun to teach without passing the examination to which all others in France must, by law, submit before teaching either a public or private school. While on these subjects, I will add that a person in authority has told me that the reason that the public is not allowed to visit public schools, is political differences. "The law dates from 1850," says my informant, "from the Empire. The Republic will change it."

Victor is very much occupied to-day, for in the afternoon he goes to seek board for a friend. Nevertheless, we still have leisure to talk. He speaks with great warmth on the morals of the clergy; says that they are guilty of filthiness,—the proceedings of the courts show it; that he was not married by a priest, and that none shall baptize any child of his. He and his wife unite in the opinion

that celibacy produces death at an early age, say about thirty; or loss of mental power at about fifty. "Those people," he adds, "began my education, and at the age of twelve years I was very pious, so that when my mother came to see me and gave me my weekly pence, instead of buying barley-sugar, apples, and cakes, I gave the money to the priests, the *curés*; and Mr. Carpentier was more fanatical than I: he continued to practise until he was eighteen" (to practise the rites of religion).

"But why do you not join the Protestants?" I inquire.

Carelessly he replies, "It is not worth while; I do not need the religion of the Protestants in order to live or do good. I like the Protestants better than the Catholics, but that is no reason for my joining them."

He is told about our different sects, and how, if the great evangelical sects, being united, could exterminate the Catholics, Unitarians, and others, they would then begin to quarrel among themselves.

"That is why," he answers, "I would not care to have any religion."

"No," says one, in reply, "you must not be discouraged from seeking the truth because other men love falsehood."

"But I love truth," he answers.

"But, if you could prove that people who hold your sentiments are really good people——"

"Look at Mr. and Mrs. C. She gave her money, although she was not rich, to establish schools for girls, so that if they should marry and their husbands should abandon them, they would be able to carry on business for themselves. She was a freethinker."

Monday, May 13th.—Victor gives their washing every

Monday to a man who comes from the country, and who brings back at the same time that of the previous week. This morning he brings me a large quantity of washed and ironed clothes, and the bill is something of a curiosity. Thus: eleven handkerchiefs, eleven sous; nine pairs of cuffs, eighteen sous; and six collars, six sous. Almost invariably these are very well starched. Altogether there are forty-three pieces, and the whole charge is about eighty cents. I cannot say that I think the people very well paid, but while in Paris I hear of a gentleman who was on a commission from France to our Exhibition, who was charged one dollar for doing up a shirt!

Upon my bed are long linen sheets. Madame tells me that for one person they only change the sheets once a month. One morning, when I am taking my coffee with milk, she puts a little into hers, saying that she is something of an epicure, a little *gourmande*. Milk is about seven sous the litre (nearly the same as a quart), and ordinary wine is about thirteen sous, yet I understand Victor to say that he and his wife drink three litres of wine a day. Then why should she be called an epicure if she puts milk into coffee? I am told that the cheapest tea is six francs the French pound (which is one-tenth heavier than ours). I have said that the only question asked me by the custom-house officer was whether I had tea. The cheapest coffee is three francs, or, unbrowned, two and a half. Their taxes, we may remember, are heavier since the war. Victor says that everything is taxed but perfumes, and that they ought to be.

To-day I go to Versailles, about thirteen miles from Paris. Here the Assembly or Legislature still meets, both the House of Deputies and the Senate, though the legislative

halls under Louis Napoleon were in Paris. Versailles is not beautiful after Paris; is any city? And at this time there is an immense amount of life in Paris.

Going to Versailles, I take my place in the waiting-room for second-class passengers, only separated from the first-class by a low partition, so we can behold each other. Those gentlemen carrying papers and portfolios, I suppose, are deputies. As we go to the cars, one with gray hair is smoking, and public smoking, it seems to me, is much more common in Paris than in London. Arrived at Versailles, in walking from the station to the palace I see soldiers drawn up on a large open space. "What soldiers are those, madame?" I inquire. "They are the *génie*," I understand her to say, "from those barracks." The *génie* are engineers. "But they do not wear red trousers like those I saw in Paris." "No, this is undress" (of brown linen); "they are being exercised." I wait a long time in the antechamber at Versailles, and have a plenty of time to observe how the floor is laid, and see the busts around the room. I send a note to the deputy of whom I have before spoken, and an attendant takes it; but still I wait. I note the bright uniform of the attendants, their blue coats, red waistcoats, and gay coat-collars. There are many chairs and other seats around the room, all clean and comfortable but not showy; becoming to a republic, a country that has lately lost so much. After waiting a long time for the deputy, I venture to send a note to another. There are many persons present now, and I must be attentive to hear when the man in uniform calls out, "The person who demands Mr. Monier." The gentleman to whom I have last written comes, and I am at length admitted to the Chamber of Deputies, the Senate not being in session to-day. I am not much more than seated, high

up in the amphitheatre, when the gentleman appears to whom I had first written, with an apology for not having come sooner. He had not seen my note, he had been on a committee; had I not received the tickets he sent me? am I alone? I find no pleasure in looking on at this great height, being unable to understand what is said. There are, indeed, ladies seated in the tier below me, but, of course, I cannot ask to be placed there. As I do not wish to remain, the deputy calls upon an attendant in plain clothes and desires him to show me around. I accompany him, and am shown pictures of the battles of Louis Napoleon, immense paintings about the Crimean war, the Mexican, the Italian, the Algerian. Does any one want to see them when there is so much more to see? The attendant also shows me the gorgeousness of the interior of the palace. The most interesting thing is the Senate-chamber, which the guide tells me was the theatre of Louis XIV., and here I imagine that great Frenchman, Molière, appearing in his own plays; but afterwards I learn that it was not such.

When I leave the guide and get out into the gardens, I find them very spacious and lonely; they want the life which makes the Luxembourg gardens so interesting. I think it was a Frenchman who said that what is wanting to make solitude charming is the presence of some one to whom you can say, How charming is solitude!

To-day the great fountains are not playing.

On a canal or artificial piece of water is a little steam-boat, and a woman tells me that it was that of the empress. She had herself seen the empress several times. If she could be sure that I am a Bonapartist, probably she would say a good deal more.

Returning to the station, I inquire the way of a gentleman accompanied by a little girl. In the buttonhole of his

coat he wears a narrow red ribbon, such as I have often before noticed. At first I suppose it to be the badge of an exhibitor; to-day I have thought that it may indicate a deputy; and the little red button or cockade, a senator. I venture, however, to ask this gentleman, on the street, what the ribbon indicates. He says, "It is a decoration. I am a military man." Then I feel that I have been presuming: it is the badge of the Legion of Honor. I wonder whether he got that dark skin in Algiers, and whether the streets of Versailles, with his little girl, are not pleasanter than the sun of Africa. Some days after this I go into a great dry-goods store, and close by the entrance, as if to receive customers, stands a large man, wearing the little red ribbon; then I am a little amused.

Returning from Versailles in the car I meet another man who is decorated. He is jolly looking, and he has a little dull, tricolor ribbon at the breast of his coat. This was received for bravery, or good deeds done at a fire. A medal belongs with it, but on common occasions medals are not generally worn.

CHAPTER VI.

Tuesday, May 14th.—To-day I visit an *asyle* or infant school. It is *congréganiste*; it is kept by nuns, Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. I have the pleasure of meeting here a lady who is a lay officer, an inspectress of several of these schools.

There are both boys and girls, for under the age of six they go to school together. The little ones are exercised upon reading-tablets; and they pronounce the syllables thus: The ap-ple is pret-ty; but they do not pronounce the

words. They are seated upon a sort of graded platform or steps. They are reading in concert, but generally one or more pronounce the syllable and are immediately followed by the rest. Usually one near the top or on the back seats is the skilful one. Of course the exercises are not deeply interesting, and I am able to look around and observe the walls painted of a handsome light-blue, with sentences very neatly painted on them: thus, "Love God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." "The child Jesus was obedient to Mary and Joseph." On the walls are also painted the written letters of the alphabet, numerals, and other things. There is here an image of Mary, with the infant Jesus, the whole about eighteen inches high. The shelf upon which this image stands seems to be a sort of shrine, for there are plants and candles upon it; and once, during a religious exercise, the candles are lighted. In the outer room is a large, handsome picture of Christ receiving little children, with a plate telling by whom it was presented. The Sisters are in white sun-bonnets or caps, and white cravats doubled on the breast. They wear dark dresses with the sleeves turned up, showing thick white undersleeves, and cotton aprons of dark-blue, with a narrow stripe. Instead of a bell, a Sister has something resembling a snuff-box, or like two muscle-shells hinged together, and this she claps. The nuns are pleasant, especially the elder. They have a lay woman to assist them, a sort of servant. I have spoken of the children's reading; they have also a lesson in numeration. On a blackboard (quite small, about a yard square) she writes the numbers, and they appear to copy them upon their slates, going as high as tens of thousands. They have also a lesson in addition, and some general exercises in geography. At each end of the room are little

benches to receive the children when not seated on the recitation-steps. There are two gravelled yards for them to play in, not very large to be sure, one for the boys and one for the girls, separated by a low fence, furnished with seats and planted with trees. They have some little gymnastic exercise, but nothing of importance. They have two simple religious exercises. The inspectress comes in on a visit, she of whom I have spoken before,—Madame D., a well-dressed and agreeable person, who has charge of five infant schools. She says that there are here a directress, or head-teacher, and two assistants; and that, in these clerical schools, all these are paid equally. One of the assistants is sick to-day. In conversation, the inspectress admires the idea of co-education of the sexes. I tell her that I have seen a statement that one-fourth of the births in Paris are illegitimate. I understand her to reply that these births take place in certain quarters of the city, among *ouvriers* and *ouvrières*, or working-people. She asks the principal how many such children there are here, and the Sister answers four: as the children are going out she makes some pretext to call upon these, and three stand up. The inspectress thinks that these are very few in so large a school. I am struck with the nun's knowing so much about them, but I imagine it to be natural for an unmarried, childless woman to interest herself in the children of others. As yet, I had not learned of the wonderful record which France keeps and uses concerning births.

To-day I pay for making a silk dress six dollars. It will be observed that in this thickly-settled country the price of labor is low; but, in Paris, the expenses of living are heavy. When wages are low and food dear, we see how

the poor are likely to fare. I have mentioned my low washing bill,—the clothing was very simply made. At Leblanc's we burn candles, not long ones, but they cost about three cents apiece. Victor has a handsome lamp for colza oil; but it does not appear to be a great success. He does not like coal oil. Our sugar is very nice, and is about fourteen and a half cents per pound. It could be obtained very much cheaper, if all obstructions on trade were removed. The *octroi* or city tax of Paris adds to the cost of many articles, though at the period when these *octrois* were first established, I suppose that they were intended to make the country-people pay for the privilege of selling in the cities. The *octroi* upon butcher's meat brought into Paris is about one cent per pound; that on sausages and hams nearly twice as much.* Mrs. Leblanc tells me that there are nine families or persons whose apartments are on our court-yard. Lately, two men are in it beating a carpet, said to belong to the proprietor or landlord, the only person who has a right to have this done in the *cour*. A man and woman also shake a handsome curtain, and Mrs. L. thinks it probable that the proprietor is getting ready to go to the country. When I ask her how many of the families on this court-yard have children (for as yet I have seen no little ones) she answers that she cannot tell, adding "We do not occupy ourselves with our neighbors." I suggest that the concierge would know, but she thinks it would not do to inquire, saying that the people are *réactionnaires*, or opposed to the new republic. We have a back-yard also, upon which two of our windows open. In looking out from our height it is almost like a well, it is so small for a yard, and so deep. Nevertheless, we can hang things out the windows to dry,

* "Galignani's Guide," 1873.

upon a bit of line. "We are in a cage," Madame Leblanc once complains to me; but I doubt her desiring to leave this handsome cage to go and live outside of the *octroi* gates, in the suburbs, at a distance from the life of these streets, and from the animated public gardens.

May 15th.—To-day I visit a grammar school, or, in Paris phrase, a communal school for primary instruction. These schools are divided into Catholic, Protestant, and one Jewish; whence it appears that as Paris is a very large city, either the Jews must all live in one quarter or send their children to other schools. The one I visit to-day is Catholic. The directress or head-teacher tells me that there is no school on Thursday or Sunday, but that the children must meet at the school and be conducted to church on both days by a teacher, who afterwards brings them back to the school, where they separate. I do not understand that teachers are obliged to do this, but that it is expected of them. "But why not let them go with their parents?" I ask. She shrugs her shoulders very expressively. The greater part of the parents do not go themselves. In this school there are four teachers, all married but one. The principal tells me that she has taught in the public schools of Paris for seventeen years, has been married thirteen, and has a son of twelve who is in the college where his father is a professor. I tell her that in my country married women do not generally teach. She replies that in Paris living is dear and salaries are small. She has her residence in the school-building, as is common at Paris.

To-day, I visit principally the fourth or lowest class. The scholars enter at the age of six, not knowing, in general, how to read. The teacher tells me that the parents do

not like the *asyles* or infant schools; these being usually the place for children whose parents want to get rid of them. It takes from six months to two years to learn to read. The teacher has a printed diary, in which she is to enter every day's exercises. The first hour is to be devoted to religious instruction in the catechism, the gospel, and sacred history. Under this head, the teacher had made these entries for to-day: "Recitation of the Prayers; Study of the Catechism and Questions; Daniel, his whole History." The next hour is given to reading. Writing comes next on the printed form, but to-day she has this in the afternoon, and in the morning a lesson on the French language. One hour of the afternoon is to be given to calculation and the metric system, that remarkable French method by which coins, weights, and measures are brought to decimals (and multiples of ten), as is our Federal money. The next hour on the teacher's programme is marked history and geography, but the exercises are so arranged that to-day they are sewing from three to four; the older girls sew three hours in the week. I hear that of late it has been required to teach cutting also, but I see little or none. I tell the teacher that sewing is out of fashion in our public schools, and mention how different it is with us,—how the mothers stay at home and take care of their families; but she tells me (just as if the children could not understand her) that almost all these women (the mothers) work to help support their families. In this class, which begins at the age of six, religious instruction is given in the little catechism of the diocese of Paris, printed by order of his eminence, Cardinal Guibert, archbishop of Paris. Although this school is Catholic, Protestants may come, of course, if they choose; one little pupil is a Jewess, and stands in prayer, instead of kneeling. Every morning they have the Lord's

Prayer, the Hail Mary, and the Creed ; and at noon all the classes have another prayer of about fourteen lines.

One of the most striking peculiarities, although a small one, in this communal school, is the want of a little bell. While I am here the teachers "Sh!" the children or else make a little whistling with the mouth, which, I should think, would not have much effect, although the children do not behave badly. The hours of afternoon-school are from one to four.

The pay of teachers in the boys' grammar schools begins as low as two thousand francs a year, or about four hundred dollars ; but of this the city retains the twentieth part (and sometimes more) towards their pension. Their pay is gradually raised every three years, until it reaches two thousand six hundred francs, or about five hundred and twenty dollars, always keeping back a portion. In addition, however, the principal receives his dwelling. The pension, obtained after many years' service, is, in amount, half of the highest salary, or here about two hundred and sixty dollars. Women, as well as men, receive a pension.

Victor last evening was speaking of the Coquerels, who were Unitarian ministers, or liberal Protestants.

"Why do you not join them?" I ask.

"I see no need of my joining them ; let those join them who do."

"But do you not believe that this world is so constructed that the man who practises truth and love to his fellows is the happy man, and he who does not is the unhappy one?"

"No, I do not ; quite the reverse."

"Then why do you practise virtue?"

• “Because my conscience tells me to. Quakers say the Spirit, but I say my conscience.”

He has heard one speaking lately of Quakers ; I suppose he knew nothing of them before.

At Mr. Carpentier's, in the evening, similar subjects are up, and I understand Mr. C. to call Victor a fanatical atheist, and to add, “Because the priests use the name of God, he will not use it ; because they speak of the Bible, he is opposed to it, without having read it.” As I have heard that Mr. Carpentier himself was a Catholic until a considerable age, I inquire what turned him against Catholicism. He answers that it was the exercise of his reason, first, on the subject of indulgences ; second, on the idea that sins can be forgiven by a man. But what he especially dislikes at this time is that the right of the individual, the right of private judgment, is given up in the church. In conversation I tell the company of the independence of church and state in our country, and of the freedom of the press, in which we excel them. They do not deny this, but when they find that the testimony of a person in a court of justice may be refused if he does not believe in God and in future rewards and punishments, they think that here they surpass us in freedom. They also ask whether we can work on Sunday, and when I say no, they again claim that they have greater freedom in this respect.

Another subject up is divorce. The law of France does not allow it (except, doubtless, on those few points in which the Catholic Church does). It does not allow divorce, even for adultery. A law passed in 1804, under Napoleon I., permitted divorce ; but in 1816, after the restoration of the Bourbons, this was abolished, and for it was substituted the

separation of bodies, or of bodies and goods. Even the party who sues and obtains this separation cannot marry, and I am told that such half-divorced persons often form illegitimate connections. If I mistake not, the Code Napoléon allowed divorce on the continued, mutual request of the parties; perhaps it was this provision which caused the abrogation of the whole law. But while they have adopted the rule of the church upon divorce, it seems somewhat strange that a marriage in church is not a lawful one, the only legal marriage being the civil one, in the mayor's office.

This evening, at Mr. Carpentier's, I am rebuked by an elderly gentleman, a member of the municipal council. I make the rash suggestion that there was no marriage during the time of their first revolution. The municipal counsellor rejoins, "Yes there was,—the civil marriage. What do you take us for, cats and dogs?"

There are persons in France who desire to establish a divorce law like ours. As regards the legal separation, I find it noteworthy that a woman can obtain it if her husband strikes her.

This evening there is present a very pretty lady from the provinces, besides several men. Something brings up the subject, and she inquires whether there is not a baby at the house of a certain friend. Some one replies, "Not yet; there is going to be." Whereupon I laugh and tell them that we do not talk about such things until—"Till when?" "Until they are born. We women talk on these subjects." I might have said we do not in mixed companies.

I tell them this evening of one of my friends at home

who greatly fears Catholicism, and who thinks that on account of it the French cannot succeed in establishing a republican government. Whereupon a gentleman says that this cannot prevent; adding that there are Catholic cantons in Switzerland that have been republican since the time of William Tell.

May 16th.—At the Exposition I observe the sugar in the Russian department. It will be remembered what a quantity of beautiful sugar the Russians exhibited at Philadelphia. Two men whom I see to-day give me a piece of the Russian, which is from beets, and from them I obtain information also. Between French and German we manage to communicate ideas, and by turning their *puts* into *kilogrammes* and thence into our pounds, and their *roubles* into *francs* and cents or dollars, I am able to eliminate the statement that they could afford to furnish the French with the best sugar of Russia at about eight cents the pound, if the French would let them. Victor is giving about fourteen.

I meet at the Exposition with a French acquaintance, who was in our own country several years on business. He is from a central part of France, and I have been planning to obtain through him board at a farm-house. He says that board would be very low, but he thinks that I shall not be satisfied with it, adding that I shall find no carpet upon the floor. But I tell him I shall not care about the carpet.

Victor gives me the following figures. That he makes the comparison is of interest, even if the figures be not strictly correct. He says that the expenditure of the United States in 1876 was, for public instruction, \$125,-

000,000, and for warlike purposes, \$12,000,000. That of France he gives at only \$8,400,000 for public instruction, and \$140,000,000 for the army.

He tells me that the new opera-house at Paris, or National Academy of Music, was built by the state at an expense of 63,000,000 of francs, or about 12,000,000 of dollars, and he complains that although his money helped to build it he cannot afford to enter it; but I understand him to mean at a representation. In looking at this great building it seems to me glaring and inharmonious with its gilded figures and marble of different colors. It was begun during the Empire in 1868, and finished in 1875.*

My American friend lives up two flights of stairs, on what is generally the handsomest floor of the house. She has a vestibule or antechamber; a parlor, fourteen feet by eighteen; a dining-room; two good-sized sleeping-rooms, and two smaller rooms; two rooms on the sixth, or up six flights of stairs; a kitchen, and two cellar-rooms. She has no bath, and no gas except in the vestibule and kitchen. She has taken the rooms unfurnished on a lease for three years. Besides her rent, she pays the owner the door and window tax, and her share of the expense of the entry and stairs-carpet. She also pays the city of Paris a tax on residence and furniture, the whole amounting to about \$760 yearly. On the same floor is a suite of rooms somewhat larger, and looking upon a more fashionable street, which rent for nearly twice as much as my friend pays.

* I feel inclined, in turning French money into our own, to make the calculation on the basis of nineteen cents to the franc, or, perhaps, of five francs to the dollar, and to abandon the awkwardness of the repeated expression, *about* ten dollars, and so on.

May 17th.—The letter of introduction which I brought from Mr. L., in Philadelphia, is addressed to three gentlemen, to two of whom I presented it some time ago, and to-day I breakfast with the third. The time mentioned in the note of invitation was 11.15, but Victor thinks that I must get there sooner, lest it should look as if I came for my breakfast! I find the gentleman's house very pleasantly situated beyond one of the *octroi* gates, but in a district closely built. Reaching the street and number, I find a wall, within which is a large enclosure, for here the gentleman has about two and a half acres; and, besides his own dwelling, there are houses upon the ground, in which live married daughters. Is it not quite patriarchal for the suburbs of Paris?

I find that I am before time, for one of the daughters comes in to receive me, her manners and dress being simple and unpretending. I will call my host Mr. Pierre. Madame comes in ere long, in a buff dress trimmed with brown. She speaks English very well, and Mr. Pierre can also speak our tongue. They were once Catholics, but are now interested in another church or society. There are busts, in the house, of Mr. Pierre's father, who held an office of some importance under the government,—a life-office. He wears—or the bust does—a wide embroidered cravat, and he looks like an important person. Before breakfast I have some conversation with a nice-looking young gentleman, one of the sons-in-law. I speak of visiting one of the prisons of Paris, but I understand that he thinks I shall have difficulty in obtaining permission, for there was a prisoner who did himself some injury after a stranger came in, saying that he was not a wild beast to be stared at; and then the prison for women, St. Lazare, is so old that they would be ashamed of it. He wants me to visit a peniten-

tiary colony in another department, *Indre-et-Loire*, but this will not suit me. Madame Pierre thinks that if I get a line from our American minister, I shall be more likely to succeed.

It is not rare in our own country to have recourse to the photographic album when strangers visit us, and madame shows me hers, with pictures of her four eldest daughters when young girls. They are in simple dresses, dark and plainly made, with white collars, and dark sashes tied behind. I tell her that if it were not for the sashes they might pass for Quaker girls. Mr. and Mrs. P. have a larger family than most Parisians; there were twelve children, of whom nine are living. Madame Pierre has also photographs of several of my friends in America, members of a society in which Mr. P. is interested.

My invitation was to a breakfast *en famille*,—an uncere-
monious one; and I do not remember that any servant was in the room during meal-time, all the dishes being upon the table at the beginning. The parents, the four sons, with two daughters, the Italian, German, and English governesses, with two or more guests, fill a good-sized table. The oldest son, who is getting a beard, does not look very well, and as the father comes into the room he kisses this son, which makes me fear that there is something the matter; but madame explains that he is preparing for his examination. The youngest child is a girl, who, as she goes to her place, stops beside me for me to kiss her. As I now prepare this volume in my own country, I recall that there was something animating in that dining-room upon the ground-floor, looking out upon the pleasant enclosure. I have been censured for speaking so much about eating; but simple details of every-day life help to relieve the mind, which might become fatigued if I spoke of

nothing but schools and religious parties and the military. The dish that most surprises me here is a plate of butter, as I have sat down to so many meals without it. It is soft, but very good, and without much salt. We have boiled eggs; a large dish of mutton sliced and warmed up with the gravy; and there is something that looks like a loaf of bread, but proves to be one of the richest dishes that I have tasted in France. Madame P. allows me to note its contents: within the crust is vermicelli or small macaroni, mushrooms, and livers of poultry, and it is called a *timbale Milanaise*. There is no ice upon the butter, but there is a little upon a dish resembling curds, which proves to be cottage-cheese, delicate, and doubtless made from sweet milk. Mr. Pierre takes sugar with his; we have nice cream to pour over it, and it is flavored with vanilla. Not much wine is drunk. After the cheese with cream, the boys leave and coffee is served,—very good coffee,—milk being brought for me especially. Madame Pierre gives me some account of the son-in-law whom I have seen and admired. He is from the south of France; they were there, and he fell in love with her daughter, then about fifteen, and several years after they were married. I remark that such marriages are rare here, and that they have marriages *de convenance*, and madame replies that she has known some happy marriages of that kind; she seems to avoid the expression *mariages de convenance* (of propriety, of suitableness). I remark that it is not so common here as it is with us for men of means to marry poor women; and she replies that here rich women sometimes marry men without property, who are men of parts, or likely to distinguish themselves.

May 18th.—At breakfast to-day, Victor tells me that he

has understood that there was a woman in America who made seven millions of dollars by procuring abortions. He adds, "That does not speak well for the Americans, does it?" "That was frightful," say he and his wife. "Don't you think so?" he adds.

After this midday breakfast, I again visit the communal school lately mentioned, desiring to visit the third class, for I began at the lowest. It is Saturday afternoon; but their holiday, as I have before said, is Thursday. On my arrival, Madame —, the principal, tells me that thirty of her pupils are absent at church; that next week there will be almost constant interruptions, because of the first communion; that from the age of ten to twelve children are prepared for their first communion, and that they have to be absent at church, for confession or to be catechised, so frequently as to cause great derangement in the classes; that those whom they accompany to church on Thursday are those who are preparing for their first communion. She repeats that one of them is expected always to be here on Sunday morning to accompany the children to church, adding, that not more than sixty come on Sunday for this purpose, or only about one-third; that of the remainder she does not suppose that more than twenty go to church, because there is, in matters of religion, a great indifference. Other remarks I suppress, from prudential motives. As I have said, my visit this afternoon is to the third class. The teacher of this class tells me that half of the children are absent at church, and I see that the benches are not filled. If the public were allowed to visit the schools these things might be changed.

In this class, girls of ten are ciphering in division of

decimals. I have not yet discovered that there is any mental arithmetic in the girls' communal schools; but there seems to be some good practical, of which I bring away an example in decimals, done by a little girl of nine. The teacher dictates to them some problems to be done at home, or out of school-hours. These are *devoirs* or duties, and this expression is also applied to compositions. It is not long before some of the children come back from church. One brings an engraving, a very pretty one, "Jesus blessing St. Joseph." Another has a gilt-edged book, "Illustrious Christians from St. Peter to St. Augustine." Within the book is a slip of paper, bearing the words, "Parish of ——. Souvenir of the Catechism of the 1st Communion." About half-past two (school begins at one) ten or twelve return, bringing books or pictures,—all have something. These, I learn, are still too young for the first communion; they have been examined in the Little Catechism. The teacher of this third class is Madame ——. She, too, is the mother of a family, having one child. The teacher of the fourth class,—she whose class I lately visited,—being now sick, there is in her class a substitute or *remplaçante*, appointed thus: if one of the teachers is sick, she calls in a physician, who gives her a certificate that she is not able to teach, and tells her how many days she will probably be disabled. She sends the certificate to Mr. Gréard, at the Luxembourg, with a request that she shall have a *remplaçante*. There is a body of these substitutes provided by the city or by the department, and by it paid, so that the teacher does not lose any part of her salary. I tell Madame ——, whose class I am now visiting, how our teachers in the country where I live have been accustomed to go round and visit other schools. She says that these substitutes, male and female, go from one

end of Paris to the other, and that she herself is liable to be changed to any other school or class of the same grade. Madame also tells me of the little Jewess here (and a pretty little Jewess she is) that she is not obliged to go to church. She rises during the prayer and the creed. The teacher stands also, but most of the pupils kneel upon their seats. Before school closes, the principal comes into this classroom, to give notice that at half-past three to-morrow, Sunday, the scholars who are to be catechised for their first communion will be here to go to church. On Monday and Tuesday those who are to go to church to be catechised will bring their baskets (with their breakfasts). The scholars who live at a distance are generally allowed to bring their baskets; but now, on account of the first communion, those who are going to be catechised will go to church morning and afternoon. I hear that to-morrow, Sunday, the teachers have to go to church twice, on account of the first communion. They are not forced to go, but it is expected of them, to keep the children in order.

One thing that surprises me at Paris is the manner in which one dish is introduced after another,—dishes that we should serve together. This evening, at dinner, we have a nice little bit of veal, roasted as I have before described, and then laid into a large dish of boiled sorrel, the juice or gravy being poured over. I eat heartily, with bread, water, and wine; and after eating his veal Victor goes out, and what he is doing I do not know. He has already put upon the table a plate of little oranges and apples, and what is he doing? He appears with a small, soft cheese,—very small,—a very little butter in a dish with water in it, and then, quite triumphantly, as it were, he produces a dish of

ashy-looking potatoes in their skins. I laugh, and tell him that with us we eat the potatoes with our meat. He says that they sometimes have potatoes around the meat, but that they never eat them with meat when thus cooked. No, it is to be a distinct treat, it seems, of potatoes and butter. I wonder whether this manner of bringing on one dish after another is in any way connected with scarcity of fuel or with economy, so that a fire need only be lighted in one of those little receptacles for charcoal?

In the evening I am again at Mr. Carpentier's. A communication from America is read, and the question is before us of the non-resistant views of a certain peace society in America. I apply to them the saying of Jesus: "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee upon thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Then Mr. Carpentier says that the opinions of a society in which he is active here are founded upon *duty* and *right*, which were the ideas of their Revolution, and which he prefers to Christianity.

Among the guests is the pretty lady before spoken of; I will call her Madame Vibert-Fontaine, Vibert being her husband's name and Fontaine hers before marriage, written in the opposite manner from our own. She gives me their cards,—Charles Vibert-Fontaine, Marie Vibert-Fontaine, without any titles. She explains to me that if a man in business thus joins his wife's name to his own, the property of the wife is responsible for the husband's debts. She does not know whether their little son will choose to keep both names, but she hopes he will. I frequently meet in Paris—for they reside here—a gentleman and lady from Alsace, to whom I will give English names, calling him

Brown and her Smith. He writes himself Brown-Smith, but she writes herself Brownsmith. There is in Paris Madame Marie Pape-Carpentier, author of a little work which I saw at the infant school. I thought of calling upon her, and was told to look for the name Pape. Afterwards, in the north of France, I found this joining of names extremely common; but I do not remember it where I was located in the centre. It will now appear why the deputy inquired for Mrs. Ward when speaking of Julia Ward Howe.

This evening Mr. Carpentier is speaking again about the hasty marriages made in France, and mentions that a lady of his acquaintance met a gentleman who desired to marry her, and to whose suit she listened; but when the preliminaries had been discussed, the gentleman declared that he desired to marry in a month. She, however, said, "If this gentleman is in such a hurry, it will be better for me not to go on with the matter."

When we separate this evening, at about a quarter before twelve, Madame Vibert-Fontaine has no one to wait upon her home. She is very pretty, with dark eyes and a good deal of color, and is showily dressed. She does not seem troubled at going alone, but says that her home is close by. I tell them of a gentleman from New York who had told me that there is no danger for a woman of a certain age in going alone to Paris, but that the case is different with Madame Vibert-Fontaine. Mr. Carpentier inquires how it would have been with me when I was young. I reply that some one upon the street might have asked to wait upon me home. "And what would you have done?" "I should have been frightened." "When I was twenty-

two," said Mr. Carpentier, "I saw a lady in the omnibus,—a young lady almost as pretty as madame here. The pavement was slippery, and I asked if I might escort her to her house. She did not refuse; and when we got there she invited me to walk in, saying that her husband would like to make my acquaintance."

During my stay in Paris I was not unfrequently out in the evening. Three persons at different times escorted me home,—one was the young Swiss before mentioned, one a German gentleman long resident in America, and one a young countryman of my own. Once I say to Victor and madame that Mr. G., the young Swiss, has been more polite in waiting upon me home in the evening than any one else. One or both reply that if gentlemen wait upon ladies home here it causes remark; and if a young gentleman is seen walking with a young lady, Paris is going to be destroyed. But Victor adds that it is not so in Switzerland, for there young people can walk out together.

CHAPTER VII.

May 19th, Sunday.—Madame Leblanc and I, looking out into the court-yard, see a man-servant shake a mat out of the fifth story of the large house which fronts upon the street and has its back windows on this *cour*. I ask her whether these servants are not often idle. "Oh, yes," she says, "they loaf about,—*ils flânent*. It is not so with the poor workmen, who are obliged to work all the time for fear of not earning their living; while these people are lodged and fed, and have their clothes washed while idling."

(But of the workingmen I shall speak hereafter.) Near us is a great school, under charge of one of the religious orders, and about ten o'clock this morning the boys are making great noise at their play. The bell rings, and they are silent, but they begin again about half-past twelve. A black-frocked and black-capped ecclesiastic walks forth. I suppose that he is on guard while they play in the pleasant garden.

At the concierge's window sits a young woman this morning with her sewing; the concierge polishes the brass handle of the hydrant or fountain, and that of the door within which the harness is kept. A young gentleman has come back from riding, and a groom in wooden shoes clatters around the stone pavement and brushes down the horse; then he takes water and a brush and washes the horse's ankles and hoofs, then brings more water and a cloth to rinse the horse's legs, and at length takes him into the stable. I wonder if he himself is as well cleaned as the brute? A person who lives in the same house as we comes into the court-yard, carelessly carrying a hat wrapped in blue paper, as if a little ashamed of it. I listen this morning to Madame Leblanc, who tells me what she thinks of the women-servants, the *bonnes* who accompany young ladies in their daily walks. "It is a real punishment," she says, "to have those *bonnes* behind one,—a real punishment! That looks as if parents had not confidence in their children." She adds that it is the custom here for young ladies to be accompanied by their mother or by a *bonne* when walking out in the day. It is only poverty that prevents this attendance; but she adds that the poor are not likely to be insulted upon that account. She says that it is a false idea that these servants protect you.

I am so kind as to endeavor to explain to her our Penn-

sylvania laws on marriage and divorce, and how no ceremony of marriage is necessary to permit the children to inherit, if the parents have acknowledged a contract; also how divorce may be obtained by the one party when the other has absented himself or herself for two years. I probably succeed in making her feel that we are loose people.

In the afternoon I go to St. Augustine's church. How funny seems the inscription (somewhat rough) upon the outside, "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*"! This large church was built by Louis Napoleon, and here masses are said for the repose of his soul; but he never saw this inscription upon the outside: it was added after he left! I see a crowd at a side-door, and, inquiring what it is, I am told that they are coming out from the catechism, the retreat for children. At home we might say coming out of Sunday-school, but then they are catechised on other days, as I have lately stated. I enter the basement-room, called Chapel of the *Catéchisme*,—a great room with an immense number of benches and chairs. I suppose that the boys and girls are catechised together, if not allowed to attend public school in common. The great room now is nearly emptied. It has not much ornament. While I am in there enters a young man, of nice appearance, and kneels for a few moments. I enter the church above and find a notice, of which I copy a part: "*Parish St. Augustine, Month of Mary. The faithful are invited to contribute offerings of shrubs, flowers, candles, or money for the solemnity of the exercises of the month consecrated to the Queen of Heaven.*" It is between five and six in the afternoon, and there is not much display, but several persons are scattered around at their devotions. Beginning at the right, I count the confessional boxes; each has the name of an ecclesiastic, with

his hours for confessions. The seventh says, "Mr. the abbé Escalle confesses all day on Wednesday: On Saturday, and the eve of festivals, from four to six in the evening. Every day from seven to nine in the morning. Confesses also in English or in Italian." There are twelve confessionals altogether. People are coming and going. The devout are not all women: two young men come in; afterwards a gentleman and lady and children; a rather nice-looking, elderly ecclesiastic, in robe and big shoes and spectacles, goes about, after dipping in holy water and bending a knee to the altar. He is corpulent, and he looks like a rural ecclesiastic; doubtless many are in Paris now. I infer that you may always know Catholics by their dipping in holy water. One lady dips the tip of one or two gloved fingers, and then holds them to the young lady with her, who touches one and begins to make the sign of the cross. She looks at my note-book. While going around and counting the confessionals, I do not observe a statement that any priest confesses on Sunday; but in one of the railed divisions—called, I believe, chapels—two women are sitting. The confessional in the centre is a sort of closet, with a little glass door or window in front, shaded by a muslin curtain. In this part sits the priest, and on each side is a recess, in which one person can kneel, a curtain hanging to conceal the person. I walk up to the box to read the inscription, which states that Mr. — will confess at certain times, one being Sunday after vespers. And while I am reading I hear light whispering, and suddenly become aware that some one is within confessing, and that probably the priest has seen me through the muslin curtain. I am shocked at having come so near the confessional, and am sorry to have shocked them, as I may have done. When at home I ask Victor what I should

say if I went to confession. He answers, "My father, I accuse myself of ——" I see no men confessing at Paris.

There is at St. Augustine's church quite a fine picture of the saint at his mother's death-bed. From the features we might suppose it to be Napoleon Bonaparte at the death of Madame Letitia, but the dead person has a glory around the head, which does not belong to the former Madame Bonaparte. There is another painting which does not please me near so well, and which I suppose to be the baptism of Augustine; but in this he does not wear the Bonaparte features, which seems a contradiction.

Not long after entering the church, I see an old woman near the altar with some forlorn little spindling candles, partly hollow, stuck upon points in a tray, one or two being lighted,—cheap things, I infer, which the faithful go and buy. After awhile she has more candles lighted, and they are of different lengths; the old woman is kneeling by with a prayer-book. Is it a trade? After awhile six of her candles are burning. She kneels partly facing the people, with her book closed in her hands; she moves her lips; she wears glasses; she looks at me. Is she ready to sell candles? Poor woman!

At dinner this evening we have onion soup, made of asparagus-water with bread cut up in it, which is pretty good; then three chops with bread and wine. Next we are to have the asparagus, and I signify to madame that I would be willing to eat it while it is warm. "Oh, no," she answers; "when asparagus is eaten with oil and vinegar, we do not eat it warm!"

Victor was away nearly all day. He was helping one of his friends to move.

Monday, May 20th.—Our apartments have water in the kitchen and in the water-closet. To-day it is not running; they think that the pipes are being repaired. There is a fountain or hydrant down in the court-yard, and I had before proposed to go and get water; but I am told that if it is not running this morning they will hire the charcoal-man to bring some. Speaking of not having water in the pipe, I say, "We must submit." "Oh, yes," says Victor, "we must submit like the marshal." "What marshal?" I ask. "Mash—mah—own." "Do the French pronounce it like that?" "Oh, yes." He alludes doubtless to the celebrated saying of Gambetta, that MacMahon must either submit or demit,—i.e., resign.*

While I am at the modiste's there enter two men, one in a showy uniform of dark-blue embroidered with silver (or its imitation), but the other is in plain clothes. The man in uniform says something, and the woman in the store afterwards tells me that he came to see about the gas. The man in plain clothes is of higher grade, and came because the affair is important.

To-day I visit a Protestant public school. It is in a good stone building, with a dingy tricolor floating from the front. In the same building is a Protestant church. This school is not upon the list of those which I have received permission to visit, but it has been mentioned to me by another teacher. Although I have no card of introduction, the teacher receives me pleasantly; perhaps she infers by my accent that I am English, and consequently Prot-

* The above is not the usual pronunciation.

estant. She tells me that there are about twelve Protestant schools in Paris, and that hers is the smallest in the city, having less than fifty names on the list (observe that the scholars cannot be graded as in the larger schools).

One little girl is crying; she has a paper pinned upon her head, on which is written, "Disobedient and lying." I mention to the teacher that when quite young I taught in a public school; and she replies, "They have the good habit in America of only teaching while they are young. I believe that the children like young teachers best, and that they teach with more zeal and enthusiasm." She tells me that under Mr. Gréard, who is director-general of primary education here, there are about a dozen inspectors paid by the city, who inspect the schools and the certificates of the pupils' studies, and examine candidates for teaching. (Strictly speaking, I presume that these are paid by the department of the Seine, in which Paris is situated.) In the month of August all children in the first or highest classes, whom the head-teachers deem fit, are examined by these inspectors. If they pass the examination they receive a diploma or certificate; then, if they choose to remain and be fitted to enter a normal school, they may do so; but to enter these schools they must pass a much higher examination. There is only one public normal school for girls in the city.

In order that I may see one of the certificates granted to pupils in this school, one of the little girls goes home and brings her "certificate of primary studies," which the mayoralty of the ward has had framed for her, the ward being rich, as I am told. (There are twenty wards, or *arrondissements*, in Paris, and each has a mayor and council. If there are only twelve Protestant schools, there is not one for each ward. For the whole city there is a

municipal council, whose president is the prefect of the department of the Seine.)

I ask two little girls, one after the other, What is the largest city in the world? Both answer, as is very natural, Paris. But the little one who has the certificate says London. Two or three of the girls tell me that New York is in England. The teacher says that she uses no book for arithmetic; so I presume she teaches from the blackboard. I do not find that they have what we call mental arithmetic, nor that they are quick at mental computation. The teacher says that they act here under difficulties. She has not even an assistant, but only a pupil-mistress. This is a Reformed school. Many of the scholars are of Swiss origin; but there are some Catholic pupils in the school. The course of instruction is the same as in all the grammar schools. It is required that the first hour of the day shall be given to religious exercises. Instead of the sacred history of the Catholic schools, they have a little book of stories,—*réécits*,—from the Old Testament, and another from the New. Miss —, the teacher, says that they have a short prayer, not formal, at the opening and close of each session. On closing in the afternoon, they have the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed.

After I leave this school I pass St. Augustine's church; and, behold, what a quantity of people are coming out of the basement! I hear that the boys and girls are catechised together at nine in the morning and three in the afternoon. I must see it to-morrow.

Tuesday, May 21st.—Madame Leblanc is mending her husband's clothing. She says that the gentlemen don't know how. "Except some," I say. She answers, with animation, "Those are the old soldiers: they know how to

sew on buttons, and to mend pantaloons and waistcoats; they are insupportable in a house; they are crazy; they will have everything in a particular place."

"It seems to me," I say, "that your husband has order."
"Oh, yes; but he is not crazy about it. One may have order without being insupportable."

When I go out I see a man who carries upon his back a neatly-arranged load of brushes to sell. He wears extremely clean cotton clothes, with about twenty patches of different shades of blue upon his faded blouse. Shall not we Parisians be whole and clean when we have invited all the world?

I get to St. Augustine's about half-past nine. In the entrance of the basement a priest and nun are talking. I have asked Mrs. Leblanc whether I can go into the catechising. "Why not?" she asks; "the churches are public." "Not like the communal schools," I rejoin; and, behold, when I enter the basement-room there are boys and girls in the same class; and do I not see on one side of the great room two young priests seated in the midst of women, in spite of the smiles that adorn the faces of some Frenchmen when co-education of the sexes is mentioned? A great quantity of children are collected in this basement-room; but they are not necessarily much dressed. I see one little girl in a check apron. They are singing in the fashion of a Protestant Sunday-school, while the ecclesiastics pass round in white short gowns and black petticoats, if so I may call their robes. Upon a back seat I find a place, where I sit with my note-book. No one gives me a hymn-book or catechism until I ask a little girl for one; doubtless they judge me to be not of their religion. A nun comes and kneels at my back, and remains here. Does she wish to prevent my having any conversation with the children?

She is kneeling at my right shoulder ; but probably she cannot read my English notes, even if she sees them. There are many grown women present, and some grown men. Mass is offered. In the exercises the bell is used, and also the clapper, before described. One of the hymns is addressed to a sinner, and asks why he will plunge into crime to satisfy the desires of a perverse heart. Soon death will come to strike its victim, and what then will become of all his pleasures ? They sing two verses of this to a popular or animated tune. While they are singing my nun gets up, and goes, with agility, to place herself among the people at the side of the room. The organ plays to accompany the singers, and one might think himself in an immense and very orderly Sunday-school ; but there are no divisions of classes and teachers. There is prayer in French, I think from the book, and an address or sermon. The ecclesiastic stands at one corner ; he speaks with great distinctness ; he seems to be a flowery rather than a plain man ; he gesticulates in his flowing sleeves ; he delivers a long sermon,—long for the occasion. I note down a few sentences, and now try to connect them : “ It is God who gave you all you are and all you have, who consented to be born upon the earth, and to die upon the cross. What prevents you from complying with the invitation to the communion ? You are not willing to go to your confessor, and you are crucifying Christ again in the soul of a child. To whomsoever partakes, the flesh of Jesus Christ is joined to his flesh. His blood flows in his veins, and what child will insult his Saviour by refusing ? What frightful punishments are prepared for the disobedient ! Look at Judas, whose soul went to the depths of hell ! One cannot sport with God with impunity. It was said to Lothaire, If you are innocent of the crime imputed

to you, partake of the communion. He and his lords partake of it. He goes triumphant to his estates. But behold, he is attacked by a fever." . . .

The speaker talks about crimes and misfortunes ; about the holy first communion ; about the day of judgment and of vengeance,—celestial vengeance no longer deferred. "It is the word of God ; whosoever receives unworthily the body of the Lord eats to his own condemnation : then beware of hardening of heart ; seek your confessor ; he will not refuse you. Oh, no, my children, no ! He will be softened by your tears, and you will make very well your first communion. Divine Saviour Jesus ! if we succeed, all is owing to you, Lord ! You will touch these young hearts, and the day of the first communion will be a heavenly day."

I do not observe that any shed tears during this address. The last hymn begins, " Everything confounds me in this pious retreat, and every object awakens my grief. Never, O Lord ! can a sinner have peace until you possess the empire of his heart." While this is sung the children are passing out, and it is about a quarter before eleven when we get out of the great basement-room into the open air again. Afterwards, I am told that the hymns sung indicate this to be a day of penitence. I have an opportunity to inspect the book used by the children. It is a manual of catechisms, or collection of prayers, notes, hymns, etc., by the Abbé Dupanloup, published with the approval of Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris. This edition is augmented by a form of conducting confession and communion, after Fénelon.

The bishop of Nancy, Monseigneur Forbin-Janson, has a hymn therein which Robert Ingersoll may read ; but a part will suffice here : " Alas ! what grief fills my heart and makes my tears to flow ! Great God ! what a fearful day

shines in my eyes! what a horrible abyss! Great God! what a frightful day shines in my eyes! what sad fires! Yes, hell, to avenge my crime, is open, and awaits its victim. Great God! what a future, weeping and groaning, and always hating thee."

In the afternoon I am again near the same great church. I have asked whether I shall not finish by liking St. Augustine's. Like many, if not all, of the fine buildings of Paris, it has an open place; it is not crowded so that one cannot see it. This afternoon, in the open space before the church, the funny low fountain, with its many jets, is playing. Church and state are close together; there is the great stone barrack,—the altar and the sword. See the funny little soldiers, who do not stand up straight, who wear short, wide red trousers and big red epaulets. Are not many of them clumsy from having worn wooden shoes?

Near by is an omnibus office. What lovely omnibus horses! it is an enjoyment to look at them.

Hereby Mr. Gréard is forever acquitted of having allowed me to visit a boys' school. Yes, the card of introduction which I carry this afternoon to the principal of the school, 33 Rue Tournefort, was given to me by a private person, whom I met in a private house. While I am now preparing this volume, France has a republican senate. Let us then confidently trust that no harm will befall the principal for admitting me. On the way to the school I see some little children at play in a shady yard, boys and girls together. On a bench a woman is sitting, probably a teacher, and she invites me to visit this school, which is a Protestant infant-school. It is the evangelical *Œuvre de St. Marcel*,

not a government establishment, but supported by private contributions.

Going a short distance farther, I arrive at the manual-labor school, and find the principal in the shop. This school is a large one, and to it is attached a workshop for modelling, moulding, sculpture, cabinet-work, turning, blacksmithing, and tool-making. Doubtless the principal is a man of varied talents. Out of three hundred and seventy pupils, only forty-five, however, are at manual labor. I see at work intelligent-looking boys, from eleven to fourteen years old. Leaving the workshop and going through the yard, Mr. L. shows me the Sunday games. Every Sunday morning he accompanies the boys to mass from nine to ten, only about half of them coming for this purpose. He must always accompany them to church, and then he conducts them to the school, and as a recompense allows them to play until breakfast-time at croquet, ninepins, and other active games, the materials for which are here provided. (Imagine the noise, as at the school lately mentioned.) Mr. L. takes me into different parts of the school, and also into a decent kitchen with a range, where a woman is in charge. Here, for two sous, the scholar can get something for breakfast. To-day it has been beans, cooked with pork; two days it is a ragout; and on Friday, potatoes cooked with milk, the boys bringing their own bread. About eighty out of the three hundred and seventy buy food here. I ask Mr. L. who the persons are that send children to the public schools. He says that the rich send to private schools, colleges, and *lycées*, but that grocers, bakers, workingmen, etc., send to communal or public schools. I venture to inquire of Mr. L. concerning a violet ribbon which he wears in the buttonhole of his coat, and learn that he is officer of academy,—a grade of honor.

There is a higher grade,—officers of public instruction, who wear the rosette; and women may obtain both. Madame Pape-Carpentier, before mentioned, author of the gymnastic games for children, belongs to the former grade. This violet ribbon, however, is not the only honor to which Mr. L., of the manual-labor school, has attained. He has received twenty medals in silver, bronze, and so forth. I understand that there are seven grades through which teachers may pass, namely: especial mention, honorable mention, bronze medal, silver medal, academic badge (the ribbon), public instruction badge (the rosette), and the cross of the Legion of Honor. With this violet ribbon are connected silver palms, to wear on great occasions, and, to the higher grades, gilded palms. I say to Mr. L. that I should like to remain until school closes. However, it does not finish at four, like most of the communal schools. At four they have gymnastics, and school closes at half-past six. This large establishment of three hundred and seventy pupils is divided into six classes and has fifteen professors.

I call to-day to see a lady living in the same quarter of Paris, an American woman whom I have met at the banker's. I pass through Rue St. Médard, and find scarcely an elevated sidewalk, but the gutters running at a few feet distance from the houses. What funny names some of the Paris streets have! One of my acquaintances lives in Hell Street,—*Rue d'Enfer*. Victor says that there are Paradise Street and Heaven Street, and that all that is wanting is Purgatory Street. This afternoon I find Street of the Hermit's Well, and here is another barrack and more soldiers. My friend boards on the Place Monge. The house has a garden, that rarity in Paris; it is not very large, to

be sure, but it is planted and you can sit in it. She has succeeded in obtaining very low board, paying here one hundred francs (twenty dollars) a month; she tells me, too, of other moderate places in a very fashionable quarter. She has been for a considerable time in Europe, and she is now attending lectures in Paris. She speaks of very fine lectures at the College of France, and there are also free lectures at the Garden of Plants.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wednesday, May 22d.—As I wish to hear the earlier part of the catechism, I go this morning to the Madeleine church; but I hear that the catechism is at the Assumption, and when I arrive there I am told that it has been finished for some time; so I suppose that the first communion at the Madeleine has already taken place. This small church of the Assumption is furnished with benches; a lady tells me that it is a chapel belonging to the Madeleine, where the catechism is held.

To-day I visit the Garden of Plants. Just outside of one of the entrances is a large old hospital; on its front is, "Hospital of our Lady of Pity. Founded in 1613. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," and the tri-color swaying softly in the afternoon air. I enter the archway, but am not allowed to visit the hospital, being told that all the hospitals of Paris are open to the public on Thursday and Saturday, from one to three. One-fourth of the population of Paris die in hospitals, alms-houses, and prisons. I meet here a French gentleman with whom I was acquainted

in Philadelphia. Speaking to me of our hard times, he adds, "You have no hospitals in America,"

I enter the Garden of Plants, that celebrated resort, in the morning of this day, and see something of its walks, its trees, and grass. In going about, I meet a soldier with the cross of the Legion of Honor; probably he is one of the guards. He says that he is retired, having served twenty-five years, and is fifty-one. But he has beautiful teeth. He tells me that he was in the Crimean and Chinese wars, and has been in Algiers also. I speak of our not loving to spend much money upon armies, but on our public schools; and he replies that we spend four hundred millions of francs upon our public schools, and they spend fifty-five millions only. He adds that the French public-school system really went into operation under Guizot, as minister, in 1833. I leave the garden to obtain lunch, and find a little creamery near by upon the Rue Linné, named for Linnæus. The creamery is paved with six-sided tiles. It is kept by a woman, and here I can get chocolate with milk. The woman tells me that her husband works upon a railroad, and that she keeps this place and has a small custom; she has two children, a son of thirteen and a daughter of five, boarding with her parents, who are alone in the Vosges. After a simple lunch I return to the garden, where, besides my soldier just mentioned, I had observed an old man and woman seated on a bench, she having two fine children in charge. He has a basket with bits of paper in it, and a stick with a nail in the end; he talks so fast and has such poor teeth that I cannot understand him. Doubtless he is a rag-picker by profession, but how decent he looks compared with the same class in my native city! Among

the many trees I see one marked "Common Yew," and break a bit. Afterwards I sit upon a bench with a woman of about forty, in a cap, without a bonnet, a black and blue plaid dress, a sack trimmed with fur, a silk umbrella, no gloves, cheeks painted, and handkerchief perfumed. Is she waiting to see my fine soldier of fifty-one with the handsome teeth? She says that she is waiting to go into the hospital to see a woman who has had an operation performed on one of her breasts. She sees my bit of yew, and says that there is a strong prohibition here against breaking the trees: it subjects you to an imprisonment of three months. What if I had been caught by that soldier! I might have been able to see a prison then.

On a magnificent tree is put up, "Cedar of Lebanon (*Cedrus Libani*), planted by Bernard de Jussieu, in 1735." Some one thinks that the extent of the branches of this grand tree is about thirty-six yards. Two soldier-like men pass, showily dressed in dark-blue trousers, white belts, red epaulets, and funny hats,—a kind of cocked-hat. They are pompiers, or soldiers employed to put out fires. I walk upwards in the garden to see the extensive view. In my walks I see a woman at work upon collars. They are machine-made, and she is working beautiful button-holes, five in each. She tells me that they are military false collars, and that she gets ten sous a dozen collars, and can work three dozen a day. Thirty sous! and I just thought myself very cheaply breakfasted at twelve sous!* Of course I look at flowers in the garden, and see the serpent-house with its great white porcelain stoves, brass-banded.

* By an inquiry made in 1860, there were in round numbers 105,000 women in Paris connected with trades: 14,000 earned from 1½ to 2 francs a day, 39,000 earned more, and 17,000 less.—*Appletons' Cyclopædia*, "Paris."

In walking through the Rue Blainville, a very common street in one of the most ordinary quarters of Paris, I find it quite clean, and ask a young mechanic how many times the streets of Paris are swept in a week. He answers, "Fourteen times,—every morning and afternoon." This may be something of an exaggeration, but when land is as dear with us as it is in France, and manure as much demanded, perhaps our cities will not in cleanliness so greatly contrast with Paris, especially if labor should be as cheap as here. I also pass through the Rue Mouffetard, one of the poorest in Paris. I stop to see a woman who is frying potatoes very nicely. She has a stove in which she burns coke, and she sells potatoes by the one sou's worth and the two sous', selling a good many at breakfast and dinner time. She has a little recess in the house-front, and pays a rent of ten sous a day. In the Rue Lacépède I see a lady leading two miserable little shaved objects of dogs, each by a twine string. About noon I had gone from the Garden of Plants to the Place Monge to see my American acquaintance, the lady who is attending lectures. I inquire the way from a man in a working-dress, and he accompanies me for a short distance to point it out. He tells me that we are in one of the worst streets in Paris, the Rue Mouffetard (just mentioned), and that we are in the most elevated and at the same time the lowest quarter; that here the highest instruction is given, as at the Garden of Plants, etc., and here there is the least. I speak of our republic, and he tells me that we are their model, and have been for a hundred years or more. I speak of their many changes, and how some of us had been interested for them in 1848; and I complain that they changed so much afterwards. He speaks in severe terms of the empire of Louis Napoleon. I remark that there does not seem to be

much to fear from the son of the emperor. I understand him to accede; but he adds, "He has a great name." I say, "Under thatched roofs they long shall talk of his glory,—

‘ On parlera de sa gloire,
Sur le chaume bien longtemps.’ ”

"You know some of Béranger's songs?" he says. I smile and venture to inquire what his occupation is; he is a lithographer.

At dinner in the evening we have a broiled fresh mackerel, delightfully cooked, and dressed with a quantity of butter; and afterwards a potato-salad; or cold boiled potatoes dressed with salt, pepper, vinegar, and oil; then some large strawberries, such as we have not had before; we have had very small wood-strawberries.

I tell Victor what I have just heard about the great name of the young Napoleon. Of course he does not like it. He says that the youth has been called the son with long ears, because at Woolwich he was the last in the class; and that he is called the idle fellow—*le sédentaire*—because he is the son of the man of Sedan. He breaks out with the declaration that Napoleon Bonaparte was the greatest scoundrel that the earth ever bore: "He was a drinker of blood! As to the glory of such a man, I trample it under my feet. He violated his oath to be faithful to the constitution, and made himself emperor. As to that workman of yours, it is very likely that he cried out upon the boulevards, in 1870, 'To Berlin!' There were only five or six thousand that cried out 'To Berlin!' and as for those who cried out 'Long live Peace!' they got blows upon the head with head-breakers—*casse-têtes*—made of lead and

covered with leather. Those who cried 'To Berlin!' were police agents, dressed in white blouses like workmen."

Thursday, May 23d.—The little one was born last night. Victor proposes to go to the mayor's office to register her birth and take out a certificate. These "acts of birth" are of much importance in France. This one will cost him three or four francs. His and Madame Leblanc's were burned during the commune.

I was up last night with madame while her husband went for the doctor; then, about three in the morning, I heard the strong crying of the little one, and rose and assisted at its toilet. They put on a thick cap, to which the doctor does not object at all, some clothing round the body, and a white sack over it, but never a petticoat. Instead, they take a blanket or swaddling cloth, wrap the little body well, and double the blanket up behind to protect its feet, which have on no socks. I had appointments for to-day at the Exposition, but I send notes to my acquaintances and remain while Victor goes out on business. They expected a woman to help them, but I hear that her husband had to go to the country, and that she will not come until Saturday. I run out on an errand to the baker's, and when Victor comes, behold, he has given up his business for two days.

Friday, May 24th.—Last evening the doctor spoke of the want that there is in his quarter among locksmiths, masons, and other mechanics, who cannot earn their living because they have so many children. "How many?" I afterwards ask of Victor. "Three or four." "And do their wives do anything?" "They do their house-work

(*Elles font leur cuisine*); they cannot do more." "Because of having so many children?" "Yes, yes." "And how much do they earn a day?" "Three, four, five francs." He tells me that the doctor said that what we need is to find out a way to prevent this want. "I know how it could be done," says Victor. "And how?" "By the patrons, the masters, being satisfied with making seven francs instead of ten." On another occasion I understand the doctor to say that the cause of this want is that capital is on one side and labor on the other, and that labor is obliged to accept the terms offered. He adds that there are little vices to which the laborer is addicted; he smokes, he drinks, and loses his time. He says that there are not such great families of children here as in England.

It may be remembered that I have been visiting a girls' public or communal school, beginning with the lowest class. When last there I proposed to pay another visit this week, but the principal said that she could not promise me much, as Thursday would be the time of the first communion, and the school would be much deranged upon that account. Well, then, I would not go there until Friday and Saturday. This being the proposed Friday, I go to the school, and find it in confusion,—in disorganization, if I may be allowed to say so. The principal is at church with pupils who are hearing a mass of thanksgiving for the first communion of yesterday; twenty-four from this school made their first communion, and thirty-six persevered. The pupils who are now at church have permission to rest, if they wish, for the remainder of the day. They will return from church to salute their teachers, but very few of them will be here in the afternoon. Among those absent from school

now are some who have permission to accompany brothers or sisters to the mass. Next Wednesday there will be another ceremony at church,—the confirmation,—but there will not be so many absent then. I have spoken of the schools being in a state of disorganization ; but, in conversing with two of the teachers, they are not satisfied with the expression : they consider it more exact to say that on account of the obligatory absence of the principal, and of many of the children, their classes are found depopulated. I inquire of them about the clerical schools, and I understand that these were established before the others ; they say that the nuns have money to furnish children with clothing that they may need. “Where do they get it?” I inquire. “It is given to them by rich ladies.” “At the clerical school,” I say, “there is a crucifix and there are pictures.” Triumphantly one or both point to a crucifix, which I had not noticed,—a small one,—on high over the principal’s desk. These are furnished to all the city schools (some, of course, would not accept them,—the Protestants and Jews). In the principal’s room I find that out of thirty-six pupils, six are present to-day. I ask who gives them their lessons in her absence, and they point to the blackboard ; their duties are assigned to them. Here I look into a school history, and find it highly enthusiastic on the subject of Napoleon Bonaparte. About half-past ten the principal returns from church. She looks very neat in a black cashmere, handsomely trimmed with black silk, a gay neck-ribbon, and gay bonnet. Afterwards a flower is brought in in a pot ; I imagine it a present to her for her attention in bringing the children to church. I finish the morning in the room of the second-class teacher, the only one unmarried. She is very agreeable ; I will call her Miss Fleutet. She seemed to me more piously inclined than the others, and

there appears to be a difference in sentiment between her and others on the question of religious education in the schools. She tells me that those parents who do not want it are spendthrifts and drunkards. She complains that her class is badly graded; the inspector, finding the fourth class too full, had divided pupils from it between the second and third classes. She says that she thinks he is trying an experiment. I ask the salary of inspectors, and she thinks it is six thousand francs. In this school there are two hundred pupils, of whom one is Protestant and one Jewish (already mentioned). In Miss Fleutet's room maps are hanging, and here I observe the same centralization—if I may use the word—that I have seen elsewhere. It is France, France, France. There is a map of the ward in which the school stands; one of Paris and its environs; one of the department of the Seine,—that department, small in size but great in population, in which Paris stands; there is also an outline map of France, with a small part of adjacent countries; and the only other unrolled is one of Palestine (I infer for sacred history). She has only one blackboard, and it is not large. There is a little altar or shrine, with a small image of Mary and a couple of flower-pots. But this "Holy Virgin" is also, I think, furnished to the schools. After leaving the school I desire some further information, and I address a note to this teacher, who is so polite as to come and call upon me, as I shall mention.

Among the various objects which I see at this season upon the varied streets of Paris are the young girls dressed for the first communion. I see one to-day in white muslin, no bonnet, but a long, white veil, and white shoes, like a bride. They are interesting. My American friend says

that white prayer-books and white porte-monnaies are also used on this occasion,—a prayer-book bound in bone or ivory, and a white porte-monnaie in which to carry the offering ; but I do not find that a contribution is obligatory. Boys wear a white *brassard*, or handsome ribbon, around the arm, and sometimes white pantaloons, but the weather as yet is not suited to such clothing.

Upon a wall I see a handbill concerning a sale of the goods of some woman deceased. The handbill is printed by Widows Renon, Maulde, and Cock, Rue de Rivoli, No. 144. Victor tells me jestingly that their husbands were printers ; and, after having well wept them, they continued the business.

I tell him that my relative will think him a dreadful Republican if she sees his invitations headed "Liberty ! Equality ! Fraternity !" He answers gayly that he is as well known as the white wolf. "When they see me persons say, 'V'la un bon !' There is a good fellow."

Saturday, May 25th.—Summer days are long in this latitude. This morning at about a quarter before four the sparrows begin to twitter, and I can read coarse print at the window.

To-day, at the Exposition, I see a crowd in our Mechanical Department, gathered around Fay's band-saw, and there are many thoughtful and interested faces. One person is a Swiss, another a German, and workmen in white blouses or in blue clothes are conspicuous among the crowd.

Madame C., the French lady from the south, whose husband is exhibiting here, is attentive to me to-day ; and I am delighted to learn that all the difficulties in the way

of my going to their neighborhood are likely to be removed. She and I observe among the crowd of people a young lady dressed in black silk, who holds up her dress and shows her nice white skirt, her sky-blue silk stockings, and her low shoes with plated buckles and very high heels. Madame C. says that those heels fatigue her enormously, but that the lady would not like to say so because of coquetry (or desire to please).

At the Exposition there is a very showy collection of fruit and tomatoes, exhibited by Ella Haller, of Philadelphia. A Belgian woman who is looking at it tells me that we have some very fine fruits in that island there, and it is surprising because we have not a fine sun. Probably she confuses us with England.

Sunday, May 26th.—When I got home last evening, Victor told me of the vexation that he has had about registering the baby's birth. Upon the birth of a child notice must be given within three days at the mayor's office (there being twenty mayors in as many different wards). An old law required that the child should be brought within three days and its sex examined, that France should not be cheated out of a young soldier. But this early exposure was considered so injurious to the health of children that the law was modified, and a certain officer or officers are now allowed to visit the house and see the infant. While I was at the Exposition, and Victor absent awhile, leaving word with the *concierge*, the officer came, but refused to await Victor's return, and demanded that the child should be presented at the mayor's. Victor wanted to contest this order, but to-day he concludes to get a carriage and go, and I accompany him. I carry the baby (Victor is lame), and although the day is fine, I must be horribly shut up in the carriage on account of that precious infant. We do not

find the mayor, but a clerk ; another party is before us,—a man, a woman, and another man to act as witness. That baby has been brought on foot, and is a day old. When they are through, Victor allows the clerk to examine his little one, and I can look at the handbills around the room. Many questions are asked, thus: "What is your name? what your wife's? what is your age? what is hers? what is your business?" "Book-keeper." "What is hers?" "Teacher of the piano." "Is the child to be put away?" "No." So the clerk need not prepare a notice on that account. The law forbids giving family names: if my name is Smith and I have a cousin named Green, I must not name my son Green Smith, because he might choose to call himself Green and cause confusion ; but I may call him Byron Smith, because it is permitted to name children for great men. See how guarded France is!

I have spoken of the notices upon the walls of the office. One is of the society to protect infancy, recognized as an establishment of public utility in 1869. This society undertook to send physicians—its agents—to watch over the health of children placed at a distance from their parents, and entirely free of cost to them. But now the government has taken this matter in charge.

I here bring together several different items of interest. As the French so rarely emigrate to our country, I ask Victor what becomes of their surplus population. He says that they have none, but are bringing laborers from Italy and Belgium.

I am told that under the Empire deputies received 12,000 francs a year, and senators 30,000 ; but that now both are paid alike, 9000, or \$1800, which is very low compared with the \$5000 paid to our Congressmen.

There are free lectures at the Garden of Plants, the College of France, and the Sorbonne; but the *lycées* and the college Chaptal are pay-schools, although considered public. There are five classes of inspectors of public schools, the fifth being lowest. The first is occupied with superior instruction, as in the *lycées*.

I lately saw two youths of about seventeen seated before a restaurant with glasses of black coffee, one of them pouring something from a bottle into his coffee, and the other waiting to pour. Is not our habit of drinking milk in coffee more wholesome than drinking spirits, and quite as cheap?

Victor says that the best mutton-chops cost thirty-two sous the French pound (about one-tenth heavier than ours). Chester cheese, which resembles ours, sells, he says, at forty-eight sous the pound. Sausages sell thus: small ones, of which there are twenty-four in a pound, at twenty-four sous; a larger sausage, at from forty to sixty sous the pound, also at eighty sous; but these last have black truffles and pistachio-nuts mixed with the pork.

At Leblanc's they have a great red cushion, quite light, which sometimes is stowed away in a closet and sometimes rests on their bed-foot. They call it an eiderdown, *édredon*: such are much used for beds,—I suppose to lay upon the lower part in cold weather.

Monday Morning, May 27th.—The woman who was to come and help in the household has again disappointed Victor, and he will not take in a person unknown to himself; so we shall try to get along without. I can stay in for awhile at hours that he must be away; therefore this morning I take my walk early, before he leaves, and have

an opportunity to see how the streets look at this hour. A blooming young woman, dressed in white and accompanied by one in black, is going, I hear, to be confirmed. A woman illustrates the ceremony for me by giving herself two or three light blows upon the cheek. Women with big brooms are helping sweep the street. Hard-looking but tidy women are standing and waiting on the place St. —, —waiting for some one to come and hire them to wash; which recalls the scripture, "Why stand ye here all the day idle? Because no man hath hired us."

Passing along, I see a woman who has let down a great basket of bread, and is carrying a loaf into a grocer's. People are overhauling the heaps of refuse from the houses. I see a woman empty the vessels, and a girl overhauling the contents. It is usual to take these down at evening and set them in the court-yard, whence they are taken away. I cannot believe that all this excellent green stuff is to go to waste or to be hauled away and made into manure; but the girl that I have mentioned seems stupid and not to know anything about swine, but to make the gathering of rags and paper her business. Still, none of these people have the horrible, degraded look of ragpickers with us. The streets are so clean, that it is easier for them to be so. Sometimes they have a little donkey-cart. Bits of bread, I see, are sorted from the refuse, and once a woman tells me of rabbits that can be fed, and chickens.

What delightful omnibus-horses I have seen in Paris! but some of the hackney-horses are shabby: doubtless the Exposition is hard upon them. An immense quantity of carriages are employed. Many of the laboring-horses are white, with heavy feet and shaggy ankles, and wear great wooden collars, often with blue sheep-skins upon them.

Tuesday, May 28th.—This morning a woman comes to see me, bringing two shoes from the shoemaker to see which I will have mine made like. She is hired at the shoemaker's, and her husband in a restaurant. She says that they never eat together; he gets home about eleven at night, and she must be at her place at seven. She speaks of having had a child and lost it; and her employer's wife, who is very sweet,—*très gentille*,—has had three children in about three years, and has been injured by the *wise woman*, or midwife. Mrs. Leblanc advises a doctor; but the other says, "Oh, that costs so much! That costs two hundred francs!" "Oh, not always so much," says Mrs. L.,—"sometimes sixty." But although she advises a doctor, she tells of her mother's having been injured by one.

About noon we breakfast, and Victor wishes to treat me; so, after the boiled beef, fried potatoes, and so forth, he brings a dish, which he says is expensive,—artichokes stuffed with a little sausage-meat. They are not what we call artichokes, but resemble pine-cones; you break off the scales with your fingers, and suck the base of them. I do not care for them.

A Protestant teacher whom I lately met invited me to come and see her, saying that she is at home on the last Thursday in every month. I have thought of going, for invitations from French women are rare enough. But to-day I receive this note:

"PARIS, 26th of May, 1878.

"DEAR MADAME,—Thursday the 30th being the day of a religious festival, I shall not receive that day. Be pleased to accept my sincere compliments."

Thursday will be Ascension-day. I think she is of the Reformed Church.

This evening we are speaking of teeth, and Victor says that he does not like people to think a great deal about them: sometimes marriages are broken off in Paris if the young lady wants a tooth, just as they are in the country if the bride's father can only give two cows instead of three, as he had promised.

There are no general directories here. Victor says that you must pay eight francs a year for having your name inserted in one. There is, too, but little advertising in the papers. But there is one kind of notice in them which we do not often have at home. Victor has had two hundred little circulars printed, giving notice of the birth of his little girl. In sending them he puts them into a band, like small circulars. He says that it would take two thousand for all his friends, but that it will be in the papers, and they can see it there.

Wednesday, May 29th.—In my early morning walk I see another young woman in white. How long are these white dresses for religious festivals to continue? I hear military music from the stone barrack; a young man says that it is from the musical school. "At what time," I ask, "must the soldiers get up?" "At five." "To do what?" With a shrug he answers, "Nothing at all."

I enter one of the large churches where the young people are beginning to gather for confirmation. There is a heavy, unpleasant smell like dead flowers. A young woman in white is putting off her black shoes to put on white ones. A nice-looking man of about forty is at his devotions; and I see guardians of the peace, but not at prayer. They are to preserve order. Here comes a troop

of girls in white, escorted by a nun,—a fine-looking person; here is a boy with white cravat and pantaloons, and the white ribbon tied round his arm; one woman in black accompanies a young woman in white, whose hair in front of her veil seems artificially curled, the veil being fastened on top of the head and falling down behind. The elder woman arranges her dress, and smiles as if she were going to the theatre.

I have spoken of Miss Fleutet, teacher in the communal school,—the one who seemed piously inclined. To-day she is so polite as to call upon me. Her salary is seventeen hundred and ten francs a year,—three hundred and forty dollars,—and she has taken an orphan-girl to bring up. The mother was a widow and a teacher, and, dying, left five children. At first Miss Fleutet only took the little girl for a limited period, but she began to love her. “She is sweet,” she says. “She loves me well, too.” I am astonished that a person so situated should assume such a burden. “And suppose you fall sick?” I ask. “I will go to a hospital,” she answers with spirit. It was a priest who suggested this course to her. “He knew what I needed,” she says, “and my little girl shall never suffer from loneliness as I have done. I cannot have so handsome a dress, but I have the company of my little girl, who is not bright, but she is sweet,—has tact, has heart.” Miss Fleutet has received a holiday to-day from her principal, in order to accompany a young girl to confirmation; and her little girl wanted a cake at *déjeuner*, because it is a festival. Miss F. subscribes for a small paper for her, called *The French Doll*, and she allows her to read it to-day, also, because it is a festival. “When she does well, I pay her,” she says; “and when she does ill, she

pays me." I offer her a trifle to get something for the child, but she refuses it. She has had such offers before, but the little girl is her own charge. When the mother's health was failing she was allowed to go to Algiers, but this did not restore her. Miss F. thinks that she may have suffered from insufficient nourishment,—a widow, the mother of five children, upon such a slender salary. Of the four brothers, the eldest is now able to support himself, and a rich priest took the three others,—the same who suggested that Miss Fleutet should take the girl. She says that he belongs to one of the most ancient families in France. He first took the three sons, and has since established an asylum for fifty orphan-boys. He has also founded an orphanage of two hundred young girls, for on the death of his father he came into his fortune.

CHAPTER IX.

Thursday, May 30th.—Ascension-day, and Victor has a holiday, which sets me at liberty; also the employés of the post-office have half holiday, so it is well that I mailed a certain note yesterday. I go to the omnibus-office to get conveyance to the Exposition. A little party in the office I judge to be my countrymen; for the lady, who is social with the man in charge, speaks better Massachusetts or Connecticut than French. This being a holiday, there is a crowd at the Exposition. To get into the restaurant Duval we form a queue, and after I get in the bar is shut down.

Friday, May 31st.—I have several times visited a great church in Paris, to which I will now give an assumed name,

and call it St. Christopher. In my notes I speak in this manner: "You may go into this church to see the ceremonies and to take notes, but you will probably leave with the feeling of reverence, of devotion increased." But my experience this morning is different. It was before seven when I got to the church. The "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," cut on a great stone on each side of the entrance-door, seems to be something incongruous. Early as I am, there is some one within the church,—a great man in a black-velvet cap, a dark-blue frock-coat, and trousers trimmed with braid like gold. I inquire of him when this inscription was put upon the church. "Don't know,—*on ne sait pas.*" "Was it not at the time of this last republic?" "Yes." "And all these churches," I add, "belong to the state?" "Yes." "And does the state pay for all repairs?" "Don't know; but as to this liberty, equality, and fraternity, they are lies! I say it, and I sustain it and I maintain it!" I tell him that I am from a republic,—from the United States. He is willing to admit that that is well, but he repeats his former saying, "They are lies! I say it, and I sustain it and I maintain it!" Going away and returning, he asks: "You occupy yourself with politics?" "Yes; in my country some women do." Then I understand him to say, "But women do not serve as soldiers: women are nothing." I tell him about States in our Union where women have voted and served on juries. He says that there are no true republicans in France, although they talk about republicanism. "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity! With whom are you willing to make yourself equal? With people who suit you?" I tell him that there are Catholic republicans in Switzerland. As he goes away and returns again, I endeavor to explain something I have said; but he says,—and I think that he does not look with

favor upon my note-book,—“Madame, you occupy yourself with things that you should not. Go and see Mr. the Curé of St. Christopher’s. He will tell you things; but, as for us, it is not for us to inform you. Go and see Mr. the Curé.” He comes again, and says that if I wish information there is a priest who speaks English. There is now going to be mass. But this gentleman will inform me. I tell him, glad to escape, that I told the French gentleman with whom I board that I would be back to take coffee. When I am outside the door, there comes forth another splendid man (though neither is young); they are so much finer specimens than most of the soldiers. This second man has a feather-duster in his hand, and wears a woven woollen jacket, but a velvet cap like the former. Seeing the former so handsomely dressed, I did not know but he was some dignitary, but now I suspect that he is not. And as to the idea that women are nothing because they are not soldiers, what, then, are priests? When I return to our apartments, I tell Victor that when he wants to be stirred up I will tell him what I have heard; and when I have begun, he says: “Those are Savoyards; they are Swiss, who march before the priest in processions. If I had been talking to him, I should have kept my hand in my pocket for fear he would steal. They have all those apish tricks, because they are paid by the curé. And if I had heard him I should have said, ‘The liar is in your skin.’”

“He said that there are no republicans here,” I added.

“Oh, you mustn’t go the church for republicans. Go to the church for hypocrites.”

Walking out later in the day, I inquire the way of a lad, and also tell him that I have seen a young lady in white,—is there anything at church to-day? He answers promptly

that there is the closing of the month of Mary ; the crowning of the Holy Virgin at eight o'clock in the evening.

To-day I have called upon a liberal Protestant gentleman well known in Paris. He says that at present the Catholic clergy receive ten million of dollars yearly ; the Protestant worship, three hundred and sixty thousand dollars ; and the Jewish, one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.* For repairing the churches of all denominations the government pays three million dollars yearly. The gentleman says that it is abominable to pay those who oppose the republic, adding that the priests cannot be republicans since the syllabus of Pius IX. He gets the volume containing it, and calls my attention to a list of the opinions condemned by the church. One of those which Pius declared damnable was that every man is free to embrace and profess the religion which seems true to him by the light of reason. Another opinion which he condemns is that the civil government should prevail in case of a conflict between it and the church. Another opinion condemned by the pope is that public schools should be free from church authority and under the civil authority. The opinions censured by Pius are numerous. I give only a few of the most striking. The 55th error is that church and state should be separate. The 78th error is that the law is right by which in some Catholic

* The amount paid to Jews appears to be overstated. Since my return to our own country a Parisian gentleman informs me that the propositions for the budget of 1880 are as follows : Catholic worship, fifty-one million nine hundred and seventy-three thousand two hundred and eighteen francs ; Protestant, one million seven hundred and ninety-five thousand eight hundred francs ; Israelites, two hundred and seven thousand francs.

countries strangers enjoy the public exercise of their private worship. The 80th is one of the most remarkable. It is declared to be an error that the pope can and ought to be reconciled with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization.

The same gentleman—the liberal Protestant—tells me that before their great Revolution of 1789 or 1793 the clergy were not paid by the state; they had enormous estates. The Convention decreed that these estates belonged to the state, and offered to all who would take the oath of fidelity a certain sum of money. Many of the clergy refused, and this caused the revolts in La Vendée and elsewhere, the people espousing the part of the clergy. At length the Convention decreed that the church should be entirely separated from the state,—not paid by it; and this state of things continued until 1804, when Napoleon concluded to pay the clergy, who thus, says the gentleman, became a sort of supplementary police. I mention to this liberal Protestant what one of my friends has said of the Catholic cantons of Switzerland having been republican since the time of William Tell. He replies that it was these cantons, or some of them, which caused the difficulties that existed in Switzerland some years ago.

Victor says lately, "If I had any need of religion, I would join Mr. Dide's church." Mr. Dide's own church is the liberal Protestant one of Paris from which the government support has been withdrawn. "If I had any need of religion," said Victor, "I would join Mr. Dide's church; but as I have none, I let it pass." I ask, a little ironically, "You have no need of a law to which to conform

your actions?" "Yes, yes! I conform to my conscience and my heart, and that is enough." "But do you think that this is a sure guide for all men,—that their conscience is sufficiently enlightened?" "Yes, certainly; if a person is instructed, he can do good; if he be not learned, he can do good; but the more a person is instructed the more evil he can do." Then he bursts forth, "The proof is all this Catholic clergy, this kennel of Napoleons, and all the kings of France." "What about Henry IV.?" I suggest. "One cannot be a good man—*brave homme*—when he is a monarch; and although Henry IV. said he would put the hen into every man's pot, yet he starved Paris to make himself king."

Near Mr. Dide's I had seen a vacant lot, where in a shanty a shoemaker has his shop, and I ask Victor whether a poor cobbler can vote in France. "Yes,—why not?" he answers,—"if he has a fixed residence, if he has lived six months where he is, if he has not been imprisoned for crime, and if he has not failed in his business." This last exception surprises me; but Victor says that it is upon this principle, namely,—the man who fails dishonestly has committed a crime; and if by inattention to business, he is not fit to attend to the affairs of others. I understand, however, that if a bankrupt pays his debts, he can then vote. "Men that fail go off to America," Victor says.

Victor and his wife do not now admit that idleness is the only cause of prostitution. He says that when women earn no more than the buttonhole-maker of whom I have spoken, they will thus eke out their living; or a girl will meet a fellow who tells her how he loves her: "I am out of my wits about you; won't you come with me? I will

marry you." The girl says, "I must go and ask my mother." "But what can your mother have against it?" She goes with him, and in a month or six weeks he leaves her. "Do you remember," I ask, "how the student abandons the girl in Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*?" Victor is a member of Josephine Butler's Britannic and Continental League for the Abolition of Licensed Prostitution. I do not understand that the society is large here, and in such a city the reader may be reminded of the primer:

"Little David, with a sling,
At Goliath he did fling."

Or of Hercules and the Lernean hydra.

I tell Victor that Mr. — had spoken as if there were a few of the Catholic clergy who are republicans.

"He is very simple to tell you that." "Well," I say, "there was La Mennais." "All the curés who become republicans throw off the gown," says Victor, "La Mennais did." "And he died in want," adds madame. Victor adds that Father Hyacinth too has thrown off the gown.

I tell them about one of our friends lately mounting his high horse and riding off on his hobby of Fourierism.

They reply, "Every one has his beast."

Here I add a sketch from memory of the gentleman's remarks: "There is now a new religion. The Christian religion is nineteen hundred years old, and was founded upon an older one; but now we have to learn the law of harmony, of attraction. We have it in physical bodies; the proportions of numbers give us the harmony of mathe-

matics; and the harmony of sounds is music. It is left now to establish harmony among human beings."

Friday, May 31st.—"We lose nothing at Paris," Victor says. I had asked them for a bit of flannel to get paint off of my dress; but he says that all is used, and shows me a baby's shirt, which, he says, has at least nine pieces in it. I never saw stockings more darned, I think, than at Paris; yet I was sometimes surprised to hear how much had been paid for dresses. In this volume I frequently have occasion to speak of the personal neatness of the French. Often it is very wonderful. Yet there is a law binding the faithful historian which induces me to add that in France I sometimes observed a misappropriation of utensils, or the using of one vessel for highly dissimilar purposes. Sometimes this may be caused by economy. One thing which I thought I observed repeatedly in rural France was the taking of the hand-towel then in use, to wipe dishes.

Lately, I have seen the Jesuits of the College of St. Ignatius walking in their garden, and have heard their animated talk. They walk in a formal manner, but chatter informally. Three of them walk forward a few paces to meet three others, and then the two sets walk backward, as people do in dancing *forward two*. I should not think that half an hour of such exercise would be extremely useful. I suppose that it would not do for them to chop wood like Lyman Beecher, and they have no opportunity to take home the peasant's cow, like Fénelon. As for their

talking so animatedly, this seems exceptional; something uncommon may be on the carpet.

When I speak of them to Victor he says, "There are some rascals who are not obliged to sweat to earn their living like me." The state, however, does not pay the religious orders. This valuable real estate, as I understand, was left to the Jesuits by a woman, and Victor says that such schools as theirs sometimes charge very high.

Victor says that on account of the Exposition the price of everything except bread has risen. He estimates that there are now four hundred thousand strangers in Paris, and says that in ordinary times there are one hundred thousand. Under these circumstances we must not expect Parisians to be interested in every stranger. They may be said to live in the grand hotel of the world, and, like the hotel-keeper, cannot form intimate friendships with all that come and go. Victor afterwards tells me that they are afraid of strangers; he has lent money to Italians, who did not repay him.

Saturday, June 1st.—For several mornings, about four o'clock, I have been listening to a strange noise, heard at intervals, somewhat like dragging a chain; so this morning, about five, I go on a voyage of discovery. When outside the door of our apartments I do not hear the sound, but when nearly down the first two flights of stairs it is very audible. I find that it comes from the stable on our court-yard, and is caused by a horse scraping his foot on the pavement. I can see him by getting up to the nice window of his stable. Probably he is impatient, after he beholds daylight, for the groom to give him his food.

Our friend Mr. Carpentier was engaged day and evening of the 30th (Ascension-day) in celebrating the anniversary of the death of Voltaire. There was a banquet; for Paris is great on banquets. I ask Victor to bring me an account of the proceedings, and he brings *The Nineteenth Century, journal républicain conservateur*. I ask him what *conservateur* means, and he answers that it is humbug; so I suppose it to be what we mean by conservative. The article upon the centenary of Voltaire opens thus: "The festival of Voltaire has been what it must be, all external ceremonies being interdicted." I ask Victor who forbids public meetings. He answers, "The minister of the interior." No public meeting can be held without a permit. Here is an abbreviated copy of one from the chief of police, which I saw while in Paris. In the corner are the words, "Prefecture of Police, Cabinet. 1st Office. Number of the paper, 58,733." It is addressed to Mr. Charles Lemonnier: "SIR,—As president of the International League of Peace and Liberty, you have applied to the minister of the interior to obtain authority to hold at Paris, in conjunction with Messrs. Dide, Bratiano, Morin, etc., a series of public lectures upon the following subjects: Peace and War, International Arbitration, The Law-suit of the Alabama, The United States of Europe, etc. The minister of the interior orders me to inform you that he authorizes these lectures by their individual titles, but that he sees serious impropriety in giving them the character of a public manifestation on the part of an association which has no legal existence in France. The minister adds that the handbills and programmes should make no mention of said association. Receive, sir, the assurance of my very distinguished consideration." Signed by the prefect of police. These last remarks about the association's having no legal

existence in France are called out, I infer, by the society's being an international one.

Sunday, June 2d.—One morning recently I was out, and was late at breakfast, which I took about 12.30. I had an excellent piece of boiled ham, such as Victor buys by the slice, already cooked, and pays for it about forty-three cents a pound.

I ask him what that woman lives on who earns thirty sous a day. "I do not know," he answers; "probably on *les restes*," or what is left at the restaurants. "There are people," he continues, "who, when they have a boiled dinner, sell the meat instead of eating it, because that is cheaper for them. I will show you that at the Madeleine market."

Although this is Sunday, I again hear the boys at play in the garden of the clerical school before mentioned, and I ask Victor how this can be, as it is only a day-school. He answers, "They go and gather up the children to have them attend to their religious duties, because there are parents so infamous that they would not take their children to mass." The expression "so infamous" is, of course, satirical on Victor's part.

Last evening, at the house of a friend, I saw a photograph of one of our acquaintances, and under it is written *Widow Latour*. Victor says that this is the fashion; and when I tell him that we should not think it good taste in my country, he warms up and inquires how we should know that she is not Miss or Mrs., as it is not written in her face.

Coming up our street to-day (Sunday) from the boulevard,—not a very long distance,—I count seven shops shut

and thirteen open, besides the apothecary's and several restaurants. It is not very uncommon in Paris to see upon shop-shutters the sign, "Closed on Sundays and Festivals."

When I reach our apartments I find Madame L. up and dressed for the first time since the birth of the little one; and now she is walking about the rooms. The doctor insisted upon ten days in bed, and she is getting along very well. Victor is exerting himself to prepare a great breakfast. I go to the cellar with him, and wait while he draws the wine. He puts into the pannier, or metallic basket, also two bottles of Bordeaux. I say, "You are going to feast; you only draw white wine." He looks at me by the light of the candle, and smiles. Perhaps he is going to celebrate madame's getting up. At breakfast, about half-past twelve, we have, among other things, sardines *à l'Anglaise*,—sardines broiled and dressed with butter.

We must not suppose that pet names are not heard in France; perhaps they are more common among young married people, as in the following style: "Kiss me, my child!" "Dost thou want wine, my child?" "Yes, my dear." One evening, when I got home late to dinner, I found the Leblancs eating out of one plate, like little birds.

To-day at dinner we also have Bordeaux, but I cannot see the charm in it. Probably this is not first quality. However, when you have a treat of this kind, you must drink healths, and Victor drinks to my husband and family and to the United States, adding, "And may they never allow the Catholic religion to become the religion of state!" which makes me laugh, and then we have an argument on the subject. He has heard from one or more friends in New York that the Catholics are circulating petitions with this aim. I endeavor to show him the unreasonableness of the idea, and at length I speak of England, and ask

whether it is likely that such petitions would be circulated there. I think that I succeed in reassuring the unhappy youth.

I tell him of a mistake that I had made in taking certain persons who visited here for *employés* in a restaurant. Madame remarks that it would not be wrong to invite such, and Victor says that Victor Hugo invites the poor and unfortunate. I add that Jesus Christ says, "When thou makest a feast, invite the poor." "Do not tell me about Jesus Christ," he says; and afterwards tells of Protestants who would not join them in the league against prostitution, but organized one of their own and did nothing. But as he goes on to speak of the Christian religion he seems to identify it with Catholicism.

Monday, June 3d.—Being out this morning about half-past eight, I see omnibuses labelled "*École Monge*," which are taking boys to school. Another omnibus with fine horses belongs to the school of St. Anne. Madame Leblanc tells me of the first that it is a school of high standing, and sends its omnibuses into all quarters of Paris to take up outside students. In the same manner, she adds, does the Jesuit college before spoken of. It has many omnibuses,—not labelled "*College of St. Ignatius*," however, but "*Day-School of the Street of Madrid*."

I see also this morning two processions, one of boys and one of lads and young men, coming from different directions; perhaps they are going to a *lycée* in this quarter of Paris.

While in France the weather was very rarely too warm for me, and our extremes of heat and cold may seem almost barbarous to them. This morning, however, is warm, and I

see in my walk an ecclesiastic with his broad-brimmed, turned-up hat, carrying upon his arm his over-robe, which, by the way, seems to be a little moth-eaten.

To-day I call upon a gentleman of my acquaintance, who is a doctor of law. He lives upon the Quai —, and I afterwards discover that I have been upon one of the islands in the Seine,—the Isle de la Cité, and one of the oldest parts of Paris. My friend is unmarried, but has apartments. The staircase is not so well kept as ours at Leblanc's, but when I get up I find that he has quite a nice parlor, with a large, handsome rug, and books, and plants. I see a picture of Garibaldi, and he tells me that he was a member of Garibaldi's regiment.

I tell him of one of my acquaintances in our country who, having children, left all his property to his wife. This cannot be done here, he says: if a man has one child, he can leave half his property to his wife or to some other; if two, he can will away the third; if more than two, he can only give away the fourth. Upon the law of divorce the gentleman also speaks. Under the Convention divorce was allowed by mutual consent, if the parties appeared before a legal tribunal and received the permission; the Code Napoléon also allowed divorces for various causes; but in 1816 divorce was abolished, and all demands for divorce are changed into demands for separation. The wife, in cases of separation, may be obliged to give something for the husband's support if she be rich and in fault. In speaking of judges, I learn that in France all judges are appointed for life by the minister of justice, with the signature of the president of the republic. All magistrates are appointed for life in the same way.

Before leaving these subjects I desire to add that I meet persons in Paris who are demanding a law for divorce and

a law to prove paternity, an unmarried woman over eighteen years of age who has a child being now unable to recover anything from the father.

I ask my friend the lawyer to explain the Commune, and he says that many who are republicans do not understand it, nor do those who were in it. Was it like one of those sudden outbursts of passion in which a man does and says things quite unpremeditated?

This evening we receive a visit from a very agreeable gentleman, the liberal Protestant lately mentioned. The conversation turning upon two of the great divisions of Christians, Mr. D. says, "There is a saying in France that when there are three Catholics together two of them appoint the third a pope, but when there are three Protestants each goes to work to form a new Church or religion." I understand Mr. D. to say that there are in France thirty-eight millions called Catholics, and about four hundred thousand Protestants. Then the disproportion is greater than I had thought. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which drove so many Protestants out of the kingdom, of course had much to do with this.

Mr. D. explains to us the troubles of the liberal Protestant Church in Paris; some of the terms are difficult to understand. It seems that Coquerel, who preached in this church, was the suffragan of Martin Pachoud, of the Reformed Church of France, and was obliged to renew his suffraganship every five years. In 1863 he appeared for this purpose, and by the action of Guizot, the historian, it was refused to Coquerel. Guizot appeared in the consistory, and, reading passages from Coquerel's sermons, asked him whether he could say that he believed in the divinity

of Jesus Christ. "How!" said Coquerel; "as I believe in my own." But although his church at Paris lost the government support, the other liberal Protestant churches of France receive it; so do the Jews, who are certainly not believers in the doctrine mentioned.

I ask Victor to explain the Commune, and he replies that when the Republic was formed, Sept. 4, 1870, the Empress Eugenie and the other Bonapartists opened the doors of the prisons and allowed the criminals to escape, and that it was these people, joined to those who had nothing to lose and the mechanics who had no work, who established the Commune. I give this on Victor's authority.

I tell him that I think of going to the house of my American friend, with whom I am intimate, and telling her that I have come to dine on pot-luck. He says that that is not the style in Paris; that a certain person left word that he was coming to dine with him, but that he himself said to the concierge, "Have the goodness to tell that gentleman when he comes that I have gone to England." But my friend receives me with much hospitality.

In 1795, during the Revolution, the metrical or decimal system was introduced into France. It was confirmed by a special law, which came into operation in 1840, under Louis Philippe, and those using the old weights and measures are liable to prosecution. They have not as yet, however, entirely disappeared. In Paris I saw in schools tables and models to illustrate the system, which has now been adopted in other countries, and seems not unlikely to

spread over the civilized world. Since my return from France I have seen the chart in one or more schools in Ohio, and I there heard mentioned that the system can be, or has already been, introduced into school treatises on arithmetic. Some idea of the elegance of French computation may be obtained from the fact that in the centigrade thermometer the zero is the freezing-point of water, and one hundred degrees is the boiling-point.

I am told that all the administrations in France are held by the men who occupied them under the Empire. The emperor or president appoints his ministers, and the ministers appoint to inferior offices. Thus, Mr. Gréard, who is at the head of grammar school instruction in this department,—or that of the Seine, in which Paris is situated,—was appointed by the minister of public instruction. He holds his office at the will of the minister, but it is very rare for the office-holders to be put out: it is the fashion to keep them. Of course the eight years and more since the downfall of Napoleon have witnessed some changes by death, but officers like judges were not removed on his downfall. The minister is much more likely to be changed than the subordinates.

Although, however, I have just spoken of having been told that the ministers appoint to inferior offices, I think that they do not, without the consent of the general government. The French republic, it seems to me, may be compared to a coat-of-mail of plate-armor,—cumbrous, rigid,—and our Federal republic to a coat of linked or chain-armor,—pliable.

CHAPTER X.

Wednesday, June 5th.—When I meet an unknown little one upon the street who smiles at me, then I conclude that she is a pupil in one of the schools that I have visited. To-day, about 9.20, I arrive at another *asyle* or infant school, but find that the exercises do not begin until ten; they continue until twelve, when the children breakfast, and then play in the yard. "They make good use of those moments," says the teacher in charge. I ask her the difference between the schools under the care of the clergy and those under the laity. She replies, "*Mon Dieu!* I don't know;" but I afterwards understand that there is no difference in recitations. She says that there are parents who do not wish to send their children to clerical schools, and some who do not wish to send them to laic. She thinks that the poorer class send them to the Sisters on account of the gifts. This teacher is a substitute. She is filling the place of the assistant, who is taking her holiday. There being no regular holidays in the infant schools, the teachers are allowed a month, and their places are filled by substitutes. This one is called a *suppléante*; she is of a higher grade than the *remplaçante*. Besides the two teachers, there is a hired woman, who keeps the rooms clean, takes care of the children's breakfasts, and so on, and receives the astonishing salary of seven hundred francs, or near one hundred and forty dollars, and boards herself. These women must always be at their posts; thus she is now moving constantly among the children while they are

gathering for school, and she must stay until the last are gone or towards evening.

The principal is not here just now, and while the children are gathering the supply-teacher is seated before them, and is at liberty to converse with me. While they are coming together she hisses and makes a noise like kissing to preserve order. I think that a bell would be better; but then the door-bell is ringing at intervals for a child to be admitted. The principal has her home in the building, there being very few infant or grammar schools where the principal is not thus lodged. The rent is the teacher's perquisite, in addition to her salary. Some are nicely lodged, and this is a new building; but in old parts of the city some are but poorly lodged. There are generally a parlor, two sleeping-rooms, a dining-room, a kitchen, and a *cabinet*. What the principal has here would cost her to hire twelve hundred francs, because this is an expensive quarter; but the allowance to those who are not lodged is only six hundred francs. The salary of the principal begins at sixteen hundred francs and increases to two thousand, a proportion being always deducted towards her retreat or pension. The pension always amounts to one-half of the highest salary; which in her case being two thousand francs, the pension will be one thousand,—about two hundred dollars. The assistant teacher, now absent, begins at twelve hundred francs, and increases to sixteen hundred,—the supply-teacher, here present, receives a salary of six hundred francs, and three francs a day while employed. She, too, must give up five per cent. or more towards her pension. The *remplaçante*, which is a still lower grade, receives nothing but three francs a day when employed. To pass a few moments to the head-teacher of one of the girls' grammar schools, Miss Fleutet lately told me that her

salary begins at two thousand francs, and, to give with strict correctness the amount reserved for the pension during the first three years, it is one-twelfth the first year and one-twentieth for the other two. After the end of these three years her salary is raised to two thousand three hundred francs, one-twelfth being retained the first year and one-twentieth for the others, as before. Two thousand nine hundred francs, or near six hundred dollars, is, I think, the amount of the highest salary paid to a principal in a girls' grammar school. The principal of a boys' grammar school begins with two thousand two hundred francs and rises to three thousand four hundred, or about six hundred and eighty dollars. The pension is received at fifty-five years of age, and after twenty-five years of service. Assistants in grammar schools who are not lodged in the school-building (or at least the male assistants) also receive a moderate indemnity of four hundred francs.

To return to the infant school which I am visiting: when it is twenty minutes after ten the principal has not yet come. The supply-teacher has the clapper, of which I have before spoken; and when she claps, the children clap too and become quite quiet. She cannot begin to instruct them until the principal comes. One little fellow enters, crying and kicking, in the arms of the serving-woman. She takes him out into the yard, and his brother is sent to console him because his mother has left him. Then the serving-woman comes in with a cup to get some *eau rouge* from his basket. "We must spoil him a little," she says. *Eau rouge* is wine and water. I see in the next room the crucifix and the image of Mary beneath it, and I am told that the government gives them both. One of the children has brought a large bunch of white pinks (if I may say so), and the serving-woman is going to throw away part of the flowers from

the shelf where the image of Mary stands, and put up fresh ones. One little fellow has to stand by the stove, with his face turned towards it, because he has bitten some one. Another must stand beside the teacher, who says that he is intelligent, but turbulent. Almost all this time we are seated at some distance, facing this agitated mass of French infantry upon their low seats. One little bow-legged fellow toddles in with his brother; he looks about two years old, for there is no limit in age downwards. The supply-teacher brings a whistle, and when she whistles there is silence, and she marches the boys out into the yard. After the boys have come marching in, the girls go out. At about a quarter before eleven the principal comes: she says that she had to attend to things for the school. We enter the class-room. The ceilings of these rooms are high and the furniture is neat. Near the centre of the outer room, where we have been sitting, is a large circular lavatory, containing seven white basins with stopcocks to supply each with water. In this inner or class-room, which we now enter, there is painted on every little desk a square, divided into ten spaces each way. The children come trooping into the class-room to the beating of the clapper, and begin to sing quite prettily. They chant one of the arithmetical tables. On the same side of the room as the crucifix and the statue of Mary there are four cards. Two of them say, "Do unto others all that you wish others to do unto you, for such is the law" (the text not being marked). The other two say, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another as I have loved you." The children repeat the Lord's Prayer and the "Hail, Mary!" with another little prayer, and sign themselves with the cross. The teacher gives them a little address on the gifts of the good God and a lesson on liquids.

She asks, "To whom is Wednesday consecrated?" *Children*.—"To St. Joseph." "When St. Joseph was little," she continues, "he did not play in his class; he always paid good attention. Children who talk a great deal do not learn. St. Joseph grew up in wisdom; he became an excellent workman, that every one wanted to employ, and the good God chose him to be the nursing father of the infant Jesus and the support of the Virgin Mary. And what was his trade?" *Children*.—"He was a carpenter." "And," she concludes, "we must try to act like him, who was close to God, so that one day we may have our recompense in heaven."

In questioning the scholars I observe that the principal addresses her questions principally or entirely to the boys. I tell her that I am a woman's-rights woman; but she says that the girls are younger or only lately come in; or gives some other excuse. Besides the ten times ten squares marked upon each little desk, there is painted on every division of five desks the French meter (about one yard and three inches). I speak of it, and the principal says that it is the manner of Froebel, or what we call kindergarten. Other furniture is an arithmeticon, a blackboard, and a little cupboard with glass doors containing measures to illustrate their metrical compend. The principal continues to address herself too much to the boys. Before they close they have this prayer: "My God, from whom we have all, bless, if you please, the food that we are going to take, and grant us grace to be very good and very obedient." Their baskets are marked with their names, for France is exact. I ask the principal whether the children mostly bring *reddened water*. She answers, "Yes; the children are happy (well off) in this quarter; these are mostly the children of domestics, and feed in their em-

ployers' houses." (Her hands look as if she does her own work, and it is quite probable that she does,—at least, a great part of it.)

When I get back and speak to Victor of what I have seen, he is indignant that the exercises did not begin at the time fixed, and wishes to report the matter; but this I cannot allow. I tell him that what is wanted is that the public should visit the public schools.

For my single self, I think that I should feel liberal in granting playtime to poor little Parisians shut up, as it were, in cages; but suppose that they should make a noise and disturb the rich people in this quarter?

I inquire of Victor for whom he votes, and I find that he does not vote often. All men vote in France, but not for many officers. Victor votes for members of the municipal council and for members of the house of deputies. The mayors in the wards of Paris are appointed by the prefect of the Seine.

I have just said that all men vote. I have before mentioned that a criminal loses his vote, and a bankrupt. To these, if I remember right, Victor adds those who have been several times convicted of drunkenness.

But to return to the first point, it will be observed that Victor votes for two classes of officers only. In order to institute a comparison, I inquire for whom one of my Pennsylvania friends votes. He tells me the following township officers: justice of peace, judge of elections, school directors, overseer of the poor, superintendent of roads, and constable. He also names the following county officers: president judge and two associates, sheriff, treasurer, prothonotary, recorder of deeds, register of wills, district

attorney, clerks of the courts of common pleas, quarter sessions, and orphans; county commissioners and auditors.* He votes for the following State officers: governor, lieutenant-governor, supreme judges, auditor-general, treasurer, secretary of internal affairs, and superintendent of public schools, and, though last not least, members of the State Legislature in both houses. As regards the general or United States government, he votes for electors for the Presidency and for members of the lower house of Congress.

Let us complete the comparison. Victor votes for two classes of officers; the Pennsylvanian for about thirty. France is a republic; but truly there are republics *and* republics.†

From a physician whom I have met in Paris, who appeared interested in the laboring-classes, I have hoped for information, and to-day I call upon him. Dr. — receives me in gray drawers and long gray woollen dressing-gown, apologizing for not being dressed. His office and reception-room are upon the ground-floor, and he takes me up-stairs to see his *salon*, the partitions of which are painted white and carved and gilded. He has quite a nice little garden; he lives in what was formerly a suburb. In the reception-room is a picture of the tomb of Marat. The doctor tells me that he knew Marat's sister, and that she would not give up her brother's works, although a large reward was offered for them in order to destroy them. I

* The new constitution of Pennsylvania requires only two judges, instead of three, in large counties, or, more properly, in judicial districts.

† In the rural districts Frenchmen vote for two classes of *conseillers*, besides members of the house of deputies.

also hear from Victor that the doctor knew Louis Napoleon before his accession to power, having acted as his physician in his days of obscurity; and his knowledge of him at that time was not highly flattering. Nevertheless, when I speak with the doctor about the late emperor (who built St. Augustine's church), the doctor thinks he believed in the doctrines of the Church. To return to the doctor's house: when we go into the office we find a poor-looking man, whom the doctor introduces as a philosopher who has made discoveries in colors. I am conscious of not receiving him in a very genial manner; I am thinking more of my own researches than of his. Afterwards, when the doctor calls at Leblanc's, we enter into conversation, and he anticipates the time when men shall be sufficiently enlightened to meet and discuss their religious opinions in order to discover the truth or to come to some conclusion; but Europe, he says, is not yet prepared for this, and of course not the rest of the world, thus casting us into the shade, which surprises me. He seems to think the many sects or divisions of Protestants a proof that we are not in the right way. He himself holds to the first clause of the Creed: "I believe in one God." He tells us the following anecdote: There was once a king of France who desired that the advocates of different religious faiths should come before him to explain or discuss their sentiments; and when they were convened, a Jew rose to speak. But before he began, a churchman said to him, "Do you believe in the Holy Virgin?" "We look for a Messiah yet to come," replied the Jew; "how, then, can I believe in the Holy Virgin?" Then an archer or man-at-arms stepped forth and killed the Jew of his own will; but the king thought he had done right. This little story of the doctor's first gives me an idea of the importance that Jews have here

in comparison with Protestants. As to the subject of the condition of the workingmen, I afterwards receive information from another source.

Thursday, June 6th.—Seeing me one day dressed in my new silk, Victor is pleased, and says that he will take me to A—— some Sunday to see a gentleman who has invented a new religion (which much amuses me). Madame tells me that Mr. F. made this new religion, which is called the laic. Although under an impression that, like the poet, a religion is not made, yet I should like to go; but Victor is so much occupied that we never take the little journey. On a recent occasion, when he was declaiming against religion, and saying that there is no proof to the reason of the existence of God, I took the liberty of ridiculing him a little. I told him of the expression on the card at the infant school, “A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another as I have loved you;” and when he found that there was no reference to any text in the Bible,—or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, when he found that the precept stood upon its own merits, without any reference to authority,—he was silent. At one of the stands near the Exposition I got a French Testament for Victor. The passage that seemed most appropriate to read to him and to Mr. Carpentier was Paul’s eulogy of charity, which word, in the German version, is love:—Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.—Love never faileth.

I have before spoken of the many decorations that are

worn in France. Such, I suppose, are considered contrary to the spirit of our republican institutions. Even our school-children appear long ago to have ceased to wear the medal. On one occasion, at the Exposition at Paris, I observed one of my countrymen with a ribbon in his buttonhole, connected with a decoration given to him by the Austrian emperor at Vienna, but I believe the gentleman soon gave up the little ribbon. In the commissioner's room in our department at the Exposition hung pictures of Sherman and Sheridan with decorations, but these, I am told, are army-badges. A friend in Paris says that Mr. Birney, our minister to Belgium, when invited to dine wears a rose; this, of course, breaks the contrast between his plain black coat and the decorated ones. Nevertheless, as I hear while writing this volume how the love of titles is rampant in Nebraska, so that even a plain lawyer is addressed as the Honorable Mr. Holmes, who knows but we may come to decorations yet?

Friday, June 7th.—The normal school on the Boulevard des Batignolles, of which I have before made mention, is the only school of the kind for girls in this populous department of the Seine. Yet as it is organized it is sufficiently large, as will hereafter be observed. I have before visited a private normal school for girls, where I was told that in France no one can teach without a diploma. (We must, however, except the clergy, as a letter from a superior sometimes, if not always, answers in the place of the certificate.) Twice a year the state has examinations, even of those who intend to teach private schools. Almost all young women who receive a solid education now pass through this examination, as the daughter of one of the

Rothschilds, and a quantity of others. It is quite the fashion to receive a diploma. The last examination continued two or three months, and there were twelve hundred female applicants. She who tells me this is a teacher; doubtless a fashionable young lady would not be equally enthusiastic. But to return to the public normal school for girls, which is entirely gratuitous: I am received by an agreeable young lady, Miss S., who is general superintendent, for I do not meet the principal upon any of my visits. At present there are sixty-four scholars, who are obliged, in return for their board and education during three years, to hold themselves in readiness to teach at any time during ten years in this department of the Seine, and not to enter into any other business during that time.

I have just mentioned the department of the Seine. France is divided into about eighty departments. This of the Seine is a very small one in size, but, as it contains Paris, it is very populous and very important. When this normal school is full it has seventy-five pupils; now, as I have said, there are but sixty-four. At present there are no Protestant scholars, although all religious sects are admitted. All are not obliged to receive Catholic instruction, but all must pass an examination in religion before receiving the diploma, the Protestants being instructed by a Protestant minister, the Jews by a rabbi. (One of my acquaintances in Paris, a young man, failed to receive the certificate or diploma because he did not answer a question concerning the voyages of Paul.)

Miss S., the young and agreeable superintendent, shows me a book which proves to be of much interest to me. It is compositions of American scholars, sent to our Centennial Exposition, brought thence to France, translated and

published by Mr. Buisson, who was, I believe, at the head of their educational commission at Philadelphia. Miss S. thought it remarkable to find in this book of exercises, so much expression upon religious subjects. She also finds in one little essay, ideas which she would not have expected from the age of the writer,—such as, “The times that tried men’s souls;” but I reply that such are some of our by-words, and that, instead of being a proof of elevation of ideas, they are rather a proof of poverty. This volume is presented to me by Miss S., and I take it to the North of France and into Belgium, lending or showing it to different persons, and at last send it to a young man in the centre of France.

Miss S. accompanies me into the room where Miss Masson is giving a lesson in geography, partly upon Indo-China; and one of the pupils is drawing a map of the country, apparently from memory, upon the blackboard. Miss Masson accompanies the lesson with remarks on the manner of teaching. In this room are four charts of France,—magnificent ones, of different sizes. There are also one of Paris and its environs, one of the department of the Seine, and one of Europe; but no map of the world is to be seen. Were it not for Palestine and the French colonies, might they not say, “Europe is world enough for me”? As regards history, the pupils are instructed in that of France, of Greece and Rome, and of the East. They are not instructed in the history of any country of modern times, except as such history is connected with that of their own country. This seems like an example of how not to do it; but perhaps it belongs to the same class of ideas as teaching our young men Greek and Latin, instead of the modern languages. The instruction in French history is very minute; one of the pupils is called upon, and, taking

the teacher's place, gives a little recitation or lecture on the subject. But the most remarkable statement concerning this visit of mine is yet to come. I learn that these young women, who are to be teachers in Paris and its vicinity, cease to study the history of their own country at the year 1815.

With one of the persons in authority in this school I have an agreeable, though not a long, conversation upon the co-education of the sexes, so common in many of our States in schools of this grade; but she remarks that Frenchmen are too warm,—*trop chauds*; they are not like the English; and she thinks that there might be difficulties in practising it here. But if such is the disposition of Frenchmen, how does it happen that there are in France, as reported, eighteen thousand men who have taken the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience? Eighteen thousand men belonging to the religious orders, besides the great mass of secular clergy, also unmarried!

Before I leave the normal school Miss S. shows me a dormitory,—one great room with many beds, and a fine wash-room attached. Towards the centre of the sleeping-room is an oblong, encurtained space for the teacher. I find a disadvantage in a public wash-room for so many young women. In the great normal school at Millersville, in my own State, only two pupils sleep in a room, and here can have water and other requisites for the toilet. But this latter school is not gratuitous.

I see a handbill posted which offers the following inducements for Sunday, June 9, Pentecost-day, or, as we say, Whitsunday: "Communal festival of Nanterre. At two o'clock very precisely the ceremony of crowning a

winner of the rose." (This is a prize of virtue.) The ceremony is to be held in the church of Nanterre, with the assistance of the communal band. "Brilliant illuminations by Madame Widow Gaudry, getter-up of public festivals. Great ball, Lemaistre the son." These are part of the inducements offered to citizens of Paris to go to Nanterre in balmy June. If you prefer Sunday the 16th, you may have at ten in the morning the solemn annual mass of the mutual aid society of St. Genevieve, and in the afternoon an instrumental concert, divers games for young men and young ladies, and a grand ball.

Another handbill informs us that on Sunday, June 9, Father Hyacinth Loison will speak upon the harmony of Christianity and civilization. First-class ticket, three francs; at the office, two francs.

My cobbler tells me that the bacon of America can be bought at twelve sous the French pound, while the French is selling at twenty-six sous. He says that our leather is not so good as theirs; it is cheaper, but they do not use it at Paris.

Victor has an herb-box,—quite a handsome one, like a work-box with divisions,—which, he says, contains all those things good for the health; which are marsh-mallow root, chamomile, tails of cherries, tails of gooseberries, mallow blossoms, marsh-mallow blossoms, dog's grass, linden, violets, and orange leaves. Tails of cherries of course are stems. They talk much about tails at Paris, as the tail of the saucepan, and they form themselves into a tail when a crowd wishes to enter a public place.

Victor tells me that if I sleep with my window open, the

bats will come in and pick my eyes. I should have answered that I would sleep with them shut.

Madame Leblanc shows me a very elegant silk, of a very handsome color, a sort of pearl, or about that of the garden flower-de-luce. It is trimmed with lace, and cost when made over one hundred dollars. (It will be remembered that silks of the same quality are cheaper in France; on board ship I hear that the duty on silks brought into our country is sixty per cent.) This was madame's wedding-dress, which she wore to the mayor's office. She thinks that there were two hundred persons to see them married, and then the wedded pair went to Mr. Carpentier's to dinner. She adds that Mr. Carpentier was Victor's witness, and the fourth person at the dinner was her witness. They were married at the mayor's only. It will be remembered that the marriage at the mayor's office is the only legal one; but it is the correct thing in the eyes of the world to be married at church also. Victor complains to me of one of his acquaintances, who had told him that he would not be married religiously, and then was thus married.

I do not remember any Frenchman interested in phrenology, even when applied only to the division between the perceptive and reflective organs. Among the persons who were at Victor's home during my stay in Paris was a young student of medicine, who seemed to me to have the organ of locality remarkably developed. He admitted that he could readily find places, but he and Victor asked me whether I believed in palmistry or in metempsychosis. I find French heads almost universally developed in the perceptive or the lower part of the forehead, and I wonder whether this gives them their admirable power of arrange-

ment. I see very, very few top-heavy foreheads here. They have some men of very fine appearance. As regards phrenology, however, I meet at the house of a friend an Italian gentleman, who is quite a contrast to these Frenchmen in his interest in the subject.

Several times I have seen the poor little old man with crooked legs, blue blouse, and brass badge on the arm who has charge of the third omnibus-horse, which is put on in mounting the incline of our street. Though the little man plods up, yet he can ride down. One morning I notice a wagon going up the same incline, holding three people returning from market with their baskets,—the middle one a solid brown peasant-woman,—the whole drawn by a persevering little beast of a donkey, who plods on as if it is the right thing. He is going home, and perhaps the load is lighter than in coming. The same day I observe three donkeys going up the street followed by a boy, part of them, or all, having bells on their necks; lately, too, I saw some who seemed to be going home alone. One of my friends tells me that she sees half a dozen a day; that they are taken to houses and milked into a bowl, and then sick people drink the milk warm.

CHAPTER XI.

Saturday, June 8th.—I have often met Madame Latour, and she has kindly invited me to visit her to-day. She is a widow without children, and has a tiny apartment or set of rooms looking out upon a square; she is delighted

with its greenness. There are a dining-room about eight feet by nine, a bedroom, dressing-room, and a bit of a kitchen, her rent being four hundred and fifty francs. Until seventeen, she tells me, she was a Catholic, but since that age she does not go to the confessional.

My invitation is first to breakfast, where we have a stew composed of pigeons and green peas, with a little onion; we have, too, excellent bread and the ordinary wine. The next course is a veal cutlet beautifully cooked in a sauce-pan with its own juice and a little butter. With this madame opens a bottle of Chambertin put up in 1870, and I remember Tom Moore's speaking of this wine,—

“Chambertin, which you know's the pet tipple of Nap.”

Our next course is cold asparagus with oil and vinegar, and afterwards we have strawberries and biscuits or little sponge-cakes; then very strong coffee, and my friend gives me to add to it some milk just boiled. Hers is a dear little baby-house of an apartment; she keeps no servant, and she tells me that she is crazy on the subject of order,—*maniaque d'ordre*. I ask her how the bread of Paris is kneaded; for I have as yet met no one who bakes her own. She ventures to answer, “With the hands.” I mention an anecdote that I have heard of a man's being employed in my own country to tread the dough for a cracker-baker; and Madame Latour tells me that when they are making wine a naked man gets into the vat and treads the grapes, and will be discolored to his shoulders, but she adds that the wine purifies itself.

In madame's dressing-closet I see a low, broad zinc tub or pan in which she stands to take her daily sponge-bath. When Mr. Carpentier formerly told Lenoir, the wine-man with whom I lodged, that all the people in England and

America were accustomed to wash themselves every day, or to take a bath, he made a very broad statement; but even if it were correct, it now seems that they are not alone in the custom. Madame Latour's husband was a travelling salesman, and afterwards a manufacturer or machine-maker. He was twenty-two years older than herself. Both had made wills, leaving the property of each to the other. He was a Fourierite; and from him madame learned daily bathing. A likeness of Fourier seated is in one of the rooms; it is thoughtful, sad, benevolent. We can at least give him credit for having wished to banish want, so that no one should suffer from insufficient food and clothing.

After breakfast madame with much politeness accompanies me to Père la Chaise, but, as the afternoon is somewhat rainy, I have not a very good opportunity of seeing the celebrated cemetery. I remark the monument to Raspail, quite covered with crowns. Above it is a shield, inscribed "The workingmen's associations of Paris." There is, too, a large decoration by the democracy of the 13th arrondissement, or ward. Below is a monstrous crown, covered with immortelles, from the democracy of Ivry. These immortelles resemble the life-everlasting, or *Gnaphalium*, that I used to see growing on the hills of Massachusetts; but those were mostly white, and these are yellow. In speaking of Raspail, Madame Latour says that his interment was civil, not in any church; he was a free-thinker. She adds that he passed part of his life in prison. (Some account of him can be found in Appletons' "Cyclopædia.") We also see the tomb of Ledru-Rollin, which is much decorated, and bears a little engraving or ornament stating that he was the author of universal suffrage. We pass the great tomb of Abelard and Héloïse, but it is undergoing repair, and I do not see the recumbent figures. Madame

asks whether I know their story. I do; so it does not have to be repeated. I ask myself afterwards whether the remarkable story of these lovers gave the French a turn against female education. I presume, however, that the Salic law is older. The inscription upon the tomb of Alfred de Musset—the lines from one of his poems, asking his friends to plant a willow—is very pretty; but what a forlorn little willow, looking like a peach-tree with the yellows! But generally the care of trees upon the streets of Paris is admirable, wonderful; possibly there is some difficulty in this especial case. I cannot see the tomb of Rachel, the great actress, as this is Saturday, and the Jewish part of the cemetery is closed. I do see a monument raised over the child of a man I once knew at home. It is to a child of Pierce Butler and Frances Anne Kemble. At Père la Chaise the lots are small and nearly filled with the monuments, instead of being grassy and flowery like ours, but the ground is not entirely divided into lots. The wreaths of immortelles have often suffered from the weather, showing stains or discoloration, and, where sheltered, some of the flowers have fallen off. Thus, in Mr. Thiers' monument they have fallen from the top of an immense wreath, showing the great foundation of straw below. Some enterprising Frenchman appears to have discovered (enterprising, like him who invented universal suffrage) that more durable wreaths can be made from metal and colored to imitate life. Upon some of the monuments little sheet-iron protections for wreaths have been put up. We see a man standing within one of the little monumental houses, standing low and at work at the stone floor. I inquire whether an interment is to take place. As he stands in the aperture produced by the absence of one of the flooring-stones, he answers that one has taken place: see the wreaths; and there they are on

the next monument close by us, (so crowded are these tombs), the beautiful flowers; the great wreath of deep-blue violets or pansies, with a little white introduced; the beautiful white flowers in a paper sheath and other offerings. Florists abide in this region; and after leaving, we meet upon the street one of the working-women of Paris, carrying a load of little straw wreaths, which doubtless are to be covered with immortelles. A funeral procession comes up; Madame Latour thinks it to be second-class. The horses wear robes nearly to the ground—black robes ornamented with silver—and have great black plumes towering above their ears. The mourning-coaches are covered with black cloth, and all is brought into precision by this precise people. When at the mayor's office, I saw upon a door a large sign, "Funeral pomps." The city owns the funeral pomps, and lets them out at different sums, there being a good many different classes. It is stated that of what the city receives, it pays a high tax or proportion to the clergy. Within Père la Chaise many tombs are marked *In perpetuity*, which reminds one that in many cases the ground is only rented for a number of years; then, of course, the bodies must be taken up, and there is not much that is solemn or poetical in the thought.

After leaving the celebrated cemetery I return to dine with Madame Latour, and in the evening we go together to a lecture.

Monday, June 10th.—Victor has holiday, this being Pentecost or Whitmonday; also the bank is closed.

The fruiterer's boy brings up our milk, but he was late yesterday morning. At present he is in the shade. Victor says that he had spilt milk upon the waxed staircase, and had spit upon it; and when the concierge scolded him, he replied, "There is no moss upon the flint stones!" By which

he meant to taunt the concierge like the boys of old who said, "Go to, thou bald-head!" Further, when the concierge tried to catch him he escaped between the concierge's legs; so he got a whipping from his father or some other in authority.

Victor laughs, and tells of having listened at night to the conversation of the hack-drivers and others with their female friends, as "Francine, how much money hast thou in thy purse?" with a view to marriage. I say that with us it is the man's purse that is in question.

Tuesday, June 11th.—I receive a compliment to-day,—a small one. Asking a man upon the street where I can buy stamps, he says, "Madame is from my country, I suppose,—from Belgium?" This is the first time that I have been taken for anything but born to speak English.

As I want to see a market, I make an appointment with Victor to meet him this afternoon and visit that near the Madeleine, but do not find anything especially remarkable, unless it be his jokes with the people he has known so long. On the street he asks me (probably having noticed a sign), "Do you love pel-el?" "Is it something to eat or drink?" I ask. "To drink; English pel-el." Of course he means pale ale. He has studied our language a little,—apparently, very little.

The following anecdote I admit, as indicative of habits of thought. Victor and I have been speaking of Mr. Dupanloup, bishop of Orleans, and member of the Legislative Assembly. Victor does not like me to call him by his title as bishop, *monseigneur*, or my lord Dupanloup. He tells me that Mr. Dupanloup has a daughter; our friend Mr. C. said so. Meeting the latter, who is ad-

vanced in years, I introduce the subject, and he answers, "How! he has had a daughter! he has done worse things than that: he has calumniated people." I suppose him to refer to what Mr. Dupanloup has said in a recent letter addressed to Victor Hugo, or in a controversy on account of the great novelist's part in celebrating the late centenary of Voltaire. It will be remembered that the volume of selections from Voltaire's works published on this occasion contains his attack on the Christian religion.

The following anecdote may also illustrate Paris ways of thought and life. Mr. C. tells us lately that when his sons were about twelve years old, the *bonne*, or woman-servant, could not conveniently, at all times, attend them to school; and so he spoke to them about public women, putting them on their guard against them.

The circular railway round Paris, by which I sometimes return from the Exposition, has seats on top of the cars, from which we have an admirable opportunity of seeing the very neat plots of the market-gardeners and their care in cultivation. What quantities of hand-glasses are used to cover plants! Observe how many of the dwellings have great black cauldrons perched up high or attached to the house. These are reservoirs for water, to be rightly tempered for the plants. And when the weather becomes somewhat dry, see them watering with a hose,—not allowing the water to fall heavily, but like a shower, from the perforated end upon the hose, as from the rose of a watering-pot.

Victor says, "We are French Quakers, we free-thinkers." Perhaps he alludes to one of the doctrines of a society in

which he is active, namely, "The autonomy of the human individual," or that each man is a law unto himself; which doctrine is in strong contrast with that of the Romish Church.

I want to weigh a letter, and Victor takes down his kitchen standard scales; he dusts them, and they balance very nicely. He also produces the wooden block of brass weights,—weights with a knob. There are twelve of these, beginning with two of one gramme each, their gramme equalling about one-twenty-ninth of an ounce avoirdupois; thence they run up to the half kilogramme or French pound, popularly the half kilo, which is about one-tenth heavier than our pound. I never remember to have weighed a letter before upon kitchen scales. In some respects these are a very accurate people; not generally so accurate in their conversation, however, as Pennsylvania Quakers. I never knew one of the latter, when he was at work in the barn, to leave word that he was not at home; nor if he expected an unpleasant call to tell some one to say that he had gone to New York, and would not be back for a week; nor do I remember a Quaker woman's telling any one that she was twenty-two, when a legal paper stated that she was twenty-seven. Nevertheless, there are exceptions in the Society of Friends.

Wednesday, June 12th.—I see a man and woman tugging a heavy load of vegetables up the Rue de Londres. He has the tongue of the go-cart, while she draws by a rope with a handle. How emphatically is woman a helpmeet here!

I meet in Paris with members of two societies,—one “The International League of Peace and Liberty,” and the other “The Friends of Peace.” The former desires peace on the foundation of liberty, and was formed at Geneva in 1867. It sounds rather strange to an American to hear the members thus spoken of, as I do one day in Paris: “Those are revolutionists, who met at Geneva with General Garibaldi, and other people very advanced in their republican opinions.” I find them remarkably advanced for Paris on the question of the equality of women. I attended several lectures given by the league, or by the French branch, and there were always women on the platform. Julia Ward Howe, of Boston, gives one of the lectures of this course; and I may here add that she had before been unable to obtain the use of the liberal Protestant church, and had spoken in a Freemasons’ hall.

The society of *Friends of Peace* has female members, but I learn that women have not been admitted upon the board of managers. In conversation with one of the members of this society, mention was made of a Philadelphia society of the kind, which proposed to hold a fair. The gentleman replied that they do not propose to hold a fair for their society; they are very serious. I laugh and say, “You are not gay, animated, sprightly.” What sort of an idea has he of one of our fairs?

Since my return from Europe I have received news of the *Congress of Peace Societies*, which met in Paris after I left; thus, “Great progress was made in this congress. Women were admitted to deliberate and to vote upon the same footing as men; before this no European peace society, except the League of Peace and Liberty, had allowed women to vote in their meetings.”

Thursday, June 13th.—This morning soldiers are marching out with martial music from the *caserne*, the great stone barrack near St. Augustine's church. These are not the elegant men of Paris whom I admire; they are young fellows with coarse, broad shoes. Looking at them with a mother's eye, one might hope that France would remain a republic and go to battle no more. He was a thinker—was he also, in some measure, a republican?—who said that war is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at.

Going by steam to-day to Auteuil, how pretty are the *coquelicots des champs*, the single red poppies, growing thickly along the railway! In a deep cut, how gay is the bank! I go to Auteuil to see about renting apartments for certain Americans. The concierge-woman shows me the rooms and tells me the terms. Mr. and Mrs. — must write to Belgium to Madame Druvet, who now rents the rooms, and who is absent. And if they do take them, they must pass in the house for the family of Madame Druvet, because it would make a whole history if the proprietor should find out that madame had sublet.

This being Thursday, the usual school holiday, I go to the girls' normal school to hear the religious instruction. I do not hear it in both classes: one suffices. The instruction is given by Mr. the Abbé —, chaplain at the church of Our Lady of Victories, about twenty-five young women being present. The first portion of the lesson is an arid one, on a part of the great and little prophets. What has caused these writings to be preserved? Is it not some

grand thoughts scattered through them? and must not the lesson be arid if it contains none of these grand passages? Must not the story of Jonah swallowed by the whale be something for the mind to seize hold of, and for the pupil to repeat with fluency? The pupils have the sacred history of the Abbé Drioux. I understand the chaplain to desire them to read certain passages in the Bible; but it is not so: they are in a book of selections. The second part of the lesson is upon Jesus Christ, and from my scattering notes I have endeavored to compose a sketch of it:

“Who is Jesus Christ? Here are three points to examine: the mystery called the incarnation, the reasons of the mystery, and the history of the incarnation. And, first, Jesus Christ will be considered as God, quoting the doctrine of the Council of Constantinople; and, secondly, Jesus Christ will be considered as man, with an analysis of the doctrine of the same council. After this we must examine how divinity and humanity are united in Jesus Christ, or the hypostatic union, with the wonderful consequences of the incarnation of the Word. . . . Let us consider the Saviour as come. The mystery of the incarnation is the mystery of the Son of God made man, or the incarnation of the Word,—the Word entered into our flesh. He is king, pontiff, priest, the Word made man. Most profound mystery! There have been heresies, and great arguments have been used to destroy them, but the doctrine has been recognized from the beginning: the church has rectified errors, and now we cannot stray from the doctrine. Jesus Christ, considered as God, is the Word. The Council of Constantinople, formed to strike heresies dead, has settled this. He is consubstantial with the Father. The symbol of the apostles speaks of him as equal with God; true God of true God, but a distinct person; and this is what we should believe.”

My report proceeds to a considerably greater length, but I conclude to omit the rest.

Miss S., the agreeable young lady of whom I have before spoken, the superintendent, accompanies me while here to-day, as she did before. I ask her whether they have the Bible. "We shall have the Bible of Mr. de Sacy," she answers; "and here in this sacred history of Drury we have many extracts from the Bible." "Have you a Testament?" "Yes, there is a Testament in the library; the scholars can take it when they choose."

Before leaving I hear that when, at the Luxembourg, pupils are examined for entering this school, women may be present; but the examinations of the pupils of this school before taking a degree are not public. Miss S. also tells me that the pupils here have much mental arithmetic in the first year, especially in the first three months; but there is none in the communal (or grammar) schools.

I have spoken of my American friend who keeps house in Paris, and of her servant. Adèle is a Protestant; she has called to see the midwife, who spoke of her daughter as having gone to eat the good God. The expression is so strange that I make note of it; but afterwards Madame Leblanc and the doctor tell me that it is used as a pleasantry. It must refer, of course, to the mass or communion.

I go into the grocer's to get coffee for Victor, and find only a woman in the store. I have not yet got over the oddity of finding women everywhere; but perhaps it seemed the strangest at the tobacconist's, or government office of tobacco, where you can buy the weed, even in

very small quantities, and also stamps for your letters. This also, I believe, is the place to find the directory, such as it is, instead of at the druggist's, as with us.

I always find the shoemaker's wife in the store, and, as far as I have observed, there is very little space back of the store. He is a pretty young man, the shoemaker, with his dark moustache, and he looks delicate. His wife, as her servant told us, is *très gentille*,—very sweet. One or both of them went away at Whitsuntide to bring their oldest child home from the country. Pretty little Frenchman,—he is about three years old, and still wears a thick white cap,—with his clear brown skin and his blue check blouse apron! He has a sardine; but he sheds a tear or two, because he wants to go back to the country; and his mother tells him: "To-morrow we'll go and ride and ride." They are very pretty young people. She has had three children in three years, and one of them is dead. As to this little fellow, think of him! brought from his country home and shut up in close quarters here.

Not long since I mentioned how few are the classes of officers for whom Victor votes. This department of the Seine, like all the other departments into which France is divided, is governed by a prefect; I suppose I may be allowed to say that he corresponds with the governor of a State at home. Is he elected by the people? No. I am told that he is appointed by the President, to serve during good behavior; also, that he may be removed by the minister of the interior. There is a treasurer of the department of the Seine, who is appointed by the minister of finance, with the consent of the other ministers and the signature of the President. There is in France a director-general

of public assistance, who takes charge of the poor, being named by the ministers, with the consent of the President. He appoints his assistants in all the departments, with the signature of the President. Supreme judges are appointed by the minister of justice, with the consent of the other ministers and the signature of the President; they may be removed to other localities, but are appointed for life. Only the judges hold their offices by a life-tenure; these other officers are for good conduct or at the will of the government. All the officers of the tribunals are appointed by the government. Thus we can see how in France power generally goes downward; instead of upward, as with us. Though the territory of France is so much smaller than ours, yet its population near equals our own, being thirty-eight millions.

Friday, June 15th.—About half-past seven this morning I go to the baker's for bread, and as I leave the shop I see a procession of little boys, conducted by a young man in spectacles and gown. Supposing them to belong to the Jesuit school of which I have spoken, I follow, and see them enter it, and afterwards three young girls. As the young women go in, I think that I may, and I find myself first in an entry, and then in a large, high hall, where I catch sight of two or more frames hanging, on one of which I read, "School of St. Ignatius. Excellence, Diligence." There are other subjects, and the names of scholars distinguished, as I had seen them at the boys' public school. The young women had apparently gone into a room whose door was on the right of these frames, and I look within and find a chapel, the far end of which has a gaudy appearance; within the chapel are a number of males and some females. I do not enter this room, but

seeing a swarthy man, rather young, standing in the outer one,—a person connected with the establishment, apparently one of the brethren,—I inquire, “Are there services, sir, every morning?” Politely he takes off his cap and replies, “Mass every morning.” I do not quite understand him, and he repeats with good humor, “Mass every morning at half-past seven.” Going out, I see upon the street seven omnibuses, each with two horses, labelled, “Day School of the Rue de Madrid,” not, as within, “School of St. Ignatius.” A person in the neighborhood tells me that the holiday of this school is not Thursday, the usual day, as the boys fought so with the other boys. I ask her who began, and she says, “Sometimes the one side, sometimes the other.”

Occasionally the traveller is gravely told of things in his own country which he never saw at home. Victor tells me that coke here is three francs the hectolitre, the hectolitre being about two and eight-tenths bushels. He does not burn stone-coal here because it smells bad, so I infer that the coal used here is bituminous. He tells me that we have not enough coal in America to supply our ships, but have to do like the French and buy our coal in England! The ships of France, he says, are obliged to buy English coal, which is cheaper than the French. The French, indeed, have very little. Belgium is very well supplied, and this coal district continues for a space into France; but this, I believe, is all which France has,—fuel being the weak point of this fine country. Victor tells me that stone-coal sells at five and seven francs the hundred kilos (the kilogramme being about two and one-fifth pounds). If we estimate one thousand kilos to a ton, the cheapest stone-coal here will be about ten dollars the ton.

Wood is sold by weight, and is six francs the hundred kilos, or about twelve dollars the ton. At the Exposition I see an immense lump of our coal, with six stoves standing upon it. Near by are seven whitewashed barrels containing different kinds of coal. Could the exhibit be got up more elegantly and be labelled, it would doubtless attract more attention.*

Our countrywoman, Julia Ward Howe, has chosen the subject for her lecture before the league lately mentioned; it is to be *Woman and Peace*. It has been suggested to her to take *The Liberty of the Press in America*; but in conversation both Madame Latour and Madame Gounod-Tessin think that she might not be able to procure a permit to lecture upon this subject from the minister of the interior and the prefect of police, as is required.

Sunday, June 16th.—I see a young woman sitting with her sewing at one of the windows which look upon our courtyard, and I ask whether domestics sew on Sunday. Victor asks, "If a workman has work on Sunday, shall he not do it to support his family?" "But you do not give lessons on Sunday?" I say (for, besides his business of book-keeper, he has spoken of giving lessons). "No," he answers; "because in a school you cannot take a day when you wish, as a workman can."

Monday, June 17th.—Passing through the Batignolles

* Appletons' "Cyclopædia" tells us that coal is to be found in different departments of France; the annual yield of the mines being about two million tons. The production of Pennsylvania in 1874 was over thirty-two million tons.

Market, I see upon a card conspicuously posted, "Fresh meat from America. Mutton. Prices of the day." The prices run as follows: leg seventy-five centimes the half kilo, or about fourteen cents the pound English; cutlets the same; fillet about twelve cents; and shoulder about eleven; but I see no rush of people to buy it. At the Farmers' Market in Philadelphia the different stalls are conspicuously labelled in this manner: Stephen Darlington, Virgil Eachus, Isaac Evans; but at this Batignolles Market there are small signs or plates, with the names thus: Mr. Goujon, Mr. Blanc, Mme. Ve. Pierre, or Mrs. Widow Pierre, and so on. I begin to reflect that the title monsieur (as addressed to the lord of the manor) must have fallen since the old times; but possibly these are as much of gentlemen as some of the ancient ones. Anyhow, Batignolles Market is not one of the charming places of Paris.

After passing through the market, I soon come to a handsome public garden, the Square des Batignolles. It has chairs and benches, fine grass, handsome trees, beautifully-kept flowers, and it is a good place to banish the disgust which one is likely to feel after leaving untidy, squalid surroundings. There is a piece of water in the square; it flows over the gravelled path and among large stones, and upon it there are ducks. Birds twitter overhead, children prattle, and I feel that it is a beneficent government that provides such a place; for, besides being out of sorts, I have just left a third floor where lives a working-woman and passed through the disagreeable market.

While, however, I am complacently seated, a woman comes up to me in a business manner; and she means business, for she demands four sous for the use of the chair, which

cools my enthusiasm. I have thoughtlessly taken an arm-chair, which costs more. When I pay her, she gives me a little colored picture or card, such as shopmen give out in Paris,—foolish things perhaps, but artistically done; my colored picture is “Marriage in miniature; asking consent of the father.” It says also, “Most precious discovery of the age: dentifrice of cresses.” The back of the card narrates the virtues of this dentifrice, and is stamped with the price of my chair,—twenty centimes: it is my receipt. Near me sit two ladies; the elder one has an umbrella, and the younger is making tatting with a shuttle; two little ones are with them, a boy and a girl, tidily dressed in French fashion, but not expensively. They have little wooden shovels and tin buckets, and are playing with the gravel. The boy is so pleased that he looks up at the younger lady and says, “Good-day, mamma.” “Good-day, my little one,” she replies. Soon the elder lady takes the children away, and they come back with wafers or thin rolled-up cakes. The water is introduced under large rocks to resemble a spring; it has a little fall from pool to pool; it attracts children, as water always does. A gardener comes in wooden shoes, bringing flower-pots. What a quantity of manure upon this bed of geraniums! Where do they get so much? A man comes with a wheelbarrow-load of fine stable manure, and then another. A little girl comes up to where we are sitting, accompanied by an elderly man. She has a hoop; she joins the other two children, and they begin to play hide-hide,—*cache-cache*,—which we call hide-and-seek. Then the new-comer takes a pebble in one hand, and holds out both for her companion to guess in which hand it is. She has let the little boy have her hoop, and now she begins to repeat verses,—as our children say when at play, “One-

ery, oo-ery, ickery, an ; bobtail, vinegar, who began ?” But this is what the little French girl says :

“ Une souris verte, qui courait dans l’herbe,
Je la prends par la queue, je la montre à ces messieurs.”

(A green mouse that was running in the grass: I take it by the tail ; I show it to these gentlemen.) Thus she decides who shall hide the handkerchief. Now the poor-looking boys are coming from the public school ; see the names on baskets they carry. A quarrel arises ; one picks up a pebble, as if going to throw it at another, but he concludes by throwing it into the water. Before long the man in authority appears,—the big man in uniform ; he can keep children in order. He wears a dark green coat and cap ; he carries a stick and wears a sword ; he has a decoration on his breast : doubtless he was long a soldier. I get up to walk, and meet a very neat-looking girl, about twelve years old, without a bonnet, walking with a woman in a cap. The girl wears a high black woollen apron, and on her breast are two medals—one white, one yellow—attached with black ribbons. A lady tells me that they are probably the medals of her class : the nice girl wears them much as the military man wears his decoration. I make an inquiry from a woman who joins me in my walk. She tells me of an acquaintance, who was in Philadelphia, who paid twelve francs for a beefsteak. (Let us at least hope that it was a large one.) She tells me that her daughter teaches ; she speaks of the Park Monceau, where she very often goes, and she conducts me thither. It is more elegant, and so are the people ; upon it is the house of Menier, whose advertisement is so often seen upon the streets,—*Chocolat Menier* ; he is a rich man.

CHAPTER XII.

Tuesday, June 18th.—A friend in America gave me a souvenir to take to one of her French friends. He does not live in Paris, but I can hear from him through Mr. Letellier, who does. To-day I proceed to find this gentleman, and, reaching the right number, I go up six flights of stairs, until I come to his neat apartment. He seems to live alone; he is a childless widower. He calls my attention to a carved cabinet, which he says is of the time of Henry II. It is the piece of furniture which the quiet gentleman seems proud of,—a gift to his wife from her father, who was an artist. Mr. Letellier, as I call him, is connected with a newspaper, but not a political one; nevertheless, this seems a good opportunity to obtain some information about the press, which Mr. L. gives me nearly as follows: "If you desire to establish a political newspaper in France, you must apply for authority to the minister of the interior, who will give his orders to the prefect of police of Paris (or, in another department, to the prefect of that department). The prefect of police sends you to the governor of Paris, who is the military governor (this was the rule two years ago; perhaps it has become more liberal since). When you have obtained permission of the military governor, you must go to the treasurer, or minister of finance, to give bail. This is always high; the minimum, I think, is eighteen thousand francs. This must be ready-money, which will be returned when the journal ceases to exist; the money is always restored to the individual, or to

his heirs, if he has not lost the whole by proceedings against the paper. These proceedings may be in the form of fines exacted by the government."

While in Paris, I call again upon this gentleman, and in leaving I open a wrong door. It is that of a little room containing canaries. I remark that Parisians want something to love (I could not then give the word for pets), and that often they have little dogs. He answers that he has only his birds. He has a brother, but he lives in the provinces; and, as I have before said, Mr. Letellier is a childless widower. Loneliness in a crowd! If he is taken sick what will be his refuge?—a hospital?

I call again to-day upon the liberal Protestant gentleman before mentioned, and have further conversation with him. Out of the thirty-eight millions of people in France, about four hundred thousand are Protestants. There are two hundred and fifty liberal churches in France, the greater part being village churches. (In opinion, I understand that they resemble the late Theodore Parker.) The gentleman adds that the average number of members in these churches is two hundred; and the conditions of membership are, to be baptized, to have made the first communion, and to have had one's marriage blest in the church. (Thus it will be seen that even liberals demand something beyond the only legal marriage, which is in the mayor's office.) All these liberal churches are recognized by the state but one,—that of St. André, in Paris, the only one of the kind in this city. As I have before told, this church was deprived of all government aid by the action of Guizot, the historian, towards Coquerel, the former pastor, now dead.

Here I propose to give an anecdote, an exceptional one,

as I have hitherto avoided giving names and tales both ; this story, however, may be interesting to my fellow-countrymen, such as are now opposing the old doctrine of rotation in office. It was told to me by a person of great respectability, but one who has reason for not loving the name of Guizot. Guizot, the son, had contracted gambling-debts, amounting, perhaps, to ten thousand dollars. He himself was in opposition to the emperor ; but, as his father was a distinguished man, he wrote to Louis Napoleon, asking him to pay his debts. The emperor did so ; the younger Guizot supported him, and was soon made—what ? Sub-director of public worship ! And this is a permanent office, as it is not the custom to displace office-holders. The ministry may pass away, but the lower officers remain. It was after the action of his father towards Mr. Coquerel that the son received the appointment. Through the Guizots, is the Church purified ? Here may be the proper place to add that in the north of France I saw a handbill posted, stating that Mr. Bardoux had been to Lisle to lay the corner-stone of a building ; Mr. Bardoux, “minister of public instruction, of worship, and of fine arts,”—a concatenation accordingly !*

When out lately I became pre-occupied, and went through a new street, where I saw a building with the sign *St. Augustine Laundry* ; so called from the great church near by. The signs of Paris are a curiosity ; the storekeeper rarely or never putting his name over his door. One establishment is “*Great Stores of the Louvre* ;” another the

* By the budget estimate of 1878, the cost of public instruction, worship, and the fine arts was about 115,000,000 francs ; that of the army more than four times the sum.

cheap store or "Bon Marché;" another large store is "To Spring;" and a place for infants' clothing bears the tender appellation "To Maternal Joy." But to return to the laundry or *lavoir*: the upper part of the door is not closed, except by some upright iron rods, so that I am able to look in and see the rows of women at work,—three rows with tubs, besides an enormous vessel for rinsing. Seeing me looking in, a nice-looking woman comes to the door, and talks with me on the subject through the bars. I understand that there are mistresses and assistants; if so, the French passion for grading things can be observed even here. Each woman with a tub has also before her a little inclined plane, like a school-desk. Upon this she lays a piece of the wet clothing and soaps it; then doubling it, she takes a paddle, like a large butter-worker, and beats the article, probably to beat the soap through. Afterwards she takes a brush, like a clothes-brush, but longer in the bristles,—the bristles (if I may say so) being made of fine broom-corn; with this she brushes the article that she is washing. I ask whether they do not boil the clothes; and I understand that if they are brought in in the evening, they put them into a vessel and boil or scald them during the night, and that they use lye and Javel water,—*eau de Javel*. As regards this *eau de Javel*, a lady from the centre of France tells me that it burns the clothes, but I understand at Paris that it is used for removing wine-stains. As I am leaving the laundry, I see an old woman carrying away a quantity of wet clothing, and on inquiry, she tells me that there is a drying-place above the wash-room,—a *séchoir* above the *lavoir*. Adèle, the servant of my friend, tells her that women who have washing to do can take it to a *lavoir*, and make use of all the conveniences by paying a moderate sum.

Victor says that the salary of Mr. —, as professor in the College of France, is twelve thousand francs, and Victor and Madame Leblanc think it high; but it does not appear to me that two thousand four hundred dollars is a large income for Paris.

This evening Victor celebrates the anniversary of their wedding. We have to dine Mr. and Mrs. D., who, on arriving, both kiss Mrs. Leblanc on both cheeks; also, there is a Swiss gentleman who has lived several years in England, and who brings a nosegay of the French national colors, red, white, and blue.

Victor gives us a very good soup or *potage*, thickened with tapioca; a pie or *vol au vent*; a piece of roast veal, with pared and beautifully browned new potatoes; a salad, and wines of different kinds. The dessert is oranges, strawberries, cherries, and cheese, and then black coffee. We sit down late to the table, and it is long after ten when we leave it. One of the subjects spoken of at dinner is madame's confinement, and how she suffered, and how her husband went for the doctor. After dinner we go into my room or the parlor, and while Madame Leblanc accompanies them upon the piano, Mr. and Mrs. D. sing. She is from the south of France, and has been married about four months; she has a sweet voice and beautiful dark eyes. In thinking about her afterwards, it seems to me that I never saw more beautiful eyes,—dark, soft, and modest; and that they differ in expression from those of my countrywomen; we have more confidence.

Wednesday, June 19th.—I am invited to dine to-day

with Mr. and Mrs. Vibert, having brought a note of introduction to madame from a relative in our country. They are Protestants. Mr. Vibert is superintendent of a factory or machine-shop in a manufacturing district of Paris, and before dinner he shows me the shop, and we converse on the condition of the workmen. From what he says I take the following: "In this factory there are from one hundred to one hundred and twenty hands. The mechanics, or workmen, of Paris,—*ouvriers*,—are paid by the hour, and receive their wages once a fortnight. They work ten hours a day, and good workmen receive twelve sous an hour. Some work by the piece, and very skilful ones can make a franc an hour. Not more than four per cent. put money into the savings-bank,—*caisse d'argent*. In this factory the employers oblige the workmen to leave two per cent. of their wages in the hands of the cashier; and if they happen to be sick or wounded, they receive two francs a day. Until sixteen the apprentices are obliged to attend evening school, or until they understand reading, writing, and the first four rules of arithmetic. About ten per cent. of the men get drunk on Sunday, and five per cent. do not come back to their work on Monday. The families of these men suffer. The average number of children in a family is four." In speaking of the workingman who drinks, Mr. Vibert says that he contracts debts to the butcher and baker, and then he moves away and begins again. He adds that even as late as Wednesday some of the men are not fit to work from drunkenness. A law was passed that men should be arrested and fined for this vice, but Mr. Vibert has not perceived that it has had much effect. As usual among the French, Mr. and Mrs. Vibert do not consider total abstinence desirable.

It may be remembered that an inspectress in one of the

infant schools, when I spoke of the immense proportion of illegitimate births in Paris, said that these occurred among the workingmen and workingwomen in certain quarters. Mr. Vibert estimates that there may be five per cent. of the workmen with them who are not married, and I think he adds that a few are living with women to whom they are not married. He thinks that the mechanics—*ouvriers*—do not trouble themselves about socialism; he does not know of one who does. He says that there are excessively few of the manufactories of Paris that carry on work on Sunday; yet of the hands in this factory not more than three or four per cent. frequent church.

If we come to the amusements of the workingmen, he says that their principal occupation when not at work is visiting the wine-shop. As for literary societies, there is no such thing thought of among them. However, the workingmen of Paris read many republican journals, and women too take a quantity of the same. As for building and beneficial societies among mechanics, Mr. Vibert says that he hears nothing of them. I have said that not more than four per cent. of the men here put money into the savings-bank. Madame Vibert speaks of the heavy expense of living when I inquire what the workmen lay by.

Mr. Vibert studied for three years at the School of Arts and Trades at Chalons-sur-Marne, beginning at the age of fifteen. At eighteen he entered into a machine-shop to make steam-engines. He is now superintendent—*directeur*—of this factory, his salary being five thousand francs, with five per cent. of the profits, and his rent, he occupying a house upon the same ground as the manufactory.

He says that the Commune was not caused at all by the workingmen. The outbreak was produced by an effort of the government to seize certain cannon upon the *Buttes de*

Montmartre that were in possession of the national guard. He adds that the siege of Paris might have been raised had a patriotic general made use of the national guard, composed of all the men in Paris fit to bear arms. Victor Hugo was a member. But the military officers were only willing to employ the regular army, which was entirely insufficient. He thinks it probable that the Tuileries palace was burned by Bonapartists to destroy papers which might compromise them.

What we call the Commune is often called in France the civil war. Since my return to our own country, I have written to Mr. Vibert for further information upon the subject, and have received a reply at some length, of which I may speak hereafter.

I spoke to Madame Vibert, who, as I have said, is a Protestant, about Quakers, and about their having, two hundred years ago, turned their back upon all external forms of religion, baptism, and—hesitating for the French word—the communion. She shuddered or seemed shocked, and said, “The holiest of all.” I believe that the French have never had any sect of this kind among them, of which we have had two in Pennsylvania, and I begin to perceive the very great importance that the external forms of religion have here. Even the liberal Protestants of France, as I have said, make baptism, the communion, and the church marriage the requisites for membership among them. However, I understand the doctor to say that there are many people who conform to the Church, who baptize their children, and commune; not because they have faith in these things, but because it is the fashion, the way of the world. As for Victor, he is of a different stamp; he will not have the little one baptized, threatening that if a priest

enters here, he will make him go down quicker than he came up.

Thursday, June 20th.—This being the day of the great review of some fifty thousand troops at Longchamps, the Exposition is comparatively deserted, and therefore this is a very good day to visit it. Our educational department is quite small, but Mr. Philbrick, who is at the head of it, tells me that the American exhibit of printed books for the blind is quite remarkable. He says that it was much smaller at Vienna, yet Dr. Howe, who was the exhibitor, received the first medal,—that of progress. He says that France alone has here in the department of education four times as much as all countries together had at Philadelphia. Belgium, too, has a fine display.

I believe that, as yet, I have mentioned few or no articles of luxury at the Exposition. To-day, however, I notice gloves with twenty and twenty-four buttons. I see a hat of point-lace, with ornaments of carved mother-of-pearl, of which the price is two thousand eight hundred francs. Could one of our plain farmers look at it, and be told that it is very expensive, he might value it at six dollars. Another point-lace hat, with ornaments of fine carved gold, is put at two thousand francs.*

I have not yet tried the Seine boats, and, returning from the Exposition, I want to take one. However, I remark to a man that I am afraid to go upon the boat, lest there should be danger, when there are so many people. "There is no danger," he replies; "they will not take any more than there are places for." Oh, elegant and exact nation! I

* An immense sale by lottery of articles exhibited took place in the Trocadero after the close of the Exposition.

feel ready to exclaim. But why do some of you smoke in public places? To take the boat, I put myself at the end of a long queue, and when at length my turn comes, and I am ready to step on board, they tell me that I shall have to go down into the cabin, for it seems that all the deck places are taken. I express my disgust and refuse to go forward. "Then," says an officer, "you must put yourself at the end of the queue;" and, sooner than go back there, I go on board and down into the cabin, where I find social Americans, and it is not disagreeable, after all. When I get back to my lodgings, I find that our friend Mr. Carpentier is here to dinner, and we have considerable conversation. He says of the French, "We are the most republican people in the world; we have the idea of equality." "But," say I, "see what we did in our country: we emancipated our slaves, and gave them at once the rights of citizens." "But," he rejoins, "we liberated ours centuries ago." "But my husband could establish a paper in our country without asking leave of any officer of the government." "That is a question of organization," he concludes.

Having met at Mr. Carpentier's and elsewhere a gentleman who has suffered loss on account of a volume which he published, I desire to have the matter clearly explained, and thus it is. Mr. F. was professor of belles-lettres at the academy of B.; the academies resembling our colleges or universities, and the professors being paid by the government. Mr. F. published a book in which he said that the law of divorce ought to be re-established, and that morality is independent of theological ideas or opinions. (I have before stated that while the civil marriage is the only legal one, the law of divorce in France is that of the Catholic Church. Infidelity of either party does not entitle the other to a divorce and the privilege of marrying again.)

On account of the two propositions above mentioned, the rector of the academy complained to the minister of public instruction, and Mr. F. was suspended from his place, with a greatly diminished salary.

I venture to add the following anecdote, which illustrates manners. Madame Leblanc says to Mr. Carpentier on this occasion, "Only think, Madame G. has had five children and has four living!" "That represents much labor," replies Mr. C. "That represents forty-five months of pregnancy."

Before long I propose to go southward, and Victor paints to me the dreadful things that will befall me among the peasants. He tells me that I must not say that I am a Protestant, and one of the company says that I shall have to lie. Next day, however, madame says that they did not say that I should have to lie to the peasants; but that if I tell them I am a Protestant, the peasants will lie to me.

Friday, June 21st.—I do begin to have some fears about going, and among strangers. I remember some of the dreadful things that have happened to Protestants in France; and I have lately read the speech of Victor Hugo at the centenary of Voltaire; wherein he told how Calas, the Protestant, was broken upon the wheel on a false accusation; the king afterwards reversing the decree as far as the family were affected, owing to the exertions of Voltaire.

About this time Madame Leblanc, too, helps to frighten me, telling me of her grandfather, who was a bigot, and who, when he heard them discussing religious matters at

her father's, said, "You will go with the goats." He also said, "I would pull the rope," meaning that he would be willing to hang Protestants, Jews, and free-thinkers. We can begin to realize what a powerful word *Catholic* has been in these countries, when we remember what *orthodox* has been in our own, and what *evangelical* now is. Ferdinand of Arragon was honored by the pope with the title the Catholic.

To-day, I make my first visit, and but a short one, to the Louvre Gallery. It seems to me that I never saw anything of the kind to compare with some of the statues here, or as if I never saw statues before. The Diana of Houdon is wonderful for the extreme lightness of the figure. But I forbear to try to criticise any of the works of art that I see. It was not to describe galleries, churches, pictures, and statues that I came to Europe; they have been much written of before. Yet, in reflecting upon this matter, I have fears that I have neglected to give a sufficient idea of the magnificence of Paris, and how in the elegance of its public buildings it outshines London. See what an immense amount of decoration has been put upon the outside of the Louvre! Certainly no city I have seen can compare with this beautiful one; and I feel tempted to doubt whether Athens and Rome in their best days surpassed it.

Above stairs in the picture-gallery, among the artists at work, are a number of women. There is one young woman who is drawing from Paul Veronese's Marriage at Cana in Galilee. She is corseted, and I wonder whether any great work can ever be expected from women who confine the waist. A great artist, too, must be an anatomist, and should understand these things. The reader will please

recall the picture of Rosa Bonheur, with her arm over the neck of a bull. Paris, however, it seems to me, is not remarkable for a knowledge of anatomy and physiology in the people at large. Perhaps they have not had popular writers on these subjects, like George and Andrew Combe.

In this picture-gallery is the celebrated painting of the Conception, by Murillo. The young lady just mentioned tells me that the French government, or administration of fine arts, paid six hundred and forty thousand francs for it. Yet the public are admitted to the Louvre Gallery without charge!

After leaving the Louvre, I see a sign upon the Seine, "Great National Swimming-School for Ladies;" and upon the front of the wrecked and disfigured Tuileries we read: "Republique Français. Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité." The men are at work in the garden of the Tuileries preparing, with their wonderful French care, for the great festival of Peace, now approaching. I ask a direction from a man, who inquires whether I see "ce monsieur avec un panier." I do indeed see the gentleman who is carrying a basket upon his head.

Victor tells me what the festival of the 30th of June will cost. The city of Paris gives seventy-five thousand francs, and the general government two hundred thousand. He says that there will be fireworks and music, garlands of flowers and triumphal arches, and he adds that the citizens of Paris will probably spend about eight or ten millions of francs in banners, lanterns, and candles. Was it not rather cool for me to ask him, then, "What is the debt of Paris?" His statement is higher than one I saw in an American paper; but in my note-book it is written with his own

hand: the debt of Paris, one billion seven hundred millions of francs, or about three hundred and forty millions of dollars. If the population of Paris be two millions, we thus have a debt of one hundred and seventy dollars for every man, woman, and child in the city! The debt of France Victor gives me at twelve billions of francs, or about two billion four hundred million dollars. He further says that France has an army of four hundred and seventy thousand men, each costing upon an average nine hundred francs a year, or about eighty-four million six hundred thousand dollars. To public school education he says that France gives about eight million four hundred thousand dollars yearly,—about one-tenth of what the soldiers cost!*

Saturday, June 22d.—It has been said to be but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and I find it written at Paris that you are a lucky dog if you spend twenty-four hours in Paris without a flea. What ought to be the condition of those who do not change their undergarments at night nor take a bath? It is added that it would be a good plan to erect scratching-posts, as we hear was done for a nation who cried, "God bless the duke of Buccleugh!" Why should I find a flea in making my bed? The sheet,

* The total public debt of France amounted on January 1, 1875, to a nominal capital of eighteen billion seven hundred and fifty-one million six hundred and eighty five thousand six hundred and forty-five francs. The nominal capital of the debt of the city of Paris at the end of September, 1878, amounted to one billion nine hundred and seventy million francs. To this was added a loan, issued in December, 1878, of three hundred and twenty-five million francs, raising the total debt to two billion two hundred and ninety-five million francs.—*Statesman's Year-Book* for 1879, Macmillan & Co.

to be sure, has been airing at the window, and down in the court-yard, down three flights of stairs, is a stable, but I see no dogs in the yard. Often at night a flea is wandering round me. Victor says that I get them from riding in the omnibus, where there are dirty people; but I do not find that those who ride in carriages are all exempt, and the company in the omnibuses is as good or better than in the Philadelphia horse-cars. Nor is Paris by any means free from certain household insects that are troublesome with us; it would be strange if it were. Yet, if I may judge from the quantities of prunes that France exports, this country is not troubled with the *curculio*, or plum-beetle. Happy exemption! When I have spoken of it at the Exposition, no one has seemed to know it.

To-day I pay my third and last visit to the girls' normal school. The door upon the street is closed as usual. I ring, and it opens in that invisible manner strange to the new-comer, but which I know is by a cord or something pulled from within. Entering, I tell the concierge that I wish to visit the school. "Ah," she says, "you wish to see mademoiselle; I will ring." (In none of my visits am I introduced to madame the principal. I hear of her not being well; also of her attending the examinations at the Luxembourg.) The concierge rings two loud strokes, and I stand at the door of the main building and wait in the sun. I must try again.

It is the instruction in natural sciences that I desire to hear to-day. Miss S., the attentive superintendent, tells me that during the first year the pupils are taught anatomy and physiology; during the second, botany and physics (I understand her to say as far as dynamic electricity); and

during the third year, the continuation of physics and chemistry. Miss Masson gives a lesson to-day on botany, illustrated by sweet-peas, mushrooms, and *bluets*, and by drawing on the blackboard by one of the pupils. Miss Masson also puts one of the pupils into the chair to lecture upon vegetable nutrition. I ask Miss S., the superintendent, what is the office of the young lady who was presiding in the class-room when we entered, at about nine in the morning. She answers, "It is the study-mistress of the second year. She watches over the discipline of the class during the whole day, and sleeps in the dormitory of her pupils. If they desire information during their studies, she gives it to them ; there is a mistress for each class." I inquire the age of the oldest pupil here. "Twenty," is the answer: "they are all between seventeen and twenty."

I receive permission to put a few questions to this class, which is the second. A question upon the possessions of Great Britain is very minutely answered, but with one important omission; a simple question in mental arithmetic is readily answered; the questions, What are the outlets for the waste matter of the system? in what manner does it pass from the lungs? and in what from the skin? this class is not prepared to answer. What was Napoleon's prediction? The answer is said to be unknown. To the following question I am told they cannot reply, but probably there are few young women of the same age in our own country that can, as we do not teach generally from the great book of nature: When the moon is in her last quarter, where and when is she to be seen?

Miss S. speaks favorably of the infant school connected with their establishment, which is taught in the manner of Froebel,—i.e., the kindergarten. This school looks interesting, but I find among the boys top-heavy foreheads in

greater proportion than I have ever before observed among the French. I point out two or three to the teacher, and in the manner that is quite common here, she says, "Those children are never healthy." (Can it be that the manner of Froebel calls too much upon the brain?) The way of speaking about the pupils as if they could not hear, or could not be affected by what they hear, is the one to which I have above alluded. I was impressed with the different manner of the nun in the infant school before mentioned: with delicacy she called upon certain little ones, to show which were born outside the law.

Before parting finally with Miss S., the attentive superintendent of the normal school, I speak to her about our admitting the public to our schools, and endeavor to show her that to exclude the people from the public schools in our country would be like excluding the king in old France.

This evening, when Victor and I are going to a lecture, madame is ready to cry. "I am always alone," she says. Victor answers, jestingly, "Very well, my child, wilt thou go?" I say something about my being able to take care of the baby, but she replies, "You are not always in Paris;" and with these people to live in Paris doubtless appears to be the summit of earthly living: some other people seem to agree with them, too.

I know not how much the idea is worth, but it has struck me lately that these court-yards, with their stables, etc., are the mode of living of the old French nobility. Take, for instance, the place where we live: the large house that faces on the Rue de —, and has its back win-

dows looking on this court-yard, we will call the house of the marquis. Here upon the court-yard are the stable and coach-house, and this building, of which we occupy a portion, may be that of his principal retainer, or retainers, lodged out of the house.

A young man I know, lately received a letter in an official envelope, postage unpaid. When he opened it, it contained the notice of his child's birth returned to him, with additional remarks. He is an ardent republican, and thus his notices were worded :

“ FRENCH REPUBLIC !

“ LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY !

“ Mr. and Mrs. — have the honor of informing you of the birth of their daughter, Anita Elisa Liberta.

“ PARIS, —, 1878.”

The following is added by the anonymous writer in a kind of mock Italian, Anita being the name of the wife of Garibaldi: “ The poor little one, is she baptized like her papa? Oh, la, la! Long live the Church !” Then there is a line crossed out which, my acquaintance says, is “ and the priests.” Was it not adding injury to insult to make him pay the postage on this missive? As to the official envelope, it is out of date.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sunday morning, June 23d.—Madame Leblanc runs out this morning in her water-proof cloak, and without a bonnet, to do some errands, and accompanies her husband to the omnibus. "It was full!" she says. "But if we go to Asnières?" I ask. "We can take the railway," she replies. "At this hour," she adds, (it is about nine), "there are no omnibuses nor hired carriages to be had! Without the railway it is impossible to travel on Sundays at this time; it is desolating!"

A friend has lent to me a volume of Galignani, of the year 1873. It says that the whole number of births in Paris by the latest return (1869) was 54,397; of these, 15,366 were illegitimate, of which 3509 were recognized by their parents. More than one-fourth of the births in this great city illegitimate; only about one-fourth of these illegitimate children recognized by their parents! Of deaths there were 45,872, of whom 12,170 died in hospitals, almshouses, and prisons; more than one-fourth! Galignani also says, "It has been remarked that families constantly residing in Paris soon become extinct." In another part of this volume will be found statistics on one of the above points, obtained at the Exposition.

Monday, June 26th.—May I be allowed to say that I have not had the pleasure of seeing a fire here, nor any fire-

apparatus tearing through the streets? I do see down our street, in the pavement, an iron plate, labelled "Mouth for fire." Also, at a great barrack, I have seen the words *Sapeurs, Pompiers*; and I am told that the *sapeurs* are to cut away the burning wood with their hatchets, and the *pompiers* to pump water. Madame Leblanc says that more fires occur in winter, and also in factories where there are steam-engines, and in saw-mills. She adds that sometimes houses take fire from the chimneys not being cleaned. That the chimneys in new houses are so small that children cannot climb them she considers an advantage, for she says that it was barbarity. Victor afterwards tells me that they have large fires here, that burn four or five houses! The small amount of fuel used, the excellence of a great part of the buildings, constructed of stone, and the great care of the French, doubtless help to protect them from devastating fires.

I have another dressmaker,—a democratic one. She calls to see me about some sewing I want done; and to narrate her conversation will help to portray the Parisian mind. I mention one of my friends who was Protestant, but has become Catholic. To my surprise, she replies, "She has left the truest religion to take up the most false." It is a strange question after what she has said, but I ask, "Are you a Catholic?" "I am a free-thinker," she replies; "I accept no dogmas that cannot be proved; what I desire is truth." She tells us that on Sunday, which was *Fête-Dieu*, or the festival of the holy sacrament, there was a procession around the square at Batignolles, and mothers came with their children, bringing nosegays to touch the holy sacrament, to have the nosegays blessed. "And there has been a remonstrance got up," she adds, "and I signed

it, for what we want is justice; and if it is not permitted to have a procession, and carry a red flag with the words 'Long live the Commune!' neither should there be a blue banner with 'Long live the Sacred Heart!'" If the women who spoke in the times of the Commune were like her, they were fluent. She speaks also of some lecture that had been forbidden; and while on these topics, she says, "And we are in the nineteenth century, at Paris, in the most enlightened city of France; what, then, must it be in the provinces?" What follows rests on her authority. "One of my daughters went to the communal laic school in the Rue —, and Mademoiselle —, the principal, said to the child that her mother must come and bring her certificate of baptism, because she was old enough to prepare for the first communion. I answer that my daughter will not commune, and that I don't think a mistress ought to concern herself with the conscience of the children. Then the mistress made the child suffer every species of vexation, deprived her of rewards for her studies, such as are usually given, medals, and so forth, and even prevented her going to the *cabinet*. I took her away from the school, and put her to a Protestant one. Now she says the prayer with the other children, and once a week learns the sacred history, but is not obliged to go to church. In the communal school, conducted by the Sisters, Rue —, the girls are obliged to sew two hours a day; sewing is taken in from *The Spring*" (a great store), "and the Sisters receive the money." If Madame Simon, as I will call the dressmaker, is correct, what is the remedy for these things? Is not one preventive to invite the public to visit these communal or public schools?

Madame Leblanc inquires of Madame Simon concerning another daughter, and she replies that she put her to work

with a stranger, because she was not sufficiently diligent at home, adding, "I do not like idlers,—*Je n'aime pas les flâneuses.*"

I have called Paris the great hotel of the world ; but the passenger, the traveller, who stays over-night, or even for a week, in the parlor and handsome bedroom of a well-kept hotel, what does he know of the contentions, the heart-burnings, the debts, the trials, the jealousies, of the landlord's family? Nay, how much does he care for them, so long as the meals and the rooms are in good order?

I go to see the shoemaker about my shoes, and he tells me that the men do not work on Monday (or not regularly), that they would rather work on Sunday,—rather than go to church. They spend Monday at the wine-shop, and wives and children must sometimes suffer. As usual, his wife is in the store, and one of them speaks of the men's getting good wages and spending them. They tell me of the excellent traits of their little boy, who has become reconciled to leaving the country, and who is now with his grandparents near the Luxembourg. He is *gentil*, or sweet; he is tractable. The shoemaker and his wife are quite handsome young people ; but she does not dress much. I suppose that such persons, shut up in close quarters, go out of the house for amusement.

This evening one of our acquaintances, Madame —, comes to see us, but will not dine; however, she accepts a biscuit or little sponge-cake and some wine. Victor expresses his delight in certain wines. We speak of women's drinking too much, and Madame — says that

an enormous quantity get drunk in her country, the Côte d'Or, where wine is made. However, *énormément* seems to be a favorite French expression, as many at home say "immense." I tell them that I saw women yesterday who looked as if they had been drinking a good deal, but that I do not see men staggering (for I have not often seen people drunk). They tell me that the law allows drunken men to be apprehended and fined, and for the third offence to lose their right of citizenship.

I understand Madame — to speak of two *béguines*, or nuns, having come to see her to ask for things, and that she excused herself on the ground of having nothing to give, for they might give you a bad name among your neighbors.

They talk about the Church or the mass, and Madame — says how tiresome high mass was; she tells, too, what a priest once said to her at the confessional, which I will omit. Victor says that he once disguised himself at carnival-time in a girl's dress. He confessed to the priest that he had done so, for it is against the rule. What this priest said I will also omit. Madame Leblanc, on her part, has no revelations to make. The stories that Victor and Madame — tell, portraying the state of society among men and women, I do not even note down. While they are talking on religious subjects, Madame — says, "Don't you believe in God?" as if he is wrong or unfortunate. Victor, in reply, brings up his argument about good people's being in misery as against the belief in a merciful and all-powerful God; and as to immortality, he says that he believes that bad people will pass away, but that such people as Madame Carpentier, his late friend, will live in the memories of their friends. Here some one might have asked him, "What about that kennel of Napoleons of

which you formerly spoke? Will they not live in the memory of man?"

One of my acquaintances tells me lately of the trouble that he had in getting out a French translation of a work by Garibaldi: one or more printers struck off a few pages, and then gave it up for fear of penalties. As the work gives an account of Garibaldi's regiment in Italy, I do not see the objection to its being published here; but I am told that it is republican. "But you are a republic," I reply. "Garibaldi speaks against the priests," continues my acquaintance, "and *Figaro* discouraged the public from subscribing, saying that it was not likely that the book would appear." When at last a printer was found, then money was advanced on the printing. "B.," he adds, "was a wonderful help, and also his *bonne* [or woman-servant], who worked with us until two in the morning,"—sending off copies, I suppose.

The law requires that copies of new works shall be sent to a certain government official, and one of my acquaintances tells me how he managed to get a book through without running the risk of this censorship. As soon as volumes were ready, he would pack them off to one place of deposit or another, and when the edition was out, he sent in his specimens to the official; but it was then too late to seize them, even if the government had been so inclined, which, in this case, I do not learn that it was.

Tuesday, June 25th.—One of Victor's acquaintances is dead, and he has received an invitation to the funeral. It is printed upon a large sheet of paper with broad black margins, and is expressed nearly as follows: "You are

begged to assist in the escort, service, and interment of Mr. Emanuel-Prosper Renou, deceased the 24th of June, at the age of forty-seven years, in his domicile, Rue de Bonsecours. Which will take place Tuesday, June 25th, at four o'clock, very exactly, in the church St. Martin, his parish. To meet at the mortuary house. De Profundis! On the part of his family, and of Messrs. —, his associates." Here are given the names of eight persons with whom he was connected in business. It will be observed that the interment is to take place the day after the death. I wonder whether this can be owing to persons living in such close or crowded apartments? But then I observe afterwards that the same custom prevails in central France. The use of ice in Paris has been hitherto greatly limited in comparison with ours; this may have some effect in this matter. As regards the funeral just mentioned, it will be observed that it was in a church. Strong republicans, or those greatly opposed to the Church, do not desire these religious funerals, which are a source of income to the clergy.

In walking the streets lately, I saw a grated door with the words, "Succor for the wounded;" and in the half-light within were to be seen several men,—a part or all of them in uniform. What a consolation! If you are crushed by the horse and carriage of any of these dashing drivers, here is succor! But is it not strange that such driving should be permitted by such a careful people on such crowded streets? Is it the relic of a time when men who walked were of little consequence in comparison with men who rode?

I have seen some cars and horses about as shabby as our own,—those of the North Paris Street Railway; but the horses of the omnibus which I take to-day—that from St.

Augustine's to the Pantheon—are magnificent specimens. Two women who are in the omnibus wear no bonnets, but peculiarly-shaped caps. A lady tells me that they are Bretons. They are neatly dressed; perhaps they have come to the Exposition. They wear black sacks, they carry silk umbrellas, and one of them has ear-rings.

As I am going into the country, I want to try and preserve some insects to take home to America; and for some time I have been trying to get chloroform wherewith to stupefy them. There is a druggist upon our street, and when I enter the shop on this errand, I find Mrs. Apothecary at a little side-desk, seated with her crocheting, and the account-book open before her. She tells me, however, that they are not allowed to sell a very small quantity of chloroform, even to their neighbors or friends, without the order of a physician. In further conversation with the apothecary's wife, I learn that, in case of the death of her husband, the law allows her a year in which to settle his estate; but she says that women have no right in France to put up prescriptions nor to prepare medicines.*

My next effort at obtaining chloroform is by writing to the doctor,—him of whom I have before spoken. Victor tells me that I shall not be able to get an order from him, but we will see. I therefore write him a note, and wish to enclose a return stamp, but Victor insists that this is not necessary, or is not the custom. I write to the doctor that I am a member of a scientific society, and that I want chloroform to kill or stupefy insects. Although Victor

* Please observe what is said hereinafter upon this subject, in Part II.

says that I shall not get it, yet I am sure that I shall, for can I not go to Professor —, of the College of France,—him to whom I took a letter of introduction? I also write to my kind American friend, who has been long resident here, and speak, among other subjects, upon this chloroform difficulty; but, although she quickly answers my letter, I find nothing in her reply upon this subject.

Victor is right so far. I receive no answer from the doctor, and I conclude, instead of trying the professor, to go and see an official of some importance in this department of the Seine,—one whose acquaintance I made some time ago. I will not tell where I go, but when I arrive at the building, I do not find him. I have armed myself in coming with recommendations which I brought from our own country, and these I show to the secretary or aid of the gentleman. I think that he appreciates the situation, for he takes me to another gentleman in the same department. When I show the latter my letters, and talk with him, how pleasant he is!—doubtless he has a taste for natural science himself,—and he takes a sheet of paper with an official heading, and writes, “Mr. Ménard, will he give satisfaction to Mrs. G——?” (He does not say give chloroform!) Then he tells me where I shall find the druggist,—who is not far off,—and I do find him in his store. He is a pharmacist of the first class, as they say at Paris. When he sees my note from the official, and one or more of my credentials from home, he allows an assistant to put me up a bottle of chloroform,—which is done in a very careful, nice manner,—and the druggist writes down my name in a book. He tells me that this law of France concerning poisons was passed after the case of Madame Lafarge. This was a celebrated trial of a woman

for poisoning her husband, of which she was found guilty, in 1840.

The druggist tells me that no one can sell certain medicaments in France without a diploma. This rule, I understand, does not include the simple remedies sold by the herborist,—such things, apparently, as Victor has in his box,—but applies to those who sell poisons, and probably to those who compound the prescriptions of physicians. Drug-stores in Paris are not large and showy. Several things that our druggists sell these do not,—no mineral water, I think, nor brushes, nor perfumes. For these last you go to the perfumer.

The druggist who sells me the chloroform is an agreeable person. He speaks favorably of two articles in our department at the Exposition,—namely, the exhibit of Tilden & Co., druggists, of New York, and the vegetable preparations of the College of Pharmacy of Philadelphia.

When I return to our apartments, of course I do not refrain from showing Victor the bottle of chloroform.

To-day I visit that very celebrated church, Notre Dame. After entering I observe a light in a side-chapel, that of St. Anne,—a light burning before the altar, and beside it an ancient piece of printing, “*Litanies of St. Anne.*” There is a long list like the following: “Saint Anne, root of Jesse, Saint Anne, fruitful tree, pray for us; Saint Anne, tongue of the dumb, Saint Anne, ear of the deaf, pray for us.” After the long litany comes this prayer: “God, all-powerful and eternal, who have deigned to choose St. Anne to be the mother of the mother of your only Son, cause, if you please, that as we thus celebrate her

memory we attain by her prayers to eternal life. By Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

There are a considerable number of visitors in Notre Dame to-day, and one person has it in charge to escort the English. He is a talkative little fellow, but his remarks seem to be framed on the supposition that all who speak English are subjects of Great Britain; though, doubtless, he is not ignorant of the existence of our great republic. The few notes that I gather from his remarks I will try to form into a connected narrative. He tells us what those disgusting creatures, the Communists, did,—how they broke the heads off of statues here, which have since been repaired. He shows us the elegant vestments—twenty, I think, in number—which the late Empress Eugenie gave them, and another magnificent set which Napoleon III. presented at the baptism of his son; also a golden vessel which, if I understand aright, he says contains the crown of thorns,—a present from Napoleon I. He informs us that, as the revolutionists were in the habit of taking up the bodies of the kings and throwing them into the street, these have been removed to some distance to St. Denis, and now there is a fortification there or upon the way; and, although these people like the smell of powder, yet it is at a distance that they like it. He is speaking English, and an English-speaking gentleman inquires of him whether Father Hyacinth did not preach here. But this question does not disconcert him much; he replies immediately, intimating that that individual has changed his coat; but as for himself, he has always been a Bonapartist, and is one still. (Methinks he would not venture upon such a discourse in French.) He offers a book for sale, and tells us that, as it was written by himself, we may be sure it is not republican. Further, he shows us where in this great

church Mary, Queen of Scots, was married to Francis II., and speaks of her having been beheaded by the amiable Queen Elizabeth; he also remarks how many of their late sovereigns have died on English ground. He tells us of a woman who during the Commune mounted a pulpit here, with a petroleum torch in one hand and a knife dropping blood in the other, expressing a wish to kill all the priests; how she had been apprehended and condemned to death;—but, as we do not like to execute women here, how she was sent to New Caledonia to compare its climate with that of France. We must not expect perfect accuracy from guides. This speech gave me an impression that the climate of this penal colony in the Pacific is severe; but, looking upon the map, I find it to be within the tropics, although not near to the equator. As to the bodies of the kings, I have seen a statement that in August, 1792, the French Convention passed decrees which sent the populace of Paris trooping to St. Denis to destroy the tombs of the kings and to bury their remains in the common pit or ditch. About two months later they forced their way into the vaults of the Bourbon kings, and even the body of the great Henry was cast into the yawning trench.

On the outside of Notre Dame there are statues in great abundance, and within there are marble monuments; but my attention was particularly attracted by a funny row of colored figures, dark or mulatto color, in one of the large divisions of the church, I think beyond the rows of great chairs for church dignitaries. There are, indeed, two rows of these figures, but I only saw one, for the other side seemed to be locked. These figures are below life-size. The first represents Christ, *resurgens*, appearing to Mary Magdalen, then to the holy women, afterwards in the garden at Emmaus. One peculiarity of these is the jolly

appearance of Christ,—I think in that one where Thomas examines his side, and the rest of the disciples are seen standing crowded in two little buildings, one on each side; you see them through the open windows. These are not, I have supposed, the quickly torn down and soon reconstructed statues of which the guide spoke. They look like vestiges of an infantile time of art. Did Mary Stuart look upon them when she was queen of beautiful France?

I have before spoken of the printed litany of St. Anne which I saw at Notre Dame. There was also displayed an indulgence offered to those who shall pray for the union of Christian princes, the extirpation of heresy, and the glory or prosperity of the Church.

To-day I call upon a Philadelphia lady, married to Dr. P., a German; she has been living here about three years. She speaks of the general ignorance of Frenchwomen; she judges from what she hears that the idols of the upper class are the Church and the fashion,—not but that some of them are cultivated, but the real Parisians are extremely conventional, and if your appearance is not fashionable they despise you, or, rather, look down upon you, as not knowing what is what. As for the working-women, she judges that they are fully absorbed in their business and families, and are not so much interested in politics as our women are. (Perhaps Mrs. P. is speaking of shopkeepers, for I have before been told of the working-women's taking many republican papers.) Mrs. P. adds that these women are more under the influence of the Church than their husbands, and induce them to yield to things which they otherwise would not. (For myself, I believe I have before ventured a suggestion that one of the things that would

most elevate Frenchwomen would be the study of anatomy and physiology.)

While I am here Dr. P. comes in, and in conversation remarks that the great benefit of the late war to the French people was that the idea of glory—of *gloire*—was thoroughly knocked out of their heads. I tell the doctor of the difficulty which I had in getting chloroform; and he says, "What a fear these people have, who make it their business to kill, that some one will be killed!" I have before said that he is German.

On arriving at our apartments, we have at dinner Mr. Leroux, a person of scientific taste. As is almost always the case, the subject of religion comes up, and I speak about the great crucifix which I saw upon the shore, before landing at Dieppe. Mr. Leroux says that there are many of these in the country, and that a plate is put upon the structure telling who has erected it. He says that it is common to speak of them as "the good God."

I tell Victor the remark just made by Dr. P., that the great benefit of the war to the French was that the idea of *gloire* was thoroughly driven out of them. Victor agrees, saying that he would shake hands with Dr. P.

June 26th and 27th.—Now that the weather is warmer we are drinking *eau de seltz*, a sort of artificial mineral water, from glass bottles called *siphons*. On Sunday I go to the wine-shop over the way to get some for the family, and find a party of four, seated at a table, drinking from the little glass what I suppose to be spirits. One of the party is a woman with a red face. One of the men is talking in an animated manner; his subject appears to be what constitutes a Catholic. Victor, madame, and I this day

are very near disagreeing upon the subject of ice. We have wine twice a day with eau de seltz, but madame especially opposes ice-water: "That must make the character cold,—that must chill the heart." However, the expression *refroidit le cœur* is a euphemism, the heart being used for the stomach. Perhaps the additional expense of ice is an objection. The next day, however, when I get a little at the creamery, they are willing to partake, and seem to enjoy it. Victor said lately that after the 1st of July it will be much cheaper, on account of the removal of the duty. At the restaurants I see struck bottles—*carafes frappées*—so filled with ice that it must necessarily have been formed in them; and at the Exposition I visit a building where ice is being formed by a chemical process.

I make a short call upon Madame Simon, the dressmaker; but we have little opportunity to talk. In reply to a question, she says that the prefect of the Seine and the prefect of police are pachas. The municipal councils of Paris have not the right to say *we will*, they can only say *we desire*. The Commune wanted to establish the same independence for Paris that the other communes have. She states that the cannon from Versailles set fire to buildings at Paris; but Victor afterwards says that it is no use to deny that the Communists destroyed things. "Sometimes," he adds, "there were private hatreds, as when a man had been turned out by his landlord, and these private hatreds were then revenged." One of Victor's aunts was killed during the Commune. She saw some of the destruction that was going on, and said, "I will denounce you when the Versaillists come in." "We won't wait for that," was the answer, and she was shot at once.

Madame Simon spoke of the other communes. What we call the Commune at Paris, the French often call the civil war. The commune in France may be said to correspond with our township. Beginning with the commune, they have one more division than we: first, the commune; second, the canton; third, the arrondissement; fourth, the department; and, fifth, France. We have, first, the township; second, the county; third, the state; fourth, the United States; but our system of federated republics is very different from theirs. Madame the dressmaker added that the party called the *Commune* wished to prevent the overthrow of the republic.

In my walks I visit another laundry, the Lavoir Sainte Marie, being permitted to enter and see it for myself. The woman-cashier, whose business seems to be general superintendence, kindly gives me permission. She tells me that the clothes received are made up into bundles and ticketed, and I see the round metallic tickets hanging. They are then put into an immense tub or boiler made of wood and lined with copper: put into cold water with potash. (I understand that eau de Javel is also used here.) Steam is introduced, and they are boiled or steamed during the night, and in the morning are ready to be taken out. At this laundry they do not use one great vessel for rinsing, but have separate tubs. I go up-stairs, and see how the drying space is divided into separate small rooms (with sides made of slats), in which the clothes are hung, each door being furnished with a lock. One of the women at work below says that they receive three francs a day, working from seven in the morning until seven in the evening. I observe that some of them are eating; doubtless they

furnish their own meals. This method of washing we can understand to be an economical and well-arranged one for a country where fuel is so scarce, and in a city where space is so desirable. But it seems to me that our housekeepers would not incline to put their family wash into a bundle and send it to be steamed with similar bundles from other families,—all steamed together during the night as sent to the wash ; at least, such are not our habits now. Let us beware in our different surroundings of too closely imitating the Parisians. Why should our children be brought up in flats, and not have a bit of mother-earth under their feet ?

In speaking lately to an American friend about the volume of compositions and exercises brought from the Philadelphia Exposition and published here, she tells me that some of them have appeared in the *Journal des Débats*. She likes this paper, but calls it too republican. I ask Victor about it, and about its republicanism ; he replies that it is rose-water, and finishes by saying that it is not republican at all. So opinions differ.

One of my Parisian friends will have the tea handed to him on one occasion, made paler ; and will have some spirits put into it. Afterwards, when I call at his house, he offers me coffee and rum ; perhaps he is in jest.

Riding in the omnibus, I copy the following from a bill put up therein : “ For sale, every morning, *The People*, a daily political journal. It publishes a great popular romance, by Emile Richebourg, author of *The Accursed*

Daughter and *The Two Cradles*, having for title *The Parisian Lovers*,—*Les Amoureuses de Paris*. Five centimes the number," being nearly one cent. Profitable, cheap literature! It will be observed that I have not exactly translated the title of the "great popular romance."

CHAPTER XIV.

Friday, June 28th.—Going down our street this morning, I overtake a woman without a bonnet, in the sun, with a large load in her outside blue apron, held up by having the long corners tied up over her shoulder. In her hands she carries three extremely long loaves, like thick poles, measuring about two yards in length. To rest herself, she occasionally sets the ends of the loaves upon the pavement, or rests them against the wall. Such loaves are cut into bits for customers at restaurants. When I was first at Paris, it seemed strange to see people carrying loaves of bread without a basket or any covering.

Wishing to speak to Mr. Carpentier, I lately called upon him, and found him busily engaged with his friends Mr. B. and Mrs. K. in preparing matter to send by mail,—an article which he has written and published upon an important political subject. The windows of the room were closed, which seemed strange to me in such fine weather. Mr. Carpentier accompanied me into the next room to hear what I had to say, and when we came out I remarked that at home (in America) we should have the doors and win-

dows open,—Mr. B. wore a cloth coat, and must have been warm enough,—but I perceived that Mr. Carpentier was not pleased with my remark. The sojourner at Paris can scarcely fail to observe how much is said about currents of air. Victor was lately at the furnace in our little kitchen, and the kitchen door was open. For some purpose I also opened the window, when he made a great outcry: “Oh, madame, you make a current of air! I detest currents of air!”

Although it seems close at Mr. Carpentier’s, I offer to help direct pamphlets; one is to go to a deputy or an editor, and I ask whether I shall say *Monsieur*. Mr. Carpentier answers that they do not trouble themselves about that. “But when you were with me that Sunday,” I rejoin, “you said, ‘Thank you, madame!’ to the charcoal-woman.” “And why not, if I say it to the queen?” says Mr. C. Mr. B., who is assisting, is a native of Alsace or Germany, and I ask him why the French do not advertise in the papers; I might have said, advertise generally, as we do. Mr. B. replies that he has often asked the question, but it is not the custom to do so. I speak of the amount of money which our papers make by advertisements; and Mr. Carpentier, being perhaps somewhat vexed, asks a question which it is a little difficult to translate for these pages: “*Est ce qu’ on donne chez vous des rendezvous galants dans les journaux?*” or, “In your country, do lovers make appointments in the papers?” I answer lamely, “The personals in the New York *Herald*.”

Perhaps Mr. Carpentier considers this an overwhelming argument.

Saturday, June 29th.—On this delightful, cool morning, fresh and breezy, at about half-past eight, I meet young Paris going to the public schools.

I pass a house where mourning hangs over the entrance, and within is a bier covered with black, before which are standing candles; a youth who goes by lifts his hat, and two women cross themselves.

Upon a sidewalk sits a man apparently very drunk. In another place a man has a number of tin or iron utensils which look bright, as if just scoured. However, his business is to plate them, or to submit them to a process which I do not understand. He charges five cents for thus dressing up a knife and fork.

To-morrow will be the great festival of Peace. I see my shoemaker making a flag, a tri-color, and ask him whether he is a republican. He answers that he is of no party, but he wants to maintain the glory of his country. He or his wife says that the main point is to earn their living. I have quite a long opportunity in the shop to talk alone with her, and I ask what wages the men can earn who make the shoes. She answers that, in making shoes, or ladies' boots with leather heels, a good workman, if his wife helps him, can earn eight to ten francs a day. But in shoes with Louis XV. heels, which are made of wood and covered with leather, and which are difficult to make, he can earn on an average ten to twelve francs. "These heels," she says, "are very hurtful to women: they injure the health enormously. Women of bad life, who take away all the husbands and cause them to beat their wives, wear heels extremely high, and these injure their health so much that they cannot live long. I cannot understand," she continues, "how these women can attract husbands from their wives. There are many of them in our quarter, and if you look at them they insult you. Three-fourths of the rich at Paris

have mistresses, who sometimes spend the dowry of their wives. I know a beautiful countess, who tells me when she sees my children, 'Oh, if I could have a baby!' but very often the rich do not have children. Sometimes married women will debauch another household. Paris is very pretty, it is comfortable, but little discreet in its homes, —*dans les ménages*." In speaking of men's being false to their wives, she asks, "Is it so in your country, madame?" I give her some answer to this effect: that I live in the country, where people are very simple in their way of living, or where such things are almost unknown. She goes on to say that foreigners who come here with their wives must have a great deal of virtue, not to allow themselves to be drawn away by other women, because there will be fifty opportunities. She is a pretty young woman, and she does not see what is the attraction that draws husbands away. I ask her whether there being so many soldiers here is not a cause of this state of affairs, or there being so many public women. She says no; that these women seek persons who are carrying on business, who have money. They might seek the officers; but it is the *bonnes* (servants) who go with the soldiers; the *bonnes* are not much. I inquire about servants' wages. She says, "Me, I give to my domestic thirty-five francs and her food,"—doubtless by the month,—“but there are many persons who give fifty francs, and fed, washed, and lodged.”

At Leblanc's, we are speaking lately of marriage, and Victor speaks thus: "The generation of the Empire was accustomed to flutter like butterflies from one lost woman to another, and did not wish to be burdened with wives and children."

Victor says, lately, that the Americans have stolen Victor Hugo's works; they have translated them and paid him nothing. Victor's wife improves the occasion by saying that she would not like to make money by stealing; she would rather live on a crust of bread.

This evening, as Victor and I are going to Mr. Carpentier's, we pass a hack-stand, and see a man and woman, probably newly arrived, and for the coming festival. A coachman jumps down from his seat, and with joyful eagerness greets the man, kissing him upon each cheek,—the man thus greeted having gray whiskers. Victor jokes upon the subject with a woman going by,—a woman in a cap, instead of a bonnet.

At Mr. Carpentier's we talk about corporal punishment or whipping, which, I understand, is forbidden in French schools, as well as in the army and navy. One of the gentlemen present makes a remark, which does not quite please me, about his having advised a boy to strike a teacher who should strike him. I have before mentioned that the law grants to a woman a separation from her husband if he strikes her; nevertheless, the shoemaker's wife spoke of husbands beating their wives and Victor says that there are wives who beat their husbands.

Sunday, June 30th.—The day of the great festival, and splendid cool weather after last night's heavy rain. Victor is in very good spirits. On account of the fête he has in his coat an artificial flower,—a three-colored flower, of red, white, and blue: quite an anomaly,—price two sous, and of course cheaper to the citizen than three flowers, a red, a

white, and a blue. This morning I observe that photographs of the Coliseum, etc., are gone from my room. Madame tells me that they are in the dining-room, and I say that they are prettier than the pictures that were there of the battles of Alexander. She replies that those are fine engravings; but that, as they do not love battles, they have hung up these. Victor is a member of the League of Peace and Liberty, and to-day we are celebrating a festival of Peace, which France gives to other nations assembled here.

This afternoon I dine with my American friend. Among other subjects we speak of the theatre, and she says that she should go oftener were it not so expensive. A good seat, she adds, costs from six to ten francs; and if you are much dressed you want a carriage, which, going and returning, costs about eighty-two cents. Then you pay something to the *vestièr*, or woman who takes care of your clothes, gives you a footstool, and hands the programme. At the Théâtre Français secured seats are nine francs; for the second gallery, probably seven; and for gentlemen in the parquet, seven. For the grand opera, secured seats in the amphitheatre are seventeen francs; if not secured, fifteen; and run down to six francs or less as you go upwards in the building. She adds that there are here very nice concerts in the afternoon and evening at two dollars.

I understand from Victor that, although nearly twenty-five years old, he has visited the theatre only five or six times.

When I leave my friend's house, at about ten in the evening, the streets are a beautiful show, with quantities of colored lanterns suspended by private individuals; fire-

works, too, by the same; the elegant dome of St. Augustine's church magnificently illuminated with gas; at some distance the illuminated top of the Trinity, and a straight line of light marking the top of the Madeleine. I see a man and woman standing in a doorway, and stop to speak to her. He also speaks very pleasantly; I suppose them to be the concierge and his wife. I ask him whether he has seen the Place de la Concorde (which I had visited at the illumination on the opening of the Exposition). He has not; but he thinks that the Champs Elysées must be ravishing, and that it is desirable for me to see them. I speak of being alone, but he answers, "Do you see this quantity of people? It will be so until two or three in the morning, and no fear." People can be seen walking in the middle of the street (I suppose that most of the carriages have gone to the great centres of attraction): here are three or four young men together; here staid married people; there half a dozen young women, arm-in-arm, across the street. It is the festival of Peace which France is giving to foreign nations. I am repeatedly reminded of Campbell's line,—

"And let festive cities blaze,"

and I doubt whether the world ever saw a finer and more general illumination. I am three times as long as is necessary making my way home. There is one spot, to be sure, that already begins to pass into the ludicrous. In a public square there have been erected one or more upright frames; from a distance they are still brilliant, but in coming up to the little park, in many of the tumblers attached to the frames the light is already out, doubtless for want of oil.

To-day I see a handbill upon the street stating that those families whose names are entered for public assistance will receive each two francs by applying at the mayoralty of the ward.

This festival occurs on Sunday, June 30th. The next evening I leave the Lyons station for the south. In order to preserve the connection I will postpone the description of my visit to a farming family, within seventy miles of that city, and will finish the Parisian narrative. It is four o'clock on Sunday morning, July 14th, when I arrive in Paris from the south. This day Paris fêtes the taking of the Bastile, but it does not appear to be a great national festival like our Fourth of July.

CHAPTER XV.

July 15th.—One evening before I left Paris, at about eight o'clock, there was good instrumental music in the garden of the Jesuit college, before spoken of; the music seemed to proceed from a brass band, with a drum, and it was applauded by clapping hands. We know nothing of the occasion. I suggest that it is a serenade to some distinguished visitor,—Mr. Dupanloup, for instance; but Victor thinks it more probable that it is the festival of their superior or director.

To-day, when I am out, I observe men at work upon a wall, which makes a long stretch on the Rue d'—, and I find that this enclosure belongs to the Jesuits. At a distance within is a handsome new building, and there are a number of boys and an ecclesiastic. I suppose this

ground to be a part of the same gift made by a woman to the Jesuits. I walk around to try and see how much property they have here; and in going around a block, I observe in the back of a court-yard a building, and on the gate in front I read *Bureau de Contributions*. Contribution office, is it? And do the Jesuits thus, in this insidious manner, ask for contributions, too? I enter the court-yard upon a voyage of discovery, and inquire at a low building on the left, "What are these contributions for?" "They are contributions," says a young woman; "ask there on the right." At the building on the right is a big woman: "For what are these contributions?" With Parisian rapidity she replies, "Contributions for an apartment; for a dog. Do you want to pay?" No, indeed; and it dawns upon my mind that this is an office where you pay taxes.

Soon after my return I call at Mr. Carpentier's, and meet there a gentleman who tells me something about the *patois* of France. He gives me a specimen of the langue d'Oc, or dialect of Provence, in the south, and says that those who understand it do not understand the *patois* of Lyons. Among the peasants of France he estimates that there are from six to ten different dialects. Even in the environs of Paris he says that the peasants speak an idiom, probably containing Latin, Gallic, and Frank roots.

The following, which I have abridged, was handed to me upon the street to-day; although I flatter myself that I do not resemble the patrons of the entertainment:

"NOTICE.—Thursday, July 18th. From nine in the evening until four in the morning. Great Night Festival

in honor of the foreigners met at Paris on the occasion of the Universal Exposition. Ball, infernal quadrille, fairy illuminations, fireworks, flags of all nations, American bars, sails on the lake, pigeon-shooting, wooden horses, Russian mountains in the park and gardens of —, prizes and medals for hog races. Free entrance to every lady with an escort. Tickets can be procured at all the coffee-houses and restaurants."

I afterwards speak to Mr. and Mrs. Leblanc about this, and they say that these night-balls are the ruin of the youth. I myself can imagine the condition of a young man employed as salesman in one of these great retail stores, where now there is often such a press, if he spend nights at places like this one just brought to my notice. I speak to Mrs. Leblanc about the Jardin Mabille, for which I heard a man in our American department at the Exposition inquiring in a loud tone. Mrs. Leblanc replies that she does not know in what quarter it is; that respectable people know such places by name, but do not know where they are.

After my return I again meet Madame Simon, the dress-maker. In speaking of herself or of her family, she asks whether it seems fair that if they fall sick they should have no refuge but a hospital. I ask an acquaintance what her husband's habits are,—whether he is an industrious workman, and whether the two cannot lay by money! He replies that nineteen-twentieths of the people in Paris cannot lay by money, or three-fourths, if I like that better. One in ten can put by money is, I think, the estimate of another, a quiet Protestant.

Madame Simon came to bring something she had made. She says that the problem of labor is one that we shall

have to meet in America; that if their sufferings are too great, we shall have to feel the consequences. As regards the Communists, I understand her to say that they determined, as they could not conquer the Versailles army, to destroy Paris and perish with it. But she claims that they could not have destroyed the Hôtel de Ville, or some building where were the records of the Empire, and of the money then expended, for that would be so manifestly against their interests. She speaks of the clubs of that time, which were frequented by men and women, but says that she herself did not care to participate in denouncing private individuals because they would not join the Commune.

I hear from Madame Leblanc that one of the women sent to New Caledonia was a teacher, and had instructed Mrs. Leblanc herself. This teacher was mounted upon a barricade with a gun in hand, like one of the national guards, and was fighting. She wore short hair, was peculiar in dress, and was an extreme republican. Further, she was suspected of being fit to disturb the peace of families. Perhaps she will be happier in New Caledonia; but can a Parisian think that possible?

Friday, July 19th.—One great charm of Paris streets is their variety,—the soldiers and men in uniform; the school-boys, often with marked dress; the ecclesiastics in their robes; nuns in different costumes; ladies of fashion; and plain working-women in their caps. Lately I met an ecclesiastic walking with a lady,—not elegant, but well enough. He had a full, florid face, and wore his black robe and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. On one of the boulevards to-day I overtake a brown woman in a plaid dress, in which blue predominates; in her plaid neckerchief rose-red

is conspicuous, and in her plaid silk head-handkerchief, yellow. She wears ear-rings and head-pins of filigree,—apparently gold. From previous experience, I know that I must not suppose all the colored people here to be from my own country; and I venture to ask her whether madame is an American. She answers that she is from Guadeloupe (a West Indian isle belonging to the French).

Lately I breakfasted with a French friend, in company with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Gounod-Tessin. These seem to be quite a model pair. I have never seen madame in public without her husband; and I have noticed how helpful he is in domestic matters. We have a nice visit at the house of our mutual friend; and in conversation I tell them of what an Italian gentleman has said here,—that married women in Italy have all liberty. To which I had replied, “Is it possible that an Italian says so?” When I tell this, Mr. Gounod-Tessin seems to feel it a duty to propagate his Fourierite opinions, and he remarks that the patriarchs among the Jews had children by their handmaidens; adding that when society is arranged on a new basis, we shall be able to see a happier state of things than at present exists, or words of like effect. “I prefer your example,” I answered, “to your teaching.” “We are old people,” said madame; “we are friends.” In noting this conversation, I ask whether, if there were more love-marriages here, and if divorce existed as among us, whether this would not be enough to satisfy such quiet people as Mr. and Mrs. Gounod-Tessin. But he is the ardent Fourierite of whom I have before spoken. How little he seems like a sensual man, the slave of his appetites!

I suspect him of having suffered in some of his dealings

with my countrymen, for I hear of his having said that it takes ten Jews to make one American!

One evening before I leave Paris I attend a lecture, where is also the Philadelphia lady married to a German of whom I have before spoken. Mrs. P. brings two young ladies with her to the lecture. Madame Gounod-Tessin is much pleased to see *demoiselles* at a lecture; for here, she says, they do not get beyond concerts. "That must be the excellence of America," she adds,—“its women!” whence it would seem that she shares her husband's objection to our men. Another person gave me the following anecdote: A certain Jew said, "They used to say in Germany that it takes three Christians to beat a Jew; but I tell you it takes seven Jews to beat one Yankee!"

Sunday, July 21st.—To-day I have a very satisfactory visit, dining agreeably with Mr. and Mrs. Vibert, the Protestants whom I before visited; Mr. Vibert being overseer of a manufactory. Here I meet two persons who were schoolmates of Mr. Vibert at the School of Arts and Trades. Both of these are republicans; both were Catholics until their first communion, but are now free-thinkers. One is more sociable than the other. I will call him Bournon. He computes that of ten million voters in France one million adhere to the Church. (He could not estimate the number of Protestants.) Of the remaining Catholics, he says that those in the large cities are free-thinkers, and those in the country indifferent. Mr. Bournon adds that although the men of France are thus indifferent to religion, yet they have their children baptized and to partake of the first communion; and the day of this communion is a festival in the family. I ask whether there will not come a

time or a generation that will cease to teach their children things in which they do not believe themselves. In reply they tell me of some person who would not have his children baptized; and the principal reason which they give for conforming in these matters is to do as the rest of the world does. But one of them adds that there are certain places that can only be obtained by those that have been baptized and partaken of the communion. "For instance," says Mr. Bournon, "if you owned a railroad, and should say that the persons whom you employed must have been baptized and have received the communion." I remark that parents probably feel the necessity of teaching their children some law for the government of their actions; and, addressing Madame Vibert, who had before inquired concerning my sentiments, I add that there are two principles by which we can regulate our actions,—I feel diffident, because I can tell them better than practise them,—and these two principles are Love and Truth.

I have mentioned that Mr. and Mrs. Vibert are Protestants; but it seems that those who cease to practise Catholicism here seldom become Protestants. I only remember meeting one family in France that have done so.

One of the persons at Mr. Vibert's asks whether we in America are interested in their republic, or in their political efforts. I understand Mr. Bournon to say that the people of Paris now have the rights for which the Communists contended; but this does not entirely agree with what Mrs. Simon said. At Mr. Vibert's the cause of the outbreak of the Commune, or civil war, was described to me, and I prepared an account of it for this volume; but, fearing that it was not entirely correct, I afterwards wrote to Mr.

Vibert upon the subject, who has very kindly sent me the following account, under date of March 1, 1879: "What were the causes of the civil war? After three months of siege, during which Paris had to suffer from cold and hunger, when a whole army of national guards, who only asked to fight, remained shut up within the enclosure of the fortifications, and played a ridiculous part, in consequence of the orders of General Trochu, governor of Paris, who was constantly opposed to making those sorties against the Prussians which the defence required, and which everybody demanded with great cries;—after these three months, Governor Trochu was obliged to capitulate, without having known how to use the forces at his disposition.* In consequence of the capitulation, the Prussians took possession of the forts of Paris, and found, in entering them, enormous quantities of provisions of all kinds. When the Parisian population learned this,—they who had suffered so long from hunger, and who had been made to believe that all the provisions were exhausted,—there was an immense cry of fury against General Trochu, and if he had been in Paris at that time he would certainly have suffered; but, feeling himself guilty, he had taken care the evening before to retire to the fort of Mont Valerien.

"One condition of the armistice was that a body of German troops should enter Paris by the Arch of Triumph, and should proceed as far as the Place de la Concorde. As there were cannon remaining within the fortifications which the government was preparing to abandon, the national guards went in search of them, so that they should not fall into the hands of the enemy, and dragged them to the

* It will be remembered that the national guards were all the male population of Paris fit to bear arms.

buttes Montmartre, where they remained in charge of the national guard. Six weeks after, the government pretended that these cannon, thus guarded, were a menace against public tranquillity, and therefore desired to seize them. The national guards, already enervated by the part they had been forced to play during the war, and by all the privations they had suffered for naught, refused the demand; therefore, when, in the night of March 26, 1871, the minister of war sent a body of artillery to seize these cannon, the troops met with an ill reception, and were obliged to retire. In the morning the news spread rapidly, and soon the whole national guard was on foot, and thoroughly decided to make the government see what services they could have rendered if they had been made use of in the Prussian war. During the day, the greater part of the troops that were in Paris fraternized with the national guard; seeing which, the government intimated to all the corps commanders that they should immediately retire with their men to Versailles. That was the beginning of the civil war."

Mr. Vibert adds: "Here, dear madam, is information which, from my point of view, is exact, and which I desire may be of use to you."

Monday, July 22d.—I call again upon Dr. and Mrs. P., of whom I have before spoken; she being a Philadelphian and he a German. In conversation, I tell him of the American young woman here who said, "I like a military government." The doctor says that such young ladies should be kept at home; but he adds that many men are no better. He says that it is perfectly disgusting to hear some of them. He adds that the *American Register*, published here, has got so far in support of the new republic

as to admit that it may be permanent, but it always speaks of Eugenie as her Majesty the ex-Empress, and of her son as the Prince Imperial.

Dr. P. says that all the judges in France are appointed, and most of them for life, so that nearly all who occupy these offices are of the old régime; and men of like sentiments, he says, have been put in by Thiers and MacMahon. He adds that some idea of the liberty of the press here may be inferred from the facts concerning Mr. Buisson, connected with one of the radical republican papers, who was lately condemned to two years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of four thousand francs. He adds that when these things are done, no editor dares to write a word in defence, because it is forbidden by law to criticise the decision of a judge. Concerning this last-mentioned law, however, I afterwards understand from one of my French acquaintances that a way can be found to evade it.*

At the Exposition an acquaintance finds for me some interesting statistics, some of which are in reply to a question partly before raised in this volume,—namely, what proportion of the children born in Paris are illegitimate, and what proportion in the provinces? In reply we will take the period of 1872, '73, and '74. But before giving the numbers I will state that they were drawn out on the basis of every 1000 persons, and were carried out decimally, but I have omitted the decimals and given only whole numbers. In Paris, or in the department of the Seine, out of 1000 born, 751 legitimate and 248 illegitimate; in the population of the French cities, 895 legitimate, 104

* See page 233, on the subject of judges.

illegitimate; in rural France, 957 legitimate, 42 illegitimate; and in the whole of France, including the cities, 926 legitimate, and 73 illegitimate. So we may see how in this respect of illegitimate births Paris far outruns the rest of France. Observe how in rural France not one in nineteen is thus born, and how in Paris there is about one in four. These figures, I understand, are from the tables of René Lafabrègue, director of the foundling hospital in the department of the Seine, which includes Paris. My French acquaintance, who finds these statistics for me, says that in this foundling hospital there were formerly turning-boxes to receive children abandoned by their parents. These were so arranged that the mother or person depositing the child was not seen; but the city of Paris suppressed these long ago, thinking that they gave too much facility to mothers to abandon their children. My acquaintance adds that it has since been observed that infanticides have increased, so that there has been talk of re-establishing the *tours*, or boxes.

In the same building at the Exposition—I think it was that of anthropological sciences—there were some striking charts, showing the proportion of persons of two different ages who could not read and write in the department of the Yonne. In that department, out of every hundred males over twenty years of age, seventy-three (dropping the decimal) could read and write; and out of every hundred females, fifty-nine could read and write! Now, if we take those under twenty years of age, we shall see what progress has been made. Out of every hundred males between six and twenty, eighty-two knew how to read and write in 1872; and of every hundred females, eighty; the gain being much greater in proportion among the females.

Wednesday, July 24th.—I breakfast again, a parting visit, with the French gentleman and his wife before mentioned, who live patriarchally beyond one of the *octroi* gates of Paris. To-morrow is to be the opening day of the International Congress of Women; and madame laughingly says that those who attend are those who have thrown their caps over the mills. I do not understand this, and monsieur, her husband, gets a volume of the French Academy's dictionary, whence we learn that it is those who have braved the proprieties. Imagine a lot of French peasant-women in the north throwing their caps over the windmills!

The question of judges being elected is again up, and Mr. P., my host, tells me that there are certain judges to decide points in trade, who are elected; but not by the people at large. In general, judges are appointed by the president on the proposition of the minister of justice. All judges of civil cases are irremovable; they are pensioned off at about the age of seventy.

July 25th, 1878.—Observing lately some of the elegant omnibus-horses, I am told by the conductor that the horses of the omnibus company of Paris are only obliged to travel two hours a day. He adds that every carriage has twelve horses.

Yesterday I went on an errand into an old part of Paris, taking an omnibus from the Madeleine church to the Porte St. Martin, which structure appears to commemorate some of the deeds of Ludovico Magno, or Louis XIV. Then I walk down the Rue St. Martin to the Rue Chapon, and here I am in that quarter called the *marais*, or swamp. On the Rue St. Martin, at a corner, is the Church of St. Nicholas les Champs, the most weather-beaten church that

I have seen in Paris. Within it men are relaying the pavement. On the outside of the church, on one side, up above, is a figure that I do not understand,—a figure of an irregular shape, somewhat like a quadrant, with lines branching through it and numbers affixed, and a few Latin words, beginning with Sol and ending with Nicholas les Champs, so I surmise it to be possibly a diagram of lands belonging to the church. One of the workmen, however, says that it was to show the hours of the day, before clocks were invented. It bears date 1666, and the carving on the Porte St. Martin about Ludovico Magno bears date somewhere about 1680. So this may not be very old Paris after all. Living in a handsome quarter, and seeing Paris so renewed and embellished, I had been reminded of the boy's knife, which had first a new blade and then a new handle. However, the narrowness of the Rue Chapon gives me some idea of what Paris may have been in the time of him who revoked the Edict of Nantes.* Inside the door of the old church just mentioned a man is sitting with his little brush ready to let me moisten my fingers with its contents, but I pass in and make no sign. In a chapel at the farther end of the church is the worst figure of Mary and the infant Jesus that I have seen; not ugly, but more like a modern fine lady, and the infant like a pretty boy, and both with the gold hearts hanging around their necks, such as I suppose have lately come into fashion. Here in this chapel are little marble tablets on the wall: about a dozen of them,—all, I think, later than 1870,—with inscriptions such as "Oh, Marie! I have confided her to thee; guard her!" Women are kneeling in this chapel,

* Of all the houses of Paris in 1870, less than one-third had been built prior to 1852.—*Appletons' "Cyclopædia,"* article "*Paris.*"

and in the body of the church a man with his face turned towards it, and, at a greater distance, an ecclesiastic with an ecstatic countenance. I walk around the church, hearing the voices of young people chanting somewhere. I am carrying a little box, my parasol, and so on, and as I come out of the chapel just spoken of a man says, "Go out of the way." He is carrying something, I think for the repairs, but I had not observed him. Again a feeling of fear comes over me, such as I experienced before leaving for the provinces. However, after going out of the church I desire to discover whether the chapel just spoken of is to the Virgin of Lourdes, so I re-enter, and find my man with the brush—the *aspersoir*—asleep in his dark place near the door. I step on, and ask an elderly man to whom that chapel is dedicated. "To the Virgin," he answers. "What virgin do you call her?" "The Virgin Mary; there is only one." "But to her whom you call the Virgin of Lourdes?" "No." So I am relieved.

After coming out of this old church, how satirical seem the words on the outside of the building, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"! If that little man who was called Louis the Great were still resting where his remains were put at St. Denis, might he not be supposed to turn in his coffin at the thought?

On the Rue St. Martin I notice one of that infinite number of women who wear caps instead of bonnets, seated behind the little box on which she plies her trade of cleaning shoes. She has fallen asleep, and her knitting and folded newspaper lie upon the box before her. I do not think that such working-women in the time of Louis, fourteenth of the name, had newspapers to read. I remember that about the time his descendant, the sixteenth Louis, was beheaded, women are said to have sat with their

knitting where they could see the guillotine perform its bloody work.

Upon another street, near one of the fine boulevards, I observe a family scene: a porter is seated upon his crochet (*the little wooden affair that he puts upon his back to hold burdens*), and a woman is handing him the baby to kiss. "Encore!" he says as he kisses the little one,—*"encore!"* and then the mother kisses it and takes it to its little carriage. As she lifts it I see its slender brown legs. It is neat, and so is she. The porter sees me looking, and seems pleased that they are noticed.

Thursday, July 25th.—I go to the opening meeting of the International Congress of Women, which is held in the hall of the Grantorians, a Freemasons' hall. Here I meet Julia Ward Howe, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and others from my own country. As we are waiting for the exercises to begin,—my friend Madame Latour, with one of our acquaintances, and myself,—we remark a young lady whose dress does not seem to be perfectly modest, and Madame Latour says, "I do not love to see women who maintain serious opinions concerning the equality of women and men, with the appearance of women of light manners; that injures the cause of women." She adds, "In general, women of advanced ideas have a horror of all household labors; as for myself, I do not perform them with pleasure: I should prefer more agreeable employment; but as I do not wish to neglect duties that I ought to perform, I attend to them with all my heart." The speaker, Madame Latour, is she with whom I breakfasted and dined, who has the little

set of rooms upon a public square and keeps no servant, and is "crazy on the subject of order."

The manner of holding this congress is very different from ours in similar conventions. After this opening meeting they will adjourn for several days, and it may be twelve or more before the sessions close. Also there will be a banquet. Paris seems to be very fond of banquets. There was one at the centenary of Voltaire; there will be one of the societies for the protection of animals.

The permanent presidents chosen for the congress are Julia Ward Howe and Antide Martin, a member of the municipal council. Of him Victor Leblanc afterwards tells me that he lived at St. Étienne, a city not far from Lyons, at the time of Napoleon's *coup d'état*; and that he exerted himself to rouse his fellow-citizens against Napoleon, who had broken his oath to sustain the republic. For this Martin was banished to New Caledonia.

There were present at the congress two Italian ladies whom I especially observed. One was Miss Mazzoni, a young and delicate-looking woman, who brought a letter from the society of the democracy of Rome. Upon the platform at one end were a number of reporters, and I observed much smiling there, as if two or three were inclined to ridicule a thing so new here as an international congress of women; but when Miss Mazzoni read her address their manner changed: no speaker appeared to make a more profound impression. The other Italian lady was older; she was Madame Aurelia Cimino Folliero, who told me that she is editor of *The Cornelia*, a serious journal, not for the fashions, but for the education of women. Madame Folliero seemed to think it an important fact that this journal is patronized by the queen. Madame F. is the mother of a large family, having had ten children. She

tells me that she is a delegate from the Italian government to study the French agricultural schools for women. Of these she says that there are six or more in which women carry on all agricultural labors.

Before the close of this session of the convention comes up the question of the banquet, and produces the most animated debate. Fifteen francs had before been suggested as the price of admission; but one of my friends, who was making a silk dress which she expected to wear upon the occasion, told me that she did not think she should go if the price was so high. The majority of the congress agree with her, for the price is settled much lower,—I think at six francs. And while speaking on this subject, I will add that a young lady dined with us one evening at Leblanc's, whose brother was a member of the French educational commission to our Exposition. While she is there, mention is made of a ball for teachers of the public schools; and Victor afterwards tells me that there was a supper at the ball, of which you could partake for five francs; and those who did not partake did not have to pay. "But," I ask, "who, then, pays for the music?" "That is comprised with the supper," is the reply.

One morning as I was going to Mr. Carpentier's I saw a woman driving in an open carriage. She was dressed in pink muslin, and her servant was behind her. I spoke to Mr. Carpentier about her, and he said that ladies sometimes drive, and it has become more common within a few years; but they do not drive in conspicuous toilets. He adds that kept women drive a good deal; and says that five or six thousand francs a month are sometimes expended on such women. Dr. P., my German acquaintance, said

that these women are the great vice of Paris; that one man will keep one, two, three, four.

I do not like to close my chapter and division with such a subject. We will now pass to the scenes of rural France, which, as statistics quoted show, is of a different character from the great metropolis.

PART II.

CENTRAL FRANCE.

CHAPTER XVI.

Tuesday, July 2d.—Last evening I left Paris for the south, but not the south of Marseilles or Nice: the farm that I visit is in the latitude of Lyons. Great is the press at Paris as we approach the Lyons station, and the detention is considerable; but, as I have no baggage but what I can manage to carry, I am not detained to register it, and I get through. I ride all night in a third-class car. The peasant-women who, for a part of the way at least, are with me I suppose to be returning from the Exposition or the fête. How blackened one of them looks! We are in a division for women only,—*dames seules*. Once, when there seemed to be a little unpleasant familiarity, it subsided on my taking out my note-book and writing in it. I have spoken of my fears before starting upon this journey, and now I feel unpleasantly impressed by hearing towns named for saints. About five in the morning we change cars at St. Germain des Fossés, and here I get bread and wine. Locust-trees by the roadside look familiar. The view is extensive, the country green. "What are those plants?" I ask, and immediately perceive that they are vines. The vineyards are very pretty now,—the plants being of a tender, yellowish green. The morning is quite cool. The houses of yellowish stone

and roofs of red tiles, the cut hay, the standing wheat, altogether look as if I might be happy; and that line of Addison occurs to me,—

“How has kind Heaven adorned the happy land.”

How laborious, too, man has been!

Another station is St. Germain l'Espinasse. Here tidy-looking women get into my division, wearing caps instead of bonnets; and two of them have market-baskets. One has butter at twenty-five sous, which would be about twenty-two and a half cents for our pound. She has eggs at sixteen sous the dozen, and nice cherries at four sous the pound. I buy some, which help out my early lunch. Women in the cars are eating apricots from Paris. How apricots abound in this country! They also have some green things that look like walnuts for pickling, but they cut them open and eat the well-grown almonds from within. I leave the train at R., whence I am to go by another conveyance to my destination. I will call the village Boissière. There is quite a kissing-time at the station; from two to five kisses, always on both cheeks. Women kiss women; men kiss men; men and women kiss; women shed tears; men are not always ashamed to have moisture in their eyes. R., where I leave the railway, is a town of about twenty-four thousand people, having eighteen cotton-factories. Formerly cotton was manufactured here by hand, but within about six years steam has been introduced. Very many cottons are still, however, made by hand. The place has an *octroi*,—that peculiar tax of French towns. On the street I meet a fine pair of fragrant oxen drawing a wagon, and hear a hoarse voice, which proceeds from a donkey who seems to be drawing his cart home from market. Towards noon I breakfast at the Hôtel du —, the

charge being fifty sous. The staircases here are of stone, and the entries above and below are paved with tiles. The *cabinets* are disagreeable enough, and one or two men seem to be doing the chamber-work. I have a good breakfast at the common table. There is wine at discretion, and good, cold water. Those who choose can take stone bottles, which probably contain mineral water from some natural spring not far off. Our first course is bits of meat, with potatoes and a few peas, made into a ragout, with one of the best gravies that I ever tasted, for I have an appetite. The next course is fried eggs; the third, little fishes fried; the fourth, little sausages in mashed potatoes; the fifth appears to be mutton-chops with cresses upon them, green and fresh. For dessert there is the smooth, soft cheese of which I have before spoken (some eat it with sugar); also some kind of old cheese; green almonds, such as I just described; filberts; very good cherries; macaroons; and biscuits or small sponge-cakes. Awhile after breakfast I seek the station of the omnibus or stage. This is a more humble public-house. The landlord is an ardent republican; he becomes heated in talking, but wine probably has helped. I converse with a young man, who tells me that we have had a great defender, George Vasington (with the accent carried through in the French manner). I mention Lafayette, and he adds Rochambeau; but he becomes confused in geography, and, like the rest of the world in France, South America has a greater relative importance in his eyes than it has in ours. At length the stage starts for our village. The distance is marked by stones; and I am told that at every hectometre there is a little stone, and at every kilometre a great one. (A metre is about one yard three inches; a hectometre is a hundred metres; a kilometre a thousand metres, or about three

thousand two hundred and eighty feet,—near three-fifths of a mile.) We pass a building with round towers and battlements, and I ask what it is. It is a chateau. “Is it old?” I ask. “Yes, yes!” replies a young woman; “that belonged to a seigneur in ’93.” This allusion to their great Revolution strikes me. The Revolution which began in 1789 came to a crisis in ’93. I repeatedly hear this year mentioned in this part of France, but I do not remember its being especially spoken of in Paris and the north.

Arrived at Boissières, I am quite alone,—perhaps the only Protestant and the only English-speaking person in the commune. Mr. Chevalier, who has been in Philadelphia, is still at the Exposition, and madame is also absent. At their house, however, which is in the village, the servant consents to conduct me to that of Madame Lesmontagnes, where I am to board, and we go across lots and up-hill for about a mile. It is not, however, strictly correct to speak of going across lots where there are no fences, only sometimes stone walls to hold up the soil of the vineyards.

Madame Lesmontagnes has been expecting me, and all goes well. The house has very large rooms for a farmhouse; the ceiling of the room where I sit is said to be over twelve feet in height, and the floor is composed of large square tiles, the sound of wooden shoes being heard on the paved floors. The house is thought to be at least two hundred and fifty years old, and is said to have belonged to the Marquis de B.

Wednesday, July 3d.—At breakfast this morning we sit down to a clean table of heavy cherry-wood at about seven o'clock. Madame gives me a bowl of hot milk, and pours coffee into it. She has toasted for me two slices of bread made from dark flour, and she also gives me a boiled egg;

the family eating their soup of vegetables and pork. Then there is a little wine, but I do not see madame drink any. The young men all wear their hats at table. Whether this means French republic I am at a loss to know. In the kitchen, where we take this meal, there hangs a rack—about half a yard across—like a swinging-shelf. It is for the great loaves of bread, which lie upon their sides without touching each other. Most of their bread is of rye.

Madame Lesmontagnes, as I call her, is a widow. She has had nine children, but only four are living. (In counting children, however, in France, miscarriages are frequently included.) Mrs. L.'s only daughter is married, but there are three sons at home, whom we will call Pierre, Charles, and Henri. Pierre, the eldest, was a soldier at the time of the Prussian war, and lost his health. His countenance shows that he is not strong; and he is unable to attend to heavy farm-work. He is a reader, and soon produces for reference a little classical dictionary. Besides this farm, which comprises about one hundred acres, the family hold other property. They are of the class of wealthy *paysans*, or farmers who work with their own hands. Most of this farm is rented, however, and only a small part retained for Charles and Henri, the two younger sons, to cultivate. Another member of the family is a slender little girl, Jeanette, the boys' cousin, whose father is dead; and the family is completed by Toinette, the short, stout, dark-eyed servant.

Of this great, old-fashioned house we occupy the ground-floor only: the upper floor is the granary or garret. The

best room is assigned to me for my sleeping-room, for nearly all the rooms have beds in. In going from my apartment into the kitchen I pass through another large room, with a plump bed in one corner, covered with a cotton quilt of Turkey red. This room madame calls the dining-room. Upon and above the mantel is ranged a collection of choice objects,—an image of Mary with the infant Jesus; a little crucifix; a colored picture of our Lady of the seven sorrows; and an engraving of Sainte Germaine, with distaff and sheep. Here, too, are certificates of the first communion of several of the family. On one of them are these mottoes: "Heaven is a first communion which lasts always." "This is the bread of life come down from heaven; he who eats of this bread will live forever." "He who eats my flesh and drinks my blood remains in me and I in him; I will raise him up at the last day."

In the same collection, above the mantel in the dining-room, are photographs of several of the family; and here, too, is something new,—namely, a certificate telling, with considerable circumlocution, how Henri Lesmontagnes, born in 1862, was in 1877 found worthy of receiving the certificate of primary studies, comprising moral and religious instruction, reading, writing, elements of the French language, calculation and the metrical system, history and geography of France. I suppose this is similar to that which the little girl showed me in the Protestant school at Paris: perhaps it is the same; but I hear in the south that it is only of late that these certificates have been given here.

The walls of this house are between two and three feet in thickness, and some of the rooms have carved ceilings.

The furniture is plain, and is made of cherry and walnut. I am told that the marquis who once lived here was a little marquis, a dependent of the great marquis of St. Alban, the ruins of whose castle may be seen in a distant view. Strong stone steps come up to our house from the front yard, which is surrounded principally by stone out-houses roofed with tiles. How can one describe this yard better than by calling it barn-yard, well-yard, and wood-yard in one? Standing upon the heavy gallery, or front porch, we can, on the left, look over these out-buildings which surround the court-yard, and have an extensive view of the plain and the distant hills. Within this landscape lies our village of Boissières, with the church. The season has been wet, and everything is green except the cream-colored houses, with their pretty red roofs.

Standing on the front porch, one of the conspicuous objects in the court-yard before us is the well, at no great distance from the front steps. It has a wall and hood of stone, and chain within for a bucket. The well and its surroundings remind me of Rosa von Tannenburg, who, as story tells, went down into the well to rescue the child of the knight who held her father a prisoner. On the top of the hooded well-curb here earth has collected, and, as the season has been wet, grass and weeds are growing upon it; and if you look in, plants are growing within the well from among the moist stones. The hooded curb so thoroughly protects the well that it only needs cleaning about once in twenty years. Close by is a short stone trough where the horse drinks; and such rude troughs, it seems to me, are likely to be very ancient. I speak of "the horse," for there is only one upon the whole farm. We use working-oxen, and sometimes even cows draw loads.

But let me speak of the buildings that enclose this front yard, or court-yard. The first on the left is the bake-house; over the door some person has written *Tremblez, tyran!* I say to madame, who is showing me around, that I suppose this is from the Marseillaise, and she answers rather dryly, "Apparently," as if she does not sympathize. In the bake-house is an excellent new oven of stone, the old one in the house having given out. Here, too, is a great baking-trough,—the bread being baked once a fortnight. It is kneaded by Charles, the second son, he being the strongest person in the family. Next to the oven-house is a double gate going into the garden; after this, the low building on the left side of the yard is divided into a little tool-house, a goat-stable, a small and narrow wood-shed, a chicken-house, divided in two, and a pig-house, all of stone. In the goat-house are two sheep and a she-goat. They were out grazing this morning, tended by the little niece. That was goats'-milk cheese which I had at supper; the kids are killed at two weeks old. In the little wood-shed are lying bundles of bark tied up to sell,—bark from small branches,—for such things are scarce in France. In the chicken-house are about half a dozen places for hens to lay and hatch. I do not see the great quantities of poultry that are sometimes raised with us. Here is a hen whose wings are tied up with straw, that she may not fly up into a box, for she insists on hatching. Two pigs are shut up in the pig-house. I should think that more air and light might be desirable for them. When standing upon the front porch, we see that at this point the tile-roof runs upwards to cover another building behind these. This building is entered from the garden, and is the chapel of the De Chambres, as we will call the noble family who once lived there.

We have now finished the buildings on the left side of the court-yard; let us, then, take the side that faces the house. First is a smith's shop, then a bit of stone wall, with a wooden gate set in it, then a stable, and in a corner, in a sort of nook, behind a buttress, is the entrance to another stable, quite small. Within the smith's shop is plenty of room. It is furnished with a great bellows; and outside, before the door, lies the anvil. The sons can do all their necessary smith-work, but they do not shoe the horse. As for the stables, we do not need so much room, since the farm is rented.

Let us now turn the corner and take the larger buildings on the right side of the court-yard. The one supported by the buttress just mentioned may be called a barn, with room for animals, for wagons, for hay, and for the wine-press and vats. Now suppose the stone wall, which is the front of the barn, to be elevated a little and to become the front of a sort of square tower finished with a roof of flat tiles. Under this tower is the main gateway or entrance. Between the gateway and the house the continuous wall forms the front of one more building, which contains the *caves*, or cellars for the wine. We have now finished three sides of the court-yard, and the front of the dwelling forms the fourth. The end of the barn, where the wine is fermented and pressed, is the *cuvage*, and contains three *cuves*, or vats for treading grapes, and a great press of the year 1800. The largest vat is new,—it cost about eighty dollars, although they furnished the wood themselves,—and it runs eighty hectolitres of wine, say thirty hogsheads. When the grapes have stood in the vats about twenty-four hours and are sufficiently fermented, if the vat be large several naked men jump into it and tread the grapes. This process is not without danger; they tell me that there is never a season

but some one loses his life, being suffocated. The danger is greatest when the vats are not filled. Pierre was once drawn from a vat when in danger.

I have mentioned the square building over the gateway. This last was probably the great gateway of the De Chambres, and the wall here is very thick. The little square building above it is a dove-cote or pigeon-house. We visit the building where the wine is kept. The first cellar is nearly upon a level with the ground outside. There are no steps within, but the ground inclines a little downwards, and the inner cellar is that in which the wine is kept during the summer. The wine-casks are of two hectolitres, or about fifty gallons, and they fill from twenty to forty a year, according to the season.*

Within the court-yard are growing six or seven trees, but only one makes any show. Its branches are spared on account of the fruit, for it is what we call an English walnut. The rest of the trees are ash, trimmed in the manner of France, where people are many and wood is scarce. The walnut stands near the centre of the yard; under it is a large pile of brush, and beyond a flourishing patch of burdocks, nearly hiding some logs. I have spoken of the buttress that supports one end of the barn. It is of stone; upon it a little grass is growing, and in front of it lies a manure-heap, for I have said that this is front yard, well-yard, and barn-yard in one. The gate on the left side,

* Appletons' "Cyclopædia" states that the litre is .22 of an imperial gallon. The hectolitre is 100 litres, or 22 gallons, and the double hectolitre would thus be 44 gallons. But the hectolitre is nearly 26½ gallons by wine measure, and thus the double hectolitre cask would hold over 52 gallons of wine.

which goes into the garden, is a double one, large and comparatively handsome. On two sides the garden has, or had, a strong stone wall; on a third there is water; and the fourth wall is formed by the house and other buildings. They say that the garden was an elegant affair formerly, with flowers and green- or hot-houses, but now it is mostly planted with vines. The moat upon the lowest side of the garden is fed by a small stream from above, on account of which stream the house may first have been built here. It has not been a great while in the possession of this family, for the young men's grandfather bought it. Although he could scarcely write, he was an enterprising man,—a dealer in wood, hay, and cattle.

Madame Lesmontagnes has the dinner-table set in the dining-room,—large and somewhat sombre, with the bed in one corner, and its red bed-quilt. Here and in the kitchen stand old clocks, upright, over eight feet high. Madame places no one at this table but myself and the eldest son, the others eating without or in the kitchen. Pierre keeps on his hat at dinner, but is very pleasant. At the table we speak about wine-drinking, and he says that it is fortunate for our country that we do not produce wine. Money is made by it, but it is a misfortune for a country, as men get drunk, and sometimes that ends in madness. He adds that the Frenchman is not *glorieux* unless he has been drinking wine (he is not boastful, vainglorious, or what the cock is when he flaps his wings and crows). But at the same time Pierre invites me to drink, and says that wine drunk while eating does not intoxicate. I am sure, however, that it affects the head.

About four in the afternoon, the two sons at work come

to the house and want a lunch. They have bread, a little wine, and a piece of pie. As I want exercise, Pierre accompanies me in the afternoon to the village, wearing his neat blue linen blouse and leather shoes; but all wear wooden shoes at home.

In walking through the lane, we see a quantity of reddish-brown snails, about the size of my finger, and we also find two or three with shells,—the kind of snail that the people eat. Vineyards abound here. They are laid out in lands formed to heave up in the centre, so as to shed water. A plantation of vines in the plain, Pierre says, will last a hundred years, but here only about twenty-five. On our walk I notice the walnut-trees and the chestnuts full of bloom. These trees are planted, but are not set out in the fields until considerably grown, lest the cattle should hurt them. Growing along the stone banks that support the vineyards we find wild-flowers, also wild-currants, small and nearly sweet, and wild-gooseberries and plums. There are brier bushes in plenty, resembling our blackberries; but some of the blossoms are pink, and people do not appear to prize the fruit. When we reach the village, Pierre and I go into a shop—I believe that it is “the office of tobacco”—to buy letter-stamps. He drops my letter into an old box upon the street, and all is done. This township has over two thousand people, the village being of considerable size, but I see no post-office. We pass the church, and Pierre tells me that it is three hundred and fifty years old, but I afterwards think that his estimate is too great. Pierre adds that the curé (the parish priest) speaks about the church, and says that they ought to have a new one, but the folks do not listen: the expense is too great.

“But does not the government pay?” I inquire. “Only one-third; the commune has to pay the rest.”

We call upon the sister of my acquaintance Mr. Chevalier, and she accompanies us for a short distance. We hear music and dancing in a restaurant, and Pierre says that there is a wedding. Will it be good manners for me to go in? I inquire of Madame —. She says yes; and we all three enter. The young people were married yesterday, but are still celebrating their wedding. The bride's home is some miles distant; the bridegroom is said to be rich; and they are dancing here because there is room. Three men with wind instruments are seated at a desk, and about seven pairs of young people are waltzing. The young women wear dresses of mousseline-de-laine, or similar material; the young men are without coats, and one wears a hat. Older men sit at a side-table with their wine, but older women are mostly absent. Pierre tells me that weddings are sometimes kept up until the third day, and says that this one may cost over a thousand francs. In the open air I see a dancing-floor: it was put up for their festival, the fête of St. Peter, which was celebrated last Sunday and Monday, and will be continued next Sunday.

At supper, among other things, I have vermicelli, which is good, and a part of a small goats'-milk cheese, with cream upon it; very good. You see hanging up at houses what look like large rustic bird-cages, but they are really cheese-cages. I also have excellent cherries, which one of the boys gathered; in common years they are two sous the French pound, but are now scarcer, on account of the wet season. There is wine upon the table, and Mrs. L. gets me to taste their *piquette*, which is not bad. It was made thus: Take about half a bushel of fruit (in this case dried apples and pears), and put it into a cask holding about forty-four gallons; fill up with water, and this will be ready to drink in eight days. It remains sweet about

twelve days, and then becomes slightly *piquante*. If it grows thick, add water, without any more fruit; about ten gallons may be added, and as much a second time. After the grapes are pressed, the matter remaining in the press may be used for piquette, putting about one and one-half bushels to a cask; or any other fruit can be substituted.

Thursday, July 4th.—After breakfast I get a pitcher of water in the kitchen and drink a little. “Madame drinks water?” says Mrs. Lesmontagnes. “Yes,” I reply, laughing; “don’t you drink water?” “Some little.” “One of my friends has not drunk any wine in twenty years,” I say. “Oh, misfortune!” she cries: “go, go!” I reply that he is strict in his ideas on this point.

My breakfast is much the same as yesterday’s, and the sons have bowls of soup, with peas in, in the pod. The oldest brother gives the others each the half of a small tumbler of wine, and offers me some, which I decline. Last evening they said that wine is wholesome after milk, but that milk after wine is poisonous. Thus,—

“Le vin sur le lait, c’est de la santé.
Le lait sur le vin, c’est du venin.”

At breakfast the boys have rye bread, which I could eat gladly were it not sour. One son cuts the loaf with his pocket-knife, and has a bit of boiled pork with it. But the careful mother confines herself, I fear, to low diet.

After breakfast, Toinette comes into my room with one of those funny, funnel-like things that I have seen at Paris,—funnels without spouts. “My *arrosoir* is stopped up,” she says. She lets out water around the pavement of the room to lay the dust before sweeping. She looks

healthy and strong, but she does not appear to feast. She is sixteen, and receives one hundred and ten francs a year, having been hired at Christmas. A good girl, I am told, can get one hundred and fifty francs, or about thirty dollars, a year. Inside her wooden shoes Toinette wears short, woollen socks, which she calls *bottines*. In cold weather, she says that they wear woollen stockings and *bottines* too. Her wooden shoes are cut low in front, and have broad leather straps over the instep to keep them on; but some are cut high enough upon the instep to remain. These shoes, without the bands, can be bought for eleven sous; and the bands cost ten sous, and can be used for several pairs. Toinette's shoes last about three weeks! But, at this rate, *sabots* for a year would cost less than two dollars. I understand that the soles can be mended with nails. Toinette expects to be able to go to the fête a while on Sunday evening, but she says that it is not so beautiful as last year. "Why?" "There were not so many young men." "Why not?" "Some were gone to the army, and some said that they would not go."

This morning Pierre invites me out to see the men plough. In what relates to the arts of civilized life Paris is incomparable; but the ploughing that I see this morning is not more enlightened than ours.

The men are preparing the ground for rye; it is an orchard or nut ground,—a piece planted with chestnuts and walnuts. The men have been out since about five, and now, as it is approaching seven, they are ready for breakfast, for we do not have Parisian hours here. They had before ploughed the ground once with four oxen to a large heavy plough, resembling ours, which cost forty francs. With this they had turned up the sod, and they are now ploughing for the second time,—two oxen to one plough and two to another,

one plough following immediately after the other. These ploughs are of rude construction, the timber not being well smoothed, looking as if they might have made them themselves, and having apparently only one piece of iron,—a long narrow piece, which enters the mould and disturbs it. These simple ploughs cost ten francs apiece. The oxen do not wear a yoke, but a stick or little log across their heads, behind the horns, and fastened to them by leather straps. Where the strap passes over the forehead there is a cushion to protect the skin. They are very quickly unhitched and turned out to grass when the men go to breakfast. Although they are now ploughing,—making use of the spare time between haying,—yet they will not sow the rye until fall, and will plough twice more before planting.

I have mentioned that nut-trees are planted where the men are ploughing. Walnuts are said to be more profitable than chestnuts or fruits: they bear better, or are more regular than the chestnuts. They are what we call English walnuts; and from them oil is made for salad. They are worth from two to three francs the double decalitre, about fifty cents the half bushel. Assorted chestnuts are worth about seventy cents the half bushel, and smaller ones about forty cents. When we consider the large size of French chestnuts, this seems very cheap.

It is the farmer or a couple of his men that I have seen ploughing as above described. The farmer is a granger,—that is, he divides the crops; but if he paid in money, he would be called a renter. He is unmarried, and his mother keeps house. She cannot read and write. She cannot believe that I have come from America,—so far,—and wants to know whether America is a part of France. The farmer's house is behind ours. It is a cottage divided in two, one division being the stable. We go in here and see

three thrifty calves tied in the back part; while in a corner in the front end is the decent-looking bed of one of the men, who sleeps here to take care of the cattle during the night.

Mrs. Lesmontagnes is a very neat housekeeper,—more orderly than I should be,—but as yet I see no looking-glass, nor a bit of carpet in the house, not even the rag carpet often used in my native land. To-day I see her eating a slice of bread with a bit of cheese, a little old, as she says, —*un peu passé*. I remark to Pierre that she might be willing to allow herself a little luxury, but he says that she will not. However, she has one small one,—her pinch of snuff. She does most of her cooking upon the hearth, the chimney being much like our ancient ones, but not enclosed below, so there are no chimney corners. This morning Nerva, the lean hunting-dog, is warming himself, lying almost in the ashes, for the weather is cool enough. In the chimney-place a strong chain hangs down, to which the pot is hung, and other pots stand around the small fire. To prepare my breakfast coffee Mrs. L. makes a little charcoal fire in one of the shallow grates of a range, which has five such. They buy charcoal. In the winter they live in her sleeping-room, which has an ancient tile floor, two beds, and a little stove.

CHAPTER XVII.

AROUND my room are hanging some simple engravings and drawings. One is a stiff, dandified individual,—if I may use the phrase,—who wears a sash, but no orders; his right hand rests upon his hip, and his left holds an open scroll,—“Constitution of 1848.” It is Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, President of the French Republic, born at Paris in 1808. He had quite a history before and after he was forty. What are the politics of this family of Lesmontagnes,—once Bonapartist, now republican? I remember how one of my Irish friends has told of the caution which young men who are friends, and desire to remain so, must use in his native land when one of them is Protestant and the other Catholic, and how they must never discuss politics nor religion; and, as I desire to remain friendly with the people here, I wish to try and do the same. I am sincerely glad to have obtained this place, which suits me admirably. These people impress me as very truthful.

I go into the chapel to-day. It stands in one corner of the garden, and the floor is level with the ground, or nearly so. The walls are painted with Scripture scenes,—old paintings retouched, and not elegant. There is, too, an ornamented altar or shrine; and in the window, a fragmentary inscription tells that a young branch of the family of De Chambre made and caused to paint this chapel in 1693.

To-day I say something to madame about my being able to see myself in one of her pots, and this permits me to bring up the subject of a glass. She tells me that she has

a large one and will let me see it. Behold, it is an ancient one in her room, about fifteen inches by two feet in size, having a narrow gilt frame, and set in the woodwork of the chimney-piece or partition. Madame lends me for my room a very small one, which I have unless some one else wants it.

On our walk yesterday we picked up a few of the edible snails, and Mrs. L. is so good as to fry them for me. I may safely say that they do not equal fried oysters. They are tough. In the spring-time you can gather a basketful along the lanes, beneath the vineyards, and among the vines and under the cabbages, for they love cabbage much.

This afternoon we have a delightful walk, climbing a hill near the house, whence we can see a number of villages and the town of R., where I left the railroad. On our way to the hill we find a little party from the village out "tasting the country." One says that they are keeping up the fête of last Sunday and Monday. They have at least one bottle in their basket. Among them is a young man, who, as Pierre tells me, is from Paris, and is at home for the fête. He is coachman, Pierre adds, in a family where his father and mother were before him; and I can judge whether it is a rich family when the mangers are of marble and the stop-cocks of silver!

Climbing the hill, we come to a region of small pines,—a spot never cultivated. Close by are quantities of ferns, intermingled with the purple foxglove, which grows wild and fine. When partly up the hill we hear singing, and Pierre tells me that it is a shepherdess; and there she is near the top, with a pair of goats and several cows and calves. She has her knitting, and is very clean and tidy, except that her sack has a few cherry-stains. She has been up here since three or four in the afternoon, and is to stay

until nightfall; but she comes down when we do. Pierre talks *patois* with her. She belongs to a family of their good neighbors. I cannot persuade her to sing again, but she joins us and helps Pierre to pick huckleberries for me. They are growing thickly here, but are very low, and are more acid than ours. She also helps to pick flowers, and when she puts them into my bag cries out, and wants to throw away the caterpillars—*les chenilles*, as she calls the insects—that I am preserving, and that are eating a plant. She gives me a little flower that she calls *Polygale*, and Pierre calls the foxglove, *Digitale*. Somehow we get to talking about the dancing on Sunday, and one or both of them say that it would be no use for their *curé*, or parish priest, to talk to them about not dancing on Sunday, for they would not mind him. I speak to them of a strict sect that we have at home, opposed to music and dancing, and we speak of the Sabbath of the Jews. One or both of them think that the Catholic is the least severe religion. Speaking of Jews, Pierre says that at Besançon there is a very elegant synagogue; and again I have the feeling of our being put upon a level with Jews, or below them. Coming down the hill, I say to Pierre that it seems best not to discuss religious differences. He tells me that his young brother Henri took the prize at the examination, of which I have before noticed the certificate. He adds that there were eleven applicants from their township, and only four passed. There was no girl among the applicants. However, from the next township a girl passed,—the daughter of the teacher. He can take me to visit their own school, which is congreganist, not laic,—that is, it is taught by the clergy. He tells me that these school examinations began two or three years after the fall of the Empire, but not immediately, because for a while every-

thing was in confusion at that time. They are not held in every town, but picked scholars go up for examination.

Coming down we pass the house of the shepherdess, and see where vines have been planted with much labor. The ground has been deeply turned, and stone has come to the surface, which has been broken rather coarser, I judge, than for macadamizing. Farther down this stony bit ceases, and the ground looks better; but Pierre tells me that stony ground suits the vine. Cabbages, beans, and pumpkins are planted in the same ground, the vines being as yet very small. As we go home, Pierre points out to me the cattle belonging to their farm, which are pasturing at a distance; while near the house the little cousin is tending our own cow, goat, and sheep. I ask him whether the farmer can put by something every year. Yes, he can; and he can lend it in the neighborhood at five per cent., or he can buy government securities at about four and a half.

When we get home supper is ready, and I find myself very happy among these people. Among other things at supper I have a bowl of vermicelli, boiled in water, and milk and butter added; also some of those fine cherries, gathered apparently on my account. When I am requested to say what I would like, I speak about our eating butter on bread, but madame says that she has only one cow now, and churns about once a fortnight. They have for their supper a soup made of some peas and bits of bread, and, I believe, butter. When they have not meat in their soup they put in butter or lard,—*graisse*. Here let me add that before I leave, Mrs. L. gives me butter for my bread. At supper I drink piquette, which is a slightly acid and not a disagreeable drink. A difficulty arises in the mind of Henri, the youngest son, as to how they are going to sell wine if every one gives up drinking it.

Friday, July 5th.—Madame asks me this morning whether I am willing to take a meagre or lenten dinner, as they are Catholics. I say, "Oh, yes!" and Pierre afterwards invites me to go and see him take carp. He has let the water out of the pool where they keep the largest, but he still has some difficulty in getting them out of the mud and the little water that remains. Our dinner is very far from being a slender one. Pierre and I again take it together in the dining-room, but other meals we eat in the kitchen. We dine first upon an excellent omelet, much larger than some I saw at Paris, and dressed with a quantity of butter; then come carp,—one for me and one for him,—fresh from the water, sweet, fried in oil; and we have quite a variety at dessert. Here we have small plates with pictures on them. One is of a woman in a fancy dress, putting her arms around the neck of an astonished individual; while another man, in a harlequin dress and with a half mask, stands by. We also see the backs of two sober individuals, a man and a woman, who are walking away. Beneath is printed, "Sir, you inspire me with confidence; save me from the dangers that threaten my virtue at the masked ball; take me away quickly." "To your parents?" "No; to the restaurant." I tell Pierre, who is at the table with me, that we can let young ladies ride with young gentlemen, but that we do not have such things as these in decent houses. He says that they have some that are worse, and hastens to bring them. He adds that they use them, unless the curé is there, and that the people laugh at them. But when madame comes in she says that she would not have bought them if she had seen what they were.

To-day Pierre and I have a great deal of conversation, he being assigned to me as a companion or guide. Their farm is divided in this manner: in vines, ten acres; in

meadow, twenty; in rye, twenty, in wheat, five; in potatoes, five; in oats, two and a half; in colza, sometimes two and a half, but this year none. Colza or cole ought to be next in value to the vines, but it does not always succeed, on account of dry weather in the fall and the frosts of spring. There is, too, a black insect that eats the flowers, and only about one year in ten is it a good crop. It does much better in the north. The lamps which the family carry about are filled with colza oil, but there is a handsome one in which they have petroleum, which burns clearer and is cheaper.

Maize, or Indian corn, is also planted here, but only to feed green to cows and other cattle. It is generally cut at the height of about two and one-quarter feet, and fed to the animals in their stables. It is rarely dried. Grass-seed is never sown; but after having cultivated a field and gathered a harvest, whether of wheat, rye, or oats, then they do not fatigue the ground, even in the plains, the next year, but permit the natural grasses to grow, of which there are different kinds, and here animals are pastured by a shepherd or shepherdess, and usually a shepherd dog,—pastured from five to ten in the morning, and three to eight in the evening.

The meadows here are never tilled. They endeavor to water them; and if there be no stream and they can discover a spring, they make there a deep pool, and conduct the water by means of a ditch. Pierre adds, "You can see the meadows upon the hillsides crossed lengthwise by ditches, which are to conduct the water. There are meadows in France which have not been cultivated for perhaps one thousand years. I suppose that ours has not been for three hundred." The meadows are rarely manured, because almost all the manure is used for the vines, which pay

better. The owner takes, yearly, one-third of the manure for the wheat and two-thirds for the vines. He does not try so much to put money at interest as to plant more vines and buy more land. There are proprietors who are ruined in various ways, and often these are persons who have inherited lands or money; they ruin themselves by idleness, drunkenness, gaming, and running about.

But to return to the meadows. Twice a year the grass upon them is cut, the latter time in September or October, and after that, animals are allowed to graze upon them until snow falls. Sometimes, but not often, if the grass has not grown well in certain spots, it will not be cut the second time, but left for the cattle. There are dry places where the grass cannot be cut twice. Generally, by the beginning of June the water ceases to run in the ditches.

This farm is upon a hill. Vines are as profitable here as in the plain, but not grass and grain. The average production of the vines is about four hundred and twenty-four gallons to the acre, worth, when newly fermented, about four hundred and fifty francs. The annual expense per acre, including food and vintage, is eighty francs; but I suppose that this makes no allowance for the value of the land. The average production of wheat is about thirteen and one-half bushels per acre.

Pierre says that their shepherd dog is worth one hundred francs; but his mother tells me that he is worth fifty; that her son values him so high because he loves him, but that he is getting old now; once, indeed, he was worth that sum. The farmer's mother tells me that a first-rate hired man now earns about eighty dollars a year. The farmer's brother, her other son, has to go for a soldier, but the lot has been favorable,—he is only obliged to stay away a year. Neither the farmer nor his brother knows how to write. Their

mother tells me that Mrs. Lesmontagnes's sons are learned, and Pierre is quite so for one who has only been to the village school. I am told that the reason that the farmer's family is so ignorant is that they are from the mountains.

Pierre tells me to-day that the curés—the priests—make much outcry against working and dancing on Sunday, and much against those men who frequent restaurants on that day. Instead, the curés desire them to pray, and in the afternoon and evening, after the services, to take some recreation, by walking out, by playing bowls or cards, which they play themselves; but people will not listen to them: they sing, they dance, and in the evening the restaurants are full of men, who drink coffee, with the little glass of spirits, or lemonade, beer, wine, brandy, cognac, rum. The brandy, or *eau de vie*, is sometimes made from carrots, potatoes, and rye, mixed and distilled. Cognac distilled from pressed grapes is much stronger. Rum is made in Normandy; when they boil the syrup of the beets, the scum is taken for this purpose. Brown sugar is not eaten here, Pierre says (but only refined sugars), nor did I see it upon the table in Paris; but I afterwards see a little in the north.

My walk this afternoon is with Madame L., who takes me to her sister's. We see a load of nice hay coming in to a farm-house, drawn by two cows. Walking with madame, a subject of talk is still the vines. It is now the season to tie them. She tells me that when they are three years old you must begin to stake them. It is customary to take the stakes up in the autumn, and to sharpen them and replace them in the spring, if they are good enough; remember how scarce wood is. But at the age of seven years the vine is strong enough to support itself. Before the branches run out and clasp each other it is necessary to tie them; this is done with wisps of straw, by which all the branches be-

longing to one vine are tied together. They are manured during the winter; there is never enough manure for all the vines, and they generally prefer to manure the new ones, which give more fruit. The vines must be cultivated four times a year. The phylloxera has not troubled them here.

Every third or fourth year all the trees in France that do not bear fruit are cut, their branches being trimmed, and sometimes the top taken off too. This is done in August or September. The Lesmontagnes throw the brush down at the wood-pile, and feed the goat, and sometimes the sheep, with the leaves during the winter. Even in the spring or summer, before the goat went out to pasture, they would throw her down a fagot, and she would nibble away.

Saturday, July 6th.—Pierre tells me that the French liked the war with Germany in the beginning, because they thought they were going to conquer. They went out singing *La Marseillaise* and *Ninety-Three*, even when going to slaughter at the mouth of the cannon. But that war cost France the lives of three hundred thousand men, of whom more died by disease than in battle.

Victor spoke of the song *Ninety-Three*, and he gets Henri, his youngest brother, to write it for me. Henri heads it "Patriotic Song." It speaks of course of the year 1793, during their first Revolution. It tells us that ninety-three shone upon the world like a day-dawn,—like a sublime meteor in the night,—and transformed a nation of serfs into a powerful people. But from the frontiers a savage cry demands the destruction of our pride, and that we shall return to slavery,—we, the sons of liberty. But, proud citizens all, to your borders! To arms against the strangers!

Every Frenchman is a volunteer when his native land is in danger. The second verse says, "Music sounds, and the alarm-gun sends forth its powerful call; every man is a soldier and finds a weapon. They set out chanting a solemn hymn. Close your ranks, impious nobles! for the people, too, will produce gallant men: when one must die for his native land he has no need of ancestors. Then, proud citizens all, to your borders!" etc.

A portion of the third verse says, "Rather than again to see tyranny with its shackles and its rags, rather a hundred times would we lose our lives. Then, people, form your battalions; and, proud citizens all, to your borders!" etc.

The fourth verse begins: "Behold in a few days fourteen armies; but all is wanting,—arms, shoes, and food. They are hungering for victory, and the enemy shall be their magazine." The remainder of the verse is doubtless of modern manufacture: "To-morrow thy sons, O beloved France! shall bring Prussia to thy knees; and thou wilt say to thy army, My children, I am pleased with you. Then, proud citizens all, to your borders! To arms against the foreigners!" etc.

This Saturday morning madame went very early to market at the village, carrying eggs and two ducks; but when she has a larger load, Henri goes with her to help carry it. When madame gets home she is quite warm. She waits a while, and then takes the everlasting bowl of soup. In it are some sweet-peas, bits of carrot, and bread. As I had a bowl at supper last night, I am able to judge of the quality, and I do not ask for more. She moves her lips and crosses herself, but can answer a question at once. I never see the boys cross themselves before a meal.

Women do not work the gardens here as the "Pennsylvania Dutch" do. These rich farmers have neither tomatoes, cucumbers, nor melons. Pierre says that to have them would cost the labor of another man; but it seems to me that if they greatly desired them the boys could cultivate them. Cucumbers and tomatoes will grow without glass, but not melons, I hear. Pierre has told me that they have a saying that nothing is so stupid as a true Parisian: he drinks wine and eats bread, but he knows nothing of how they are produced. And while gathering bits of talk, I will here add that the people who were out from the village "tasting the country" came here to see the chapel; and madame tells me that they thought I was a *demoiselle*, or unmarried, because I wore no ring.

I have laughed with the family here about my fears in coming, and have told them that I have before written that one thing which the French need is to tell the truth, but that I find them candid.

Pierre tells me that the French soldier receives his board and clothing and one sous a day, but I afterwards hear that the artillery-men or the cavalry receive two sous! Here the soldier has at five in the morning a cup of coffee without milk, but with a little sugar. At nine he has soup, meat, and bread,—his daily allowance of meat being a little over twelve ounces,—and he does not find himself over-fed. Of bread he has something more than one and a half pounds a day, besides what is in his soup. At five in the summer afternoon, and at four in the winter, he receives again soup, meat, and bread. This meal on Sundays is more of a feast, for he has a ragout of potatoes or mutton (perhaps it is of both). Except his morning coffee, the soldier is allowed

nothing to drink but water, with the addition, for three months in the summer, of syrup of Calabria,—a sort of preparation of chocolate,—which he adds to the water.

This commune or township of Boissières forms part of the canton of St. Jean, as we will call it. The cantonal town is also called St. Jean; and here is the office of the justice of the peace, the post-office, and a little well-built stone barrack for four soldiers, called *gens d'armes*, and their commander, called a brigadier. It is they who take up people who have offended against the laws.

Several cantons together form an arrondissement. The chief town in our arrondissement we will call Romilies. It has about twenty thousand people, and here resides a sub-prefect, or, as we may say, lieutenant-governor. Here, too, is a grand tribunal, where important cases are tried employing lawyers; and in Romilies there is, too, a military division of about five hundred men, with a new stone barrack, enclosing a large court-yard. It takes three of these arrondissements to form our department of L—. In the chief city of the department (we will call it St. Martin) resides the prefect, who is appointed, not elected like our governors. There are over eighty departments in France, and the one in which I now am is similar in size to the State of Connecticut. In the chief city of this department there are over one hundred thousand people, and here are two great stone barracks, containing four thousand soldiers.

To Pierre I am indebted for most of the above, and he adds that if there were no soldiers in Paris we should see assassinations every day. In all the great cities, he adds, there would be civil war if there were no soldiers. (He is a young man; I give his opinion.) “See how long,” he says, “the silk-workers at Lyons have been short of work, and

you may be very sure that there would be riots if there were no soldiers there. . How can you prevent thefts, murders, and riots in your great towns without soldiers?" Here I endeavor to explain to him how, in cases of riot, our governors call out volunteers (I should have said militia). "We could not wait," he says, "for volunteers—for the army of the reserve—twenty-four hours; for if there were a great riot at Paris or at Lyons, there would be barricades in the streets, the rioters would have seized the arsenals and supplied themselves with cannon, guns, and munitions; and how, madame, would you keep your kingdom from being overthrown by such people?"

I endeavor to show him what insignificant things, comparatively, are our arsenals. I tell him that we are a republic, upon a broad foundation; we are not afraid of being overturned.

"But that will come one day, madame. I assure you, madame, that your republic will not last three hundred years; it will divide of itself, you may be sure, when your people become more numerous and more unfortunate. The Roman republic was overthrown: it was civil wars that overthrew it." "But what do you think of the Swiss republic, sir?" "I think that it may last a long time; it is a very small country, and its people are all of the same nation." "But they speak three different tongues and are divided in religion, and they had a civil war lately,"—I should have said serious difficulties. "But their country is too small to divide, while yours is very great," says Pierre. "What," I ask, "do you think of your own republic?" "I think that if we can have a good army and republican chiefs we shall long be able to preserve it." "But see, sir, it was by means of the army that the two Napoleons overthrew your republics: the Roman armies chose a general to be sena-

tor, and sent word to the senate to confirm it." "But the history of civilization," he adds, "is a ball always turning. Nations become civilized like the Persians, Greeks, and Romans, and then that passes away. All those ancient civilizations passed away, and so will many others." "But, sir, you have not much hope for the human race." "I do not hope that there will ever be a man who can control the sun. Do you think that the human race is always progressing? Then they would equal God."

Afterwards I ask him whether it would not be better to take all this money that great armies cost—all these fortifications, these barracks, these munitions of war—and give it to the poor.

"That would be better, indeed," he admits, "if we could do without them."

I tell him of that saying of General Grant about all the world's becoming one nation, speaking one language, and war's being no more. "And how long will it take to bring about that state of things?" I inquire; "and even then we shall be far enough from controlling the sun."

But perhaps their frequent changes have made them less hopeful, like people living in a volcanic region.

On another occasion Pierre says that there would not be a republic here now if it were not for the army. He or some other person I meet in France tells me that the republican ascendancy is owing to their opponents being divided. There are now three candidates for a throne,—the descendant of the old Bourbon line, Henry V., count of Chambord; the descendant of Louis Philippe, or the Orleans branch; and the son of Louis Napoleon.*

* Since the above conversation was held, the elections have proved very favorable to the republicans.

Pierre has an aunt living near us. He tells me that her husband is not a republican because he has a brother who is a curé, and he says that there will not be order under a republican government. Thus we see that I have not succeeded in avoiding the subject of politics with Pierre; let us see how it will be with religion.

While I am sitting on the front porch this afternoon, there comes in the young shepherdess whom we saw upon the hill. She cries while she tells us about her mother, who has fallen from a cherry-tree, and they have had to send for a doctor, and how she herself has been up since half-past three, and has been to market. Madame afterwards praises their young neighbor much, speaking of her goodness and her industry. "Did you see how she cried," she says, "about her mother's being hurt?"

I inquire of Mrs. L. upon a different subject, and she informs me that unmarried women here who have children can recover nothing from the father if they are over eighteen; they are then considered to be old enough to take care of themselves. It may be remembered that I met at Paris persons who desire that a law shall be passed to prove paternity. If they do not care in France to protect women, they might be willing to protect the community from the expense of fatherless children. Mrs. L. further tells me that there are years that no illegitimate children are born in this commune. I speak to her about the great number at Paris, and she says that there is no city in the world so debauched as Paris, and that they say that the girls who have done leading a good life go there. None

of this family have been to that great city : the proportion of French people who have visited their capital is not great.

I further understand from what Mrs. L. says that if men here do whip their wives, if the women have domestic troubles, they do not complain of their husbands to the judge of peace and have them bound over. This justice of the peace lives in the cantonal town of St. Jean. He gives an audience every Monday. The principal troubles are about boundary-lines,—there being no fences,—and about water in the ditches to water the meadows.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sunday, July 7th.—This is the second Sunday of the festival of St. Peter, or our village fête. There are three masses this morning, the last at ten o'clock.

I observe the church-bells much more than those who have always heard them. The church is in the village, about a mile off, and at evening we hear the Angelus. In the early morning, before five, our church-bell can be heard, as well as that of the next village, and our chimes sound on Saturday evening. These awake enthusiasm in me, but none in the people here. They have rung under republic, king, emperor, republic. But many of the church-bells were broken and the churches demolished in "'93." Was it because then patriotism was stronger than the sentiment of religion? or was it because the ministers of their religion were joined with the nobility to bring in foreign armies? For three years the churches were closed.

I remarked lately before Mrs. Lesmontagnes that our government does not support churches, but that we let all those who believe in these different religions pay for their support. This appears to produce an argument in *patois* between madame and her eldest son; and I have thought that it sounded brutal to her, as it would to me, to hear an Englishman say, "I don't believe in the government's supporting schools; let every one who wants education pay for it." I am very fearful of a religious discussion with Mrs. L., but when I have a good opportunity I ask Pierre what was the subject. He tells me that his mother said, "Now you see that what — said was true when he sent here to raise money to build a church in America." Habitually the family speak *patois*,—or *jargouin*, as they call it,—but to me they speak good French. I suppose that the *patois* is easier from not having so many difficult grammatical forms. And there are generally enough words that I understand for me to catch the subject.

Last evening Toinette combed and braided Mrs. L.'s hair, as if to be ready for early mass this morning. Madame has black hair, and wears a thick white cap. Were it not for the ruffle on her cap, her little ear-rings, and her slender wedding-ring, she might pass for one of the plain "Dutch" women among whom I live in Pennsylvania; and in character she is not unlike them, in her industry and economy. They, however, are very Protestant,—descendants often of Swiss Anabaptists. Mrs. Lesmontagnes walked over to early mass, and later in the morning she had Henri, the youngest, to go, and the little niece. Toinette went also; so that madame was working alone for a while at the Sunday dinner,—a much better meal for them than the week-day one.

At the breakfast-table they did not scruple to speak of the

father of Jeanette, their little cousin,—how he was *abrutit*, or so brutalized that he would drink three weeks without eating. This, however, is brought up as an argument that wine is nourishing. On the same point, one of them had before maintained that those eat less who drink wine, telling me that mountaineers who have no wine eat half as much again; but I turn the point the other way, that those who do not drink wine have a better appetite. I ask them whether those mountaineers are not strong and hardy, and it is granted that they are. To-day, Henri, the youngest, maintains that those who do not drink wine have not so much vigor; they may have as much strength, but they are not so active. “Oh, madame, when one drinks wine, that makes one lively and active!” he says. He is quite handsome, and looks very well to-day when I see him, perhaps for the first time, without his hat. On the question of strength, I tell him that I should like to have them tried with some of our harvest-hands at home that do not use intoxicating drink. They tell me that most men cannot drink for three weeks, as little Jeanette’s father did, for they have not the means; but they can drink for several days, until they have spent all their money, and then sleep and go to work. Madame afterwards tells me that her brother-in-law did not waste his means by drunkenness; he knew well how to manage when he was not drunk, but his drunkenness caused his death. His legs swelled, and if he had wounds they did not heal. They have told me that there is a family here where both the father and mother get drunk, and they have a little one. “And what does she do,” I ask, “when both are drunk?” “She goes to the neighbors to get something to eat.” Madame has before told me that there is not the want here that there is at Paris; for if any persons in the village are in need, one

takes one thing and another takes another, until they are well supplied.

The weather has been much cooler here than I anticipated, but this Sunday morning the warm air, the smell of the vines in blossom, with the sound of the church-bell, are pleasant. The farmer's mother comes over, and wants me to sit down, and takes a seat herself, for a little gossip with us. She wants to know again from Mrs. L. whether America is a part of France. She says that I am thin, and I reprove her for not being complimentary. She offers me a pinch of snuff, and seems to be somewhat troubled at my not wearing a cap. She is a mountaineer from a neighboring department.

While the sons are away to-day, I ask Mrs. Lesmontagnes for whom they vote. She replies that they vote for deputies, but cannot be sure about senators. I ask whether I cannot inquire at the farmer's. "No," she answers; "they are ignorant. When it is time to vote, my sons have to tell them who are the republicans." She shrugs her shoulders, and adds, "It is not possible to get information there." There are a brother-in-law and two sons in the family, none of whom can both read and write,—nor can Toinette, our hired girl,—and yet Mrs. L. speaks of them as desirable persons, and says that the farmer can put by something every year.

Towards dinner-time I go out upon the front porch, and find seated there, back to the court-yard and facing the house, a true specimen of the genus loafer, with grizzly beard and red face. He has a large piece of *brioche*, or plain cake, a glass, and a pitcher of wine. I ask Mrs. L. why she gave him wine, knowing that they are choice of it. "He asked for it," she replies. "He did not ask for bread." "But why did you not put water into it?" "He

would not have drunk it." "But why, when he looks like a drinking man, did you give him wine?" "To get rid of him. He will drink all that." She was alone; but soon I hear the voice of little Jeanette, who has got back from church. The drunkard is a man they know. He came here once when they were shifting the wine, and drank fourteen small tumblers, having before drunk a quart at the farmer's. If he had been drunk now, they say that he would not have eaten bread: he would only drink wine from place to place. It surprises me to hear how freely they speak of him in his hearing.

Being Sunday, we have a feast at dinner; and, what is more remarkable, Mrs. D. and one of the younger sons who is at home come into the dining-room to eat with Pierre and me. First, Mrs. L. has a *potage* of vermicelli; second, boiled beef and carrots; third, stewed cabbage, with two young pigeons taken off of the nest; fourth, a chicken,—the abominable woman taking the head and neck for herself. She had before spoken of liking the gizzard, but she does not get it. Then we have some sweet cakes and cherries for me,—I do not think they care a great deal about this fruit,—and then there is black coffee and rum.

We are going to the village fête. The dancing does not begin until five in the afternoon, and ceases at midnight. Perhaps we had a greater dinner because this is the festival day. We are going to leave only little Jeanette in the house. But what about that man who was here? "Oh, there is no danger of him," says Mrs. L. "He would never do any harm. I have seen him drunk fifty times. I have seen him lying in the middle of the road. But he would never hurt anybody, you see." His profession is repairing clocks and watches.

Having a private opportunity, I ask Pierre what he and

his mother were saying lately about the Virgin of Lourdes. He explains thus: last Sunday was their village festival,—being the feast of St. Peter, their patron. It was also one of the movable feasts of the Church,—the feast of God, or the feast of the holy sacrament. It was really the second Sunday of the feast of the sacrament, and the first Sunday of the village festival, to-day being the second. It appears that the curé, or priest, did not want to go through the village last Sunday with his procession and pass by the preparations for the other festival, so he went in another direction, down by the pretty brook; and one of the *reposoirs*, or places where the sacrament rested, was a representative of Our Lady of Lourdes, which some man in the village had got up.

Mrs. Lesmontagnes accompanies me part-way this afternoon, but does not go into the village to the fête. She says nothing about it; but perhaps she is too serious. She takes me to her sister's, and her sister takes me to the village. Mrs. L. and I meet two or three nuns, who are out taking a quiet walk. She says that they would not go through the village on a fête-day: they would rather walk to one side.

At her sister's we find guests. The son, who is a soldier at Romilies, has come over to the festival with three of his fellow-soldiers. The dinner-table is not yet cleared, and the sister, Madame A., insists on my taking something. Will I not take coffee, or spirits of peppermint,—*alcool à menthe*? At last, to get clear, I take some wine and water, and then our two hosts and Mrs. Lesmontagnes and I all touch glasses. As Mr. A. (the brother-in-law), and Mrs. A., and I are going to the village, we see people at work in the field at the hay. I notice it; and Mr. A.—he whose brother is a curé—speaks against such things being done on Sunday. His manner is not methodistical; it is

more like reproof, mingled with a sense of greater importance. It could not have been from ideas concerning the Lord's day, like those of most Protestants, or he would not have gone to the village fête. When we arrive at the village, the most remarkable thing about the fête is its entire want of religious character; another remarkable thing is that the *gens d'armes* shut the restaurants at midnight. These doubtless are those soldiers from our cantonal town of whom I have lately spoken. This fête makes me think worse of the people, partly because it is so puerile. Mrs. A. takes me to see the sights; Mr. A. doubtless finds friends at one of the restaurants, or in some of the private houses, as private persons in the village generally keep open house for their friends during the festival. One of the first things that we visit is the lotteries. Mrs. A. calls my attention to the "beautiful things" exposed at one of these booths, which things are mostly of earthenware and glass; there are spoons too, and in one a French clock. The second one I think more magnificent. Here is an upright wheel of fortune, and the woman in charge is giving out cards; price, two sous, I believe. When ready, she gives her wheel a turn or two, and proclaims the winning number, and then a rustic comes up closer and receives a neat pair of candlesticks; they look like plated ware, but are clumsy; are they not glass prepared in some way? At the third lottery booth, the things to be raffled for are on revolving tables. At the most beautiful one you have to pay ten sous for a chance, and there are more chances of gaining, and if you happen to get that little flag on the edge, you may make your own choice. When we arrive here, the woman in charge whispers to Mrs. A.; I suspect that she wants her to get me to take something. Mrs. A. calls my attention to the elegance of a basin and

pitcher on the summit of one of the piles ; they are larger than those in my room at Mrs. Lesmontagnes', and I tell her that it would not be convenient for me to take them to America, which she is quite ready to grant.

One of the first things that I notice at the fête is the riding-house of the wooden horse,—*manège du cheval de bois*. In the centre of a canopy is an upright post, from which branch out arms, each supporting one or two little wooden horses. On these children are seated. In the centre a horse plods around, and causes the whole to revolve. Mrs. A. says that the horse is blinded, so that his head shall not be turned. In the middle, a man is making music in some manner, and I sympathize with a little girl who is sitting up to a large drum and beating it with her lean arms. I wonder how many hours she has got to beat. Before some of the restaurants groves have been improvised by sticking up pine branches ; before another men are drinking in the open air,—wine ! wine ! red wine ! They do not appear to make white wine here. Then there are two dancing-floors in the village, like ours at picnics. I go to one where they are waltzing, and I believe that they have the identical brass band of three pieces that I saw at the wedding in the restaurant. There is one little room, opposite to the *tobacco-office*, where a piper or player on the flageolet seems to be playing for what he is paid on the spot ; he is a jolly-looking individual of about sixty. There he pipes away, while some of the elderly people dance *La Bourrée*, an old French dance, very simple. There is one very tidy woman, in a white cap, with a good dark skin, and nose somewhat aquiline, who dances abundantly. When she has done, her partners generally kiss her on both cheeks, for this seems to be the rule of the dance. There is here an animation more interesting to me than the ever-

lasting waltzes and polkas, if such they are, in the more fashionable dancing-floors. I see the woman mentioned dance three times or more. I should have been pleased with her, although so much absorbed in her dancing, if I had not afterwards heard that she could drink a good cup. She is about fifty.

These stone-paved streets are nearly destitute of sidewalks. We meet a quantity of people, mostly simple folks like ourselves. But here are three or four gentlemen abreast,—persons of importance; one is the notary. I do not think that the ladies come. It looks strange, in the midst of the festival, to see a man driving through the street with a load of wood; it contrasts much with the holiday-time.

Pierre afterwards tells me events of the previous Monday, the second day of the festival.

The young men of this commune raised a subscription to pay the expenses of the banquet on Monday, the music, and the fireworks. At nine on Monday morning they go on foot to all the principal houses of the commune or township, carrying *brioche*s, or great cakes like crowns, made with flour, butter, and eggs, but without sugar. They are accompanied by all the musicians, and at every house they give a little serenade and a *brioche*. The least that they receive at any house is five francs; Monsieur du Soleil,—Count du Soleil,—who has a grand house upon the hill in this township, gives every year fifty francs, and sometimes they take him a Savoy cake, which is richer. Generally eight hundred francs are raised, but this year only four hundred. By one o'clock they are back at the village for the banquet, the tables being set in a restaurant or on a dancing-floor. From twenty to one hundred and twenty young men partake; the number depends on their having

been united: if they have had no disagreement concerning the fête or other matters there may be one hundred and twenty at table. The parents of the young ladies do not allow them to be there; that is not good manners.

The young men, having selected a suitable spot, went out to fire at a mark, the prizes being foulard neckerchiefs. Another of the games of Monday was firing with the cross-bow at a row of pipes, at one sou a time. He who broke one of the pipes gained a pipe or a cigar. Pierre says that he gained every time, and then the merchant begged him not to fire any more, as there are generally three who miss to one who hits. There is one game which I here request all French republicans to discontinue. Let not republican Frenchmen at the close of the nineteenth century hang up a live goose for young men to ride under and see which will first get the head. But Pierre says that sometimes it is a dead bird.*

This Sunday evening Toinette, the domestic, goes off to the fête in spite of Mrs. L.'s remonstrance. She had told me that she thought she would not dance, as her father is dead; and I see that she wears black. But she says something to Mrs. Lesmontagnes about wanting to try the lottery; and it is strongly suspected also that she danced. She gets back about one in the morning with a party composed of Charles Lesmontagnes, the farmer or his brother, and their servant and her brother. Henri Lesmontagnes, the youngest, came home earlier. The wooden horses were

* While revising this manuscript for publication, I see an account of a chicken-fight in Virginia at which persons from Pennsylvania assisted.

going the whole evening, I hear, but the poor girl did not drum all the time: she was transferred to the cymbals.

Monday morning, July 8th.—We had a fine rain last night, and the vines will grow well in this gravelly soil in the garden. Mrs. L. tells me that the farmer had three loads of hay out in the meadow, and when it rained he hurried, and they hitched up oxen and cows and got one load in, but the rain came on, so that they could not get in the rest, and they took out straw to cover it, and were up all night. No wonder that Mrs. L. approves them. Jeanette, the little niece, has gone this morning to school. She stayed at home a while on account of the hay-making, but now she must go again. Toinette was indulged this morning, being allowed to lie until five, instead of rising at four; now she has gone out to pasture the cow. Mrs. L. permits me to help with the breakfast dishes, and afterwards she cleans her sons' Sunday clothes. Then she brings the lilies from the chapel—withered ones—and puts them into a nice little stone bottle; she will put olive or walnut oil upon them to make a preparation for bruises, to last the whole year. At dinner Pierre takes a glass of piquette, saying that they had had too much wine the day before (the fête day). I look at Charles, and he has piquette too.

Pierre tells me for what officers they vote. They are the mayor and municipal counsellors (like the selectmen of a Massachusetts township). The only others for whom they can vote in all their country are one member of the council from every canton to be counsellor of the arrondissement, and one councilman-general from each canton to

go to St. Martin, the chief city of the department. (France is divided into over eighty of these departments, as I have said.) They vote also for deputies to go to Paris, this department sending seven. They do not vote directly for either senator or president.

This afternoon Pierre and I have a lovely walk along the pretty little river of Boissières, which here tumbles down its rocky bed and joins, not far from here, one of the great rivers of France. Beside the stream they are making one of their excellent roads to a mineral spring. Upon our way we meet the *agent voyé*, or he who inspects the work upon roads. He is on his return this afternoon, because, as he says, the workmen are making the wedding, and he can give no directions, because there are no men at work. Making the wedding means drinking wine all day; and, says Pierre, this is what the *ouvriers*—the workingmen of France—usually do every Monday. The men upon the public roads, and nearly all hand-workmen, work on Sunday until noon. They are at liberty to stop on Saturday, when they are paid, but very few do. He adds that the dancing-floor in the village was put up on the first Sunday of the fête. It is close to the church, and the curé could hear the noise of the hammers. I tell Pierre that the people in my country have an idea that the French Catholics are governed by their priests, but that it does not seem to be so. "But," I ask, "are not the women more so?" "Somewhat," he answers; "it was different before '93." "Do you think this an improvement?" "Yes, yes!" (Behold how I avoid the subject of religion!) Pierre continues to speak of the workingmen, saying that they begin to drink on the afternoon of Sunday, and continue until

Monday evening, and the *abrutis*, or degraded, until they have no more money. Close by us is a restaurant, whence we can hear the noise of the men, and one runs out with his trousers torn, as is not often seen in tidy France. I complain to Pierre of how they are wasting their money. "And suppose they did not spend it?" he replies; "we must always have workmen." I ask him who appointed this road-inspector. "The inspector-general of the department." "And who appoints him?" "The minister of public works." I tell him how we elect our supervisors of roads, but I do not convince him that it would be better for them to do so than to keep an experienced man.

I afterwards tell Mrs. L. about the men who were drinking, and she blames the contractor for allowing them to work on Sunday.

In one of my conversations with Pierre, something is said about their burying the dead so soon, and I want to know why it is done. But the burden is thrown upon me by the question, "And why do you keep the dead two days among you? We keep them only one day, except in cases of sudden death, without illness." He tells me too, doubtless in reply to some remark about the rich here marrying the rich, of a certain count whom he knows, who was a man of broken fortunes, and who married a woman possessing two million francs; but then, he adds, he had the stripes upon his sleeve, and to be an officer goes far.

To return to our afternoon walk;—when we get to the mineral spring we find the bottling going on, for here the people have to work.

We see two women on the bank of the pretty stream. One is washing clothes by dipping them into the cold water and rubbing them upon the stones. Pierre says that they will be well done. (Perhaps she had before

scalded them in lye.) We see a woman tying up the vines, and Pierre tells me that this and hay-making are the only field labors that women perform in this part of France; whereas in the south, where his brother Charles was when a soldier, they go out to work in all field labors and come in together, men and women. Afterwards Charles says that it is in hoeing and cultivating the vine that the women assist in that department of the Haute Garonne, near the Pyrenees; and he tells us that the men help the women to *make the kitchen*, or to do the housework.

Tuesday, July 9th.—This morning Mrs. Lesmontagnes is melting her butter. Lately, when about to fry potatoes, she appeared to have lard in her pan, and she took out a stoneware pot half full of a yellow substance which she said was butter, and of which she put a good quantity into her frying-pan. She said that it was melted, and allowed me to smell it. If it had not been melted and the scum removed, it would not remain sweet. As I now see Mrs. L. so slowly preparing her butter to put it away, we speak of rendering lard, and again Pierre and I differ. He renders lard himself for half a day, and thinks that otherwise it will not keep. I explain to him my more rapid manner, but fail to convince him. But if wood were as plentiful with them as with us, perhaps they would do the job more rapidly. We discuss, too, the subject of “making the kitchen” with butter; they tell me that it is more expensive than lard, but that they do not think lard equally good. I tell them of one of my relatives who would not allow pork in any form to come into his house. “He was a Jew,” says Pierre. I laugh and shake my head, saying that my relative did not consider pork wholesome. After-

wards I tell him that at Paris I began to see how these things are regarded here, but that many of our people would consider it an insult to be taken for a Jew. He tells me that it is considered that Jews resemble Catholics more than Protestants do. "Then you consider them above Protestants?" I ask. "Yes." "Worse and worse!" I say, laughing, and go away.

CHAPTER XIX.

July 9th.—Pierre and I go to visit the public schools in the village, if public I may call them. The boys' school is supported by the commune, who pay twenty-five hundred francs a year to four Little Brothers of Mary, or Marist monks. It is open ten months in the year, and although the Little Brothers receive lodging in the school building, in addition to their pay of nearly five hundred dollars, yet the four will hardly make beasts of themselves by high living. Theirs is a new stone house, but this building-stone looks much the same in the new and the old. Pierre and I enter the stone-paved yard, which has a well in the centre, with a stone curb and hood like ours, but, in addition, a grating in front to keep the children from falling in. Through the basement-window I catch a view of some working individual whom Pierre addresses. It is the Little Brother who makes the kitchen. We go up-stairs, and Pierre calls the principal out and takes off his hat, and says respectfully that here is some one who would like to visit the school,—an American lady. "And why or how?" There seems to be a doubt of my obtaining entrance. I mention

that I am an acquaintance of Mr. Chevalier, a person of importance here, who was formerly in Philadelphia. "Mr. Chevalier is at Paris," says the Brother. "Yes, I saw him there, and madame too, and I am to dine here with madame," I reply; and we are allowed to enter. The Little Brother wears a greasy skull-cap, and a long robe of black cloth, by no means new, and around his neck there is a string on which depends an image, apparently of lead. He is not a little brother in person: he is rather jolly-looking, having a round, reddish face; and he smells of snuff. He does not invite us to sit down; for why? As far as I see, there is only one chair. He hears that I am from North America; I was born in Philadelphia. He turns to the map of the world, but seems to have a difficulty in locating me. I point out. He asks the boys what ocean lies between, and they answer. I remark that I see intelligent eyes here, and I understand him to reply, "How! They are French." (Afterwards Pierre tells me that the Brother did not understand what I said about my origin, for he is very well informed.) I am not shown any exercises, nor invited to ask any questions. The boys are standing, doubtless to express respect; and then we go into the next room, where there is another Brother, with another black robe, not new, and another image. He is younger, and more shamefaced at receiving me. There is the same want of chairs, and I do not stay long, and we go down the outside steps to visit the third or lowest class, in the basement. The head Brother tells us, way-making, how they are crowded in the winter; and certainly it is not a very large building to accommodate one hundred and eighty pupils, and to lodge four Brothers besides, who are not very little. Their sleeping-rooms, I suppose, are in the story above the two school-rooms.

We go into the lowest class-room, where is a Brother, apparently the youngest and the most shamefaced of the three; and the children stand, and the head Brother tells me that here they learn the alphabet, and he picks up a flax-headed urchin of four years. He has one or two to read to me. Possibly he thinks this class adapted to my capacity. One reads painfully about Solomon's temple in a story-book from the Holy Bible; but another reads more glibly upon a subject of equal interest. When we go out, the head Brother asks me whether I am acquainted with bees; and behold what a nice double row of straw hives there is in a little shelter just beyond the school-yard! And we look over the stone wall down the hillside. Close to us lies their narrow strip of garden, with such nice salad and other things. A slight wire separates it from the vineyard beyond, and the Brother picks up a pebble and throws it over to show me the small size of their garden. He does not seem to feel rich. Pierre tells me that a curé gave this property to the commune for a school; or, rather, he gave eight thousand francs on condition that the school should be taught by the Marist Brothers, and, if not taught by them, the heirs will get it again.

And then we go a little, little way, and come to another house in the village, where the Sisters of St. Joseph keep the girls' school of the commune, where Jeanette, the small cousin, goes. It is not a public school like ours at home. No; scholars must pay if able. And in the boys' school they must pay for books, which they can buy from the Brothers. We are received at the girls' school by two of the Sisters in their black dresses and white head and neck attire, and with images hanging upon strings around their necks. We go through a similar ceremony to that with the Brothers; and again I mention the Chevaliers, and

again I am admitted; but Pierre retires to a restaurant and drinks red wine. Would it be dreadful for him to enter the school building, which is also the nuns' dwelling?

It is concluded that I shall first go up-stairs to visit the first class. For this class Pierre has told me that the Sisters receive five francs a month for each pupil; for the second class, three francs; for the third, two; and for the fourth, one. Also, in this lowest class, the commune obliges them to take the poor for nothing. Having entered the class-room, the two Sisters stand, and the woman in charge stands, and the pupils stand, and I stand. The head Sister shows me their work. Some of the girls are embroidering in bright colors,—prettier work than that I saw in the school at Paris. I am shown, too, a large piece of good crocheting, which is for an eiderdown, or one of those bed-cushions before mentioned. And there is a chemise, too, with neat stitches in the hem; and they are making *langes*,—useful things for a newly-born: “A traveller has a new-born, and we are making *langes*.” The girls sew three hours a day. I am invited to put questions, and I ask, “What are three-fourths of sixteen?” I am pretty sure that the Sister on my left speaks the correct answer; but one pupil suggests seven, and another five. After a little questioning, however, they answer right. I tell them whence I came, and ask them what ocean I had to cross. Silence. Then a delicate voice says, “Arctic Ocean.” I turn to a map of the world in a corner, and another voice says, “Pacific.” I tell them that I could come from my country by the Pacific and Indian Oceans; and then I tell them about some nuns I had met coming back to France from New Zealand, and show their track, so the question goes unanswered by the scholars. Then we go into other classes. In one room there is a blackboard about twelve

inches long and six broad. In another there is a larger one ; and when those workmen drink less wine and save their wages, and are permitted to visit the public schools, one of them can have it reblacked, and make it a blackboard indeed. In one of the classes I am shown a piece of writing, headed "Dictation." In the lowest class I am shown a book with lessons in italics, intended to teach pupils to read writing. One child reads aloud to me something about a legislative assembly,—I think of their first Revolution. She does not get along very well. Another, however, does better. I remark that it is a difficult subject, and the head Sister says so too. They are quite nice-looking, the two who accompany me round ; but their building is inferior to the Brothers'. I do not stay long, and in parting I tell these two how the public is allowed to visit our schools : we want the parents to interest themselves in the progress of the children. They hear me, and we part with mutual politeness. I called the Brother *monsieur* and the Sister *madame*. When we are again upon our way, I begin to express to Pierre sympathy for the Little Brothers. I would rather go around as I am now doing than be one of those Little Brothers. He, too, thinks their condition not enviable. He thinks that they cannot have much, but adds that in the winter, when their school is larger, it is probable that they receive presents. I learn that they can make visits. Pierre invited the head Brother to come and see them, and the Brother said that he had lately visited Pierre's uncle,—doubtless the one whose brother is a *curé*. But when I think about these things, I remember that it is possibly in hope of another reward that the Brother lives as he does.

And still, as we are walking, Pierre tells me that one of those Sisters of St. Joseph keeps a drug-store. I tell him

that I think not. Mrs. Apothecary, at Paris, told me that women cannot keep drug-stores. He is sure that the Sister does, and says that it would be inconvenient for them to go to Romilies whenever they want medicine. I reply that not only does Truth live at the bottom of a well, but that she is hidden there, like those carps in the mud. He further says that this Sister was taught in the School of Medicine and Pharmacy at Lyons, and she received a diploma of capacity; and without that she could not sell "anything of pharmacy" here. I think he adds that she could not sell poisons. He says, "We had an herb-
—
orist here, who sold things belonging to pharmacy, and he gave a woman an application for her arm. She got worse, and he was put into prison for a year, at Romilies, and never came back here."

Wednesday, July 10th.—At the dinner-table Pierre and I talk upon different subjects, one of which is the estimation in which they hold us in comparison with Jews. I entirely absolve him from having introduced the subject. He and I were alone at the table in the dining-room, and I am guilty of having asked, "Why do you think Jews are better than Protestants?" "Because," he replies, "they say that if the Messiah has come, the Catholics are in the right; but if, on the contrary, he has not come, the Jews are. And as for Protestants, they are a sect apart,—a new religion, with no ancient foundation." "But," say I, "the religion of the Jews is not so ancient as paganism." "Oh, yes; it is the most ancient of all religions in the world; it was the religion of Adam; Adam expected the Messiah, and the Jews still expect him." I tell him that I wish he could have seen a religious meeting of Methodists that I

saw in a wood in my country, when there were perhaps five thousand persons, and how this was sung,—

“The blood of Christ, it cleanses me
As soon as I believe.”

“But that,” he says, “does not prove that their religion is ancient, and in ancient things which concern religion we should not make any change.” “But we do not call the religion of the Protestants a new religion,” I say; “we call it the Christian church reformed.” “But why reform that which is ancient?” he asks. “There are,” I reply, “a great many people among us who excessively fear Catholics; who fear that if they should become numerous and strong among us, that we should lose our liberty of religion and our free government.” What Pierre answered to this I am not prepared at this time to put into print. “And how many years,” I ask, “will you give us to mount the ladder, as you have expressed it, and be obliged to begin to go down?” “I do not know; certainly not more than five or six hundred years; perhaps not more than two hundred; who can tell exactly?”

Part of this conversation takes place after dinner, but at the table I say to him, “I want to send you a book of compositions of our young people that were sent to the Philadelphia Exposition, and brought here by one of your commissioners of education, and translated into French; that will show you the ideas of our young men and young women. I wish you would read one by a boy of sixteen or seventeen upon newspapers, and so you will see what we think about the liberty of the press; but, as the Scripture says, I am afraid that that will be putting new wine into old bottles, and that these ideas will ferment in your mind.” “You need not be afraid,” he says, “because I

have read so much. For the eight years since the war that I have not been able to labor, I have read all sorts of books." Apparently in order to show me the freedom of his opinions, he brings into my own room a copy of the New Testament in the Protestant version. He says that the curé forbids their having it; that the Epistles of Philemon, Timothy, and Titus are not found in their version (in which I afterwards find, in my own country, that he is in the wrong). He adds that there are ridiculous things in this version which may make people laugh, and when I inquire what they are, he says, "One that speaks nearly thus: that a woman has pain when she gives birth to a child, and that ought not to be put into religious books; and there are many simple things like that in this version. We do not have them in our Catholic one; there is nothing in it to make people laugh; we keep such things for romances, like this of Alexander Dumas."* "And why," I ask, "are not your translations of the Testaments sold?" "They are sold; most people have an abridgment,—a little one like that you saw at school,—and here are the four Gospels in this book; every Sunday there is read part of an Epistle and part of a Gospel." I look at the small volume, which is "The Complete Parishioner, or Prayers for the Use of the Diocese of Lyons."

This afternoon we go upon another excursion; we go after wool, and come home shorn.

I have mentioned that in the neighboring village of St. Alban the daughter of the teacher passed the school examination, although no girl was presented from our com-

* The two versions are very nearly alike. It is probable that he had not seen theirs.

mune. Hearing these things, I of course feel great interest in this teacher, and Pierre kindly accompanies me to visit his school. We stop, way-making, at the house of one of his cousins, who is *conseiller municipal*, or member of the town council, in the commune that we are visiting. The councilman and his wife receive us with hospitality, offering wine, etc., and the councilman accompanies us. In education and means he probably resembles the average school director in my own region in Pennsylvania. As we three walk over to the village, Pierre appears to be telling his cousin something I had said about our public schools, about their being the institution of which we are most proud; so then I explain to them that we have liberty of speech, of the press, of religion, and our public schools. It is not a long walk to the village of St. Alban. The antiquity of the place is striking, and it was probably one of the strongholds of ancient feudalism. There is here a heavy ancient tower, with stone steps deeply worn, up two flights of which the village boys go to school; and then, most striking, are the great ruins of the ancient *château*, in part demolished during the Revolution, stone having been taken from the ruins to build some of the village houses. There is a new and ornamental cemetery near the village, but not all the human remains have been taken from the old; for behind the church is an unfenced space, whose bank rises above our path; and here, when the chickens scratch, they bring to light bones. Some of the people of this village whom I meet do not seem so skilful in French as the Lesmontagnes: they are doubtless used to *patois*. St. Alban is not so large as our village, but it holds a great fair four times a year for selling animals of different kinds, the greatest being at All-Saints' in November. We have a fair, too, in our village, but it has only been held about fifty years; this one at St.

Alban's is much more ancient. It is held on a great level space near the centre of the town, where there is a fountain, and a great cross with the image of Jesus, the first that I remember seeing thus placed in the open air since the one at Dieppe, on the seashore. But when I speak of it to Pierre, he says that they are in all the communes; that they have one in their village, which was concealed on Sunday by the dancing-floor.

We go into the old tower, but Pierre and I do not mount the worn steps so high as Mr. Councilman. We stay below while he goes up the second flight. His conversation with the head teacher lasts so long that Pierre thinks we are not to be permitted to enter the school, but we are at length invited up, and meet the teacher outside of his school-room. He is a middle-aged man, with a face somewhat red. He will allow me to visit the school if I obtain permission. "From whom?" I ask. "You must write," he answers, "to Mr. Inspector of Academies at St. Martin in order to obtain permission to visit schools in our canton." "And who has permission to visit them?" I inquire. "The mayor, the cantonal delegates, and the inspector have permission to visit the schools." "And the parents of the children?" I ask. "And what for?" he answers, "as three-quarters do not know how to read and write."*. He speaks of our being so advanced in education in America, and of teachers being sufficiently paid, and not receiving merely three francs a day. I afterwards understand from

* According to the census of 1872, if we set aside children under six years, thirty per cent. of the French people may be said to be entirely devoid of education. In the department spoken of in the text over twenty-nine per cent. were unable to read or write; and in an adjoining department, which is mountainous, over fifty-two per cent. —See *Statesman's Year-Book*.

Pierre that the Sisters in this village receive less than that.

When the teacher decidedly refuses my entrance to the school, I wax wroth, and threaten that I will write about this matter, but when I have time to reflect, I remember that I have now seen all sides. This is Wednesday; I am to leave on Saturday; I shall trouble no Mr. Inspector of Academy, and shall be exposed to no refusal from him.

Before leaving I speak to the teacher about his daughter who passed the examination, and inquire who taught her. In a sort of pompous voice he answers, "These ladies," meaning the Sisters who teach the girls' school. I express surprise, for the Sisters had sent no girls from our village. He returns to his school-room, and the councilman points out to me in the little entry some guns on a shelf above, with which the boys exercise. I note these in my book, and while we are still there the teacher looks out his door. I feel a little awkward, and say, "Can you tell me the name of this flower?" showing one I had gathered on our walk. No, he cannot. "We call it *Forget-me-not*," I say. "Very well; I won't forget you," is his last remark.

We went after wool, we may go home shorn, down the ancient stone steps. I am afterwards told that the school-master at St. A—— receives twelve hundred francs a year and dwelling, and his assistant seven or eight hundred and dwelling-room too. Those who have children *pay to the commune* twelve francs a year. There are thirty or more children of poor parents who pay nothing. We still have a good bit of the afternoon before us, and one of the men suggests that we visit the church. Over the door is a statue of a saint with his cross under his arm, and above it is a statue which looks very ancient and somewhat grotesque, having large round eyes, and something upon

the head like a mitre, and a globe in the hand. As we enter the church, my companions take off their hats, and dip their fingers into the vase of water, crossing themselves; but I make no sign. As we mount the stairs into the bell-tower, I have a good opportunity to see the statues above the door, the ancient one higher up than the other. Aloft in the tower hangs the chime of bells. One of my companions says that the bells were broken during the Revolution, and have been recast. "And why," I ask, "were these things done to the churches? One can understand why they destroyed the castles, but why the churches?" They make no reply. On another occasion Pierre says that the bells were broken in nearly all the communes. Ours at Boissières were not, but most were, and all are not yet repaired. He says that the old statues were broken, and the crucifixes in the graveyards. It was the people who did it,—the people in revolution. For three years there were no services in the churches. Before we leave the spot I ask Pierre what that old statue is above the other. "It is the Eternal Father," he replies. I say, quietly, "Does not the Scripture say, 'Thou shalt not make an image of me'?" No; he does not think it does. "What is that upon the head?" "A crown of many rows." On the way home I recur to the subject, and ask him why he thought the statue to be such. "Because there was a globe in the hand." "And what is the first commandment?" "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." "And what is the second?" He does not remember. "Have you them?" "Yes." "Does it not say, 'Thou shalt make no graven image'?" "No; you say that you have the liberty of the press, and you have not the liberty of making images." "But of God?" I ask. "Does not the Scripture say that God made man in his

image?" he replies; adding, "I find that that is a superstition, and I don't like superstitions myself." Once when talking I laugh at something he says, and try to explain by saying that he does not understand that these are the points in dispute between Catholics and Protestants; and as I note down some of his remarks, I tell him that he is at liberty to write down what I say; but he does not want to, it is too simple. Most of this conversation, however, is subsequent to our visit to the village of St. Alban. Before leaving this village we go to see the old chateau, of which a portion is habitable, two rooms being furnished. I clamber a little about the ruinous part, and when we get down give something to the woman who keeps the key, but my companions recompense her by going into her restaurant and taking a bottle of beer, which is dearer than wine. We also go to the new graveyard, which is tastefully laid out, but hanging on monuments are some tasteless souvenirs in black and white, somewhat like our hair-work memorials at home.

Thursday, July 11th.—At the breakfast-table lately, Mrs. Lesmontagnes and I have our principal or only conversation on doctrinal subjects. She asks whether Protestants baptize. Knowing her feelings on this point, I reply that all do except one or two sects,—that Quakers do not; that the Scripture tells that John said, "I baptize you with water, but there cometh one after me who shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire," adding that it was this text which was noticed by ancient Quakers. She receives what I say with perfect good feeling, and inquires nearly as follows: "And was your friend of whom you have spoken baptized when she entered the Catholic

Church?" "I presume so; she could not be a Catholic without." "No; she could not," concludes Mrs. L.

At the table this morning I tell them that there have been people among us who said that every step in the dance is a step towards hell. "And there are people here who say so," say one or more of the family. "Who are they?" I inquire. "The curés," says Pierre, "the bigots." "I say so," says his mother. "Then," I rejoin, "I may say that it is the curés, the bigots, and Mrs. Lesmontagnes," which makes them laugh. "Hell is full," says Pierre; "there is a big devil behind the door with a stick, who will not let any more come in." "You may say," says Madame L. during the conversation, "that Mrs. Lesmontagnes and her sons are not of one mind." I tell them that I have not yet found the gay grandsire of the English poet, who,

"Skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of fourscore."

Then they tell me of one of their townsmen at the village who married at eighty for the third time, and who is deaf as an iron pot, and who still dances. You should see him jump. On my return to America, however, I find that Goldsmith speaks really of the burden of threescore.

After we got back from our unsuccessful walk to St. Alban, I asked Pierre for the Commandments, and he brought me the same book of prayers for the diocese of Lyons, and shows me some verses,—the Commandments in simple rhymes. I hear the same quoted afterwards at Paris, in the north of France, and in Belgium.

They begin literally

One only God thou shalt adore, and shalt love perfectly ;
 God in vain thou shalt not swear, nor other thing likewise.*

Pierre having brought the little volume into my own room, and I having seen these first two commandments, he says, "So now you see the ancient religion of the Jews, and you have changed it." I have at hand no Catholic nor Jewish Bible, nor, indeed, any version to show him, so I laugh and say, "If you were my son I would give you a little blow on the cheek,—not to hurt." He goes out, and I begin to write; but pretty soon he comes in, bringing me a wild-flower and an insect for my collections; and then I tell him that I had thought I might have given

* Here they are in the original, two lines being here thrown into one :

LES COMMANDEMENTS DE DIEU.

Un seul Dieu tu adoreras, et aimeras parfaitement,
 Dieu en vain tu ne jureras, ni autre chose pareillement ;
 - Les Dimanches tu garderas, en servant Dieu dévotement ;
 Tes Père et Mère honoreras, afin de vivre longuement ;
 Homicide point ne seras, de fait ni volontairement ;
 Luxurieux point ne seras, de corps ni de consentement ;
 Le bien d'autrui tu ne prendras, ni retiendras à ton esclavage ;
 Faux témoignage ne diras, ni mentiras aucunement.
 L'œuvre de chair ne désireras qu'en mariage seulement,
 Biens d'autrui ne convoiteras, pour les avoir injustement.

I add from the same book the

COMMANDEMENTS DE L'EGLISE.

Les Fêtes tu sanctifieras, qui te sont de commandement,
 Les Dimanches Messe ouïras, et les fêtes pareillement,
 Tous tes péchés confesseras, à tout le moins une fois l'an,
 Ton Créateur tu recevras, au moins à Pâques, humblement,
 Quatre Temps, Vigile jeûneras, et le Carême entièrement,
 Vendredi chair ne mangeras, ni le Samedi même.

him offence by not doing as he did in the church,—dipping into the vase. “No,” he says, “I am not offended at anything that people do in church; but you said you have liberty, and twice to-day I see that you have not. You cannot make images, and a young man cannot say what he wants to his mother without having a blow.” I laugh, and say if I had my friend’s great Catholic Bible here, as large—— “As that,” he says, pointing to a volume that he has brought, to show me how bad one of Alexander Dumas’s novels is. “No larger? Then I could show you the Commandments; but this is only a little verse.” “But then,” he replies, “I have seen the ancient history of the Jews.”

To me there appear contradictions in the mind of Pierre. Immediately after his remarks before given, on dancing and hell; he reads the telegraphic news from America—from Canada—about the fear of disturbances on the 12th of July; and I speak of the late trouble about a man who could not be buried in consecrated ground. Pierre says, “He was not a Christian?” “A Catholic, you mean?” “Yes; they were in the right,” he says. Then I lamely add something about the man’s having been a Catholic and having written some book.

This morning the little cousin does not go to school,—she has to watch the animals grazing, while Toinette is at work elsewhere. I am invited to dine in the village with Mrs. Chevalier, who is at home on a visit from Paris, where she is assisting her husband at the Exposition. As little Jeanette is going to school in the afternoon, she accompanies me over. On the way we meet little boys, who know me since I have visited the school, and lift their hats very prettily; and coming up the hill, a little girl drops a

small courtesy, and says, "Good-day, madame." Although it is so late in the week, we still see women washing clothes in the little river. They have boards set up to wash on. At this season of the year all the women around Boissières come to this river to wash their clothes,—those women who take in washing,—and in a dry time the women of St. Jean, who have only a little stream, come too, and those of St. Alban. When the weather is cold they wash their clothes in the house, and rinse them in the river. There was a curé who gave two thousand francs, I hear, to build a wash-house in our commune; and I see one near the stream, built of stone, but only partly enclosed, and with no utensils within.

Approaching the village, I look up at the hillside, planted with vines, and I think I can count six rows of stone wall that run across it to keep the soil from running down into the valley of the Boissières.

Madame Chevalier treats me first to mutton-chops in mashed potatoes; second, sweet-breads in tomatoes; third, string-beans; fourth, chicken; and for dessert we have a cake called *mattefin de cerises*,—a thick cake, made of flour, egg, and cherries, and baked at the baker's,—also soft cheese with cream, different kinds of fancy cakes and bon-bons, and cherries, strawberries, and gooseberries. She has also two kinds of wine, water from the mineral spring which I visited, and coffee.

In the afternoon Madame Chevalier takes me to ride; her man drives, and her little son accompanies us. The country here is beautifully diversified, and the roads are fine. I am pleased to hear the servant call the little son "my friend." Speaking of the men who were drinking on Monday instead of mending the roads, Madame Chevalier says that the saying is, they are making or keeping Holy

Monday. We sometimes speak of persons who will never set the river on fire: they have several expressions of the same kind; one is, "He has not stolen the Holy Ghost." Madame Chevalier tells me of the rides that she has had with her husband (who is now at the Exposition). We speak of chestnuts, and she remarks the small size of ours, for she has visited Philadelphia. She is sorry when chestnut-time comes, for then the fine days are drawing to a close.

Towards evening, as I am returning from the village to Mrs. Lesmontagnes's, Mrs. Chevalier's daughter and niece accompany me for a short distance. Cows are passing along the road, and I observe a young girl with a basket and shovel collecting the droppings. One of my young companions thinks that they are to be put to the vines.

CHAPTER XX.

Friday, July 5th.—Twice I visit the village church. Pierre tells me that it is much more ancient than that of St. Alban. He says that it is the oldest and worst in the canton; he thinks it is six hundred years old. I observe its stone buttresses, and a great stone vessel before the door, large enough to receive a child of some size. It is a baptistery, and once stood within the church. The reason given for removing it is that it took up too much room. Such simple stone vessels may be of great age. The stone pavement of the church is bad enough, but I incline to the opinion that Pierre over-estimates the age of the building. He tells me that there is a Greek inscription above one of

the doors, and I find it within, but it is Latin. A portion of it reads thus: "The illustrious and reverend doctor of divinity John Dionysius de Vienne consecrated this church and the greater altar on the 24th of September, 1776."

I have said to Pierre that I supposed that the law excluding the public was to prevent ecclesiastics from coming and haranguing the children; but he tells me that the curé and the mayor are the only persons in the commune who have permission to visit the public schools. Also the Brothers in all France can visit the schools conducted by the Brothers, but not those under lay teachers.

When we were at the village of St. Alban, where we could not visit the school, I said to Pierre, "There is illiberality here." "Yes," he replied. "What are the politics?" I asked. "Republican,—the strongest republican commune in our canton." On another occasion he says, "The republican cantons are the most illiberal. You saw that the Brothers admitted you. The Brothers are never republican, nor the priests. I do not know one who is, and I do not believe there ever will be one." "But why are they not republicans? Do not you hear them speak upon the subject?" "They come here to visit us; we talk about the schools, the harvests, and so on, but never upon politics, because they know that I am a republican; and rarely on religion, because I do not always frequent church." I tell him about a person I met in Paris,—a free-thinker,—and how some of her acquaintances thought that she had told me a falsehood. He thinks it very probable that she had, and says that free-thinkers are great liars. I recur to a former subject, and tell Pierre that I want him to ask a Jew what are the first two commandments. He says that he knows one at Romilies, and that he will ask him. "You have told me," he says, "that we ought not to make

a statue or effigy of the Eternal Father, and why so? I myself find nothing more stupid than to say that one should not make an image of anything whatever. You take photographs. You are superstitious." I try to explain to him that the priests of the Jews had much trouble with them because they would worship images. "But," he says, "those were images of animals; it was not prohibited to make an image of the Almighty, when man was made in his image, in order to have an image of the Supreme Being constantly before his eyes."*

Afterwards, when we are talking upon the front porch, Pierre himself introduces the subject. "There," he says, "is the Eternal Father; see how he extinguishes the fire; he only can do it." I look where he points towards the great gateway coming into the court-yard, but I see no wooden image, nor any other. I find that he alludes to the little bright new sign of their insurance company, *La Paternelle*, which bears the picture of a man hovering over a globe. He tells me that this is one of the oldest insurance societies in France. I tell him that there have been persons with us who did not want to have their own pictures taken on account of its savoring of idolatry. "They were not well baked," he says. He quotes an expression which he says is from the gospel: "Whoso has the image of God constantly before his eyes cannot sin." We dine alone as

* The following passage will be found in the version of the Hebrew Scriptures (Philadelphia, 1859) by Rev. Isaac Leeser, of the Hebrew faith. It is from Deuteronomy, chap. v. :

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

"Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image, any likeness of any thing that is in the heavens above, or that is on the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth ;

"Thou shalt not bow thyself down unto them, nor serve them."

usual, and at dinner I say to him, "Now I see why the Catholics are so much opposed to the Protestant version; I never understood it before." He answers, "It is because they don't like lies, or new things,—invented things, if you like that better." "Then you do not think that the Catholic Church is opposed to republicanism, if the clergy are?" "No; Jesus Christ was a republican; he said, 'Love each other;' he did not say, 'Make war upon each other.'"

Speaking of the clergy, he says that some are partisans of Henry V. (of the old Bourbon line), some are Orleanists, and some Bonapartists. I ask him what the workingmen are. He answers that some are republicans, some Bonapartists, and some Orleanists; but that they hate Henry V. as the devil hates holy water.

One of their neighbors, a man with whom they are very intimate, comes to see them in the afternoon, and the subject of divorce is up. He says that divorce exists in France for defects of nature. We speak of the law of divorce in my country, divorce for infidelity, and one or two of them say that if this were ground for divorce here there would be thousands divorced, and some of them ten times. And Pierre adds, smiling, "We have more liberty than you."

Madame Lesmontagnes has told me that there were lately a man and woman upon the road near their village with two children. They had an ass, and a poor wagon or cart, and the woman had just given birth to another child. The first who found them went to inform the mayor, who said that they must be put into a tavern, and that the *bureau de bienfaisance*, or office of charity, would pay the expense. The curé baptized the child, a man who was drinking at the restaurant was godfather, and there was a mason who

said that if the man would behave himself he would furnish him with work. The curé sent the woman a piece of forty sous, and gave her a pound of sugar when the child was baptized, and without doubt it was for this child that the *langes* were made at the girls' school, as I have told.

I inquire what is this office of charity just mentioned, and I am told that at the mayor's office they keep a list of the poor of the commune, and every year a sum is voted for their succor. This office also receives presents from different persons; sometimes persons in dying give to the *bureau de bienfaisance*. It does not distribute money, but gives clothes, meat, bread. The nuns give out the bread every Monday from their house, and meat for the sick poor. There are also asylums for the poor and for old men, perhaps six or seven in this department; and two orphanages are supported by the department.

I ask what is the pay of the curé. They say that here the government pays the curé one thousand francs (not a heavy salary), and the abbé who assists him six hundred, about one hundred and twenty dollars; the commune gives them their house and garden. Pierre adds, "For the burial of my brother we paid the curé one hundred francs, which included the expense of candles. At the time of the vintage the curé sends from house to house to collect wine,—his passion, as we say. He sends two men, each to a different part of the commune, and every one gives what he chooses, some giving nothing. Last year the curé of our commune collected thirty-two hectolitres [about eight hundred and forty-eight gallons]. Counting the wine, the marriages, the baptisms, etc., he probably receives two thousand francs a year." His assistant receives the six

hundred above mentioned, and he also says masses for the repose of the dead or for the living, for which people pay him. For each mass he receives two francs, which he gives to the curé to pay for his food.

I use the expression *making masses*, but Pierre says that they were made by Christ and his apostles eighteen hundred and seventy-eight years ago. He adds, "You may remark that there must have been very great events at that epoch to change the era; it was the year 4004 of the ancient era, and you see that there must have been very great events to change it."

I reply, "But that was the era of the Jews, not of the Romans; the Jews were an insignificant nation, conquered by the Romans." "The Jews were not insignificant," he replies, "because they are the most ancient of all nations. The Romans came from the Jews, and you Americans and all other nations. You must buy an Old Testament at Paris and inform yourself."

I ask, "And at what epoch did the Romans issue from the Jews?"

He replies, "Take an Old Testament, and you will see. How funny you are not to know, when you are older than I! The Jews were the most ancient people; all others must have come from them, as they could not fall from heaven."

I say, "The Romans themselves said that Romulus and Remus were sons of Mars."

"But that is their mythology," he replies: "it is not history." He tells me that he never heard it said before that the pope or the Catholic Church has the keys of heaven. It is St. Peter. The curés say that if they refuse to any one absolution or the last sacraments that this person cannot enter heaven; but more than half in the country, and more than three-quarters in cities, do not believe it.

Pierre tells me that young men do not always object to going for soldiers, although they receive little or no wages. I reply that it gives them an opportunity to see the world, to which he accedes.

I inquire of the young men as to how much work able men can do here in a day ; one replies that it requires three very good workmen to cut with sickles a hectare—two and a half acres—of wheat in a day. As to grass, if it be straight, and the ground not hilly, a man can cut two and a half acres in a day. I observe that their scythes are shorter than ours, resembling somewhat our brier scythes. The meadow here can yield about five tons of hay to two and a half acres, but some yield only half as much.

I also ask the young men whether they have any very strong men among them, and they tell of a granger of theirs, or one who rents another property from them, who can take a potful of potatoes weighing altogether near a hundred pounds, and, lifting it by his little finger, can hang it upon the hook in the chimney. There was also a man at the village who could lift from the ground a cask of wine of about fifty gallons, place it upon his knees, take it in his hands, and drink from the bung.

Friday, July 12th, and my last day at Boissières; the morning cloudy and the weather cooler, the wind being northwest. From that point come their long storms, as ours from the northeast. Last evening about sunset Mrs. Lesmontagnes allowed me to visit her *grenier*,—the granary or upper story of the house. Thus we may see why even

in Paris garrets have been called *greniers*. Mrs. L.'s garret is an immense place, and makes us observe how large the house is. In the first room that we enter there is grain, some of it ready ground, lying in bags; it is all rye but one bag. In a corner stands a large machine for cleaning grain, similar to one I saw in my own country some twenty-five years ago. (In one of our walks Pierre showed me an American hay-fork, and American ploughs are sometimes sold here.) Here, too, are beans, some of them still unshelled,—such as we call soup beans, but they call them peas; they grow among the vines. Here, also, are two large bunches of skeins of hemp. “Oh, madame,” I say, “you are rich!” and I understand that she wants to have a dozen sheets for each son who marries. In a small room she has some dried cherries; also little cheeses,—part of them made of cows’ milk, part of goats’,—hand-cheeses we may call them: they are ranged here for winter. In a passage is a great basket made of straw, with a lid, and in it are the dried apples and pears from which she makes piquette. We go into another large room, and she lifts a lid from a great chest and gives me English walnuts, offering more than I want. Here is the cradle in which her children were rocked; she thinks that it is about one hundred years old. It has two upright posts four feet or more in height, and between them, at the top, hangs a long, narrow, shallow trough, which is the cradle. If the children had fallen out they would have been hurt upon a tile floor, but she tied them in. Then we go into another great place, and madame opens the door of a common wardrobe; within are two boxes, in one her hams and shoulders, in the other bacon,—all kept in ashes. In this room they spread the walnuts to dry. In the last big place that we go into she dries her clothes in bad weather in the winter. She calls my atten-

tion to some painting on a part of the wall, and from it I judge that the house has been raised, and that formerly this part was not so high. In this same place are a quantity of wooden shoes,—*sabots*; when they have wood on hand, they get a man to come and make them. This costs eight sous a pair and his board. *Sabots* made from walnut-wood cost about twenty sous, but from other, twelve to fifteen. Mrs. L.'s last about three months, Toinette's three weeks. Madame brings a much prettier pair to show me. All the top, except the small piece behind, is made of leather, and they have thick wooden soles. She wears these to church in the winter. The leather is bright: the soles can be renewed. When Mrs. L. went to walk with me lately, she wore embroidered shoes, entirely black, with leather soles. These, or leather shoes, she wears to church in the summer. I have a pair of lasting shoes or boots which I want to give to the farmer's mother, who has shown me some civility, but Mrs. L. thinks that it is not worth while, for she only wears *sabots*. There are about ten good old women like her who wear *sabots* to church. Seeing so many wooden shoes, I, of course, want to know the price of leather ones, and I learn that men's ankle-boots cost about three dollars.

The farmer is "an old boy"—or, in legal phrase, a *célibataire*—of thirty-four, and his mother keeps the house. He is now cutting a large piece of rye, and to-day they have eleven hired hands, besides himself and his brother and uncle. His mother is here a few moments (she comes into our yard for water); she is now getting their dinner, and, although sixty-six years old, has no one to help her, for her domestic is out with the grazing cattle. While she guards them she knits, spins, or sews for the family. I

see her going out with a distaff of hemp. When I before saw the picture of St. Germaine, with her sheep and her distaff, I little thought it to represent anything modern. At eleven the domestic will come in and help with the dinner. The mother will give the men vegetable soup, or occasionally she has rice soup with milk in it. After the soup she will have omelets; it will take three or four for so many men,—fourteen in all. She will also have salad, and bread and cheese,—made from skimmed milk, or from unskimmed goats' milk. They have wine also, and Mrs. L. says they are not ill-fed. At noon the domestic milks the cows and the goat,—for this is done three times a day,—and at three o'clock she will go out again with the animals. At four the men will have a lunch in the field; some one will come in to help the mother take it out. It will be bread, cheese, and salad, and wine, of course, for they drink wine at their four meals; but when they are thirsty between meals they have piquette; they do not drink water, they do not like it. At eight the men have their supper of soup and cheese. It is not customary to give harvest-hands meat, even once a day, except at breakfast, when a bit of bacon is put into the soup, but not on Friday. For as many men as there are here she will put in about a French pound (one-tenth heavier than ours). The breakfast is also bread, cheese, and wine. After the harvest is finished they make the *rivolle* (whence comes our word revel?). This is a supper, for which they will boil a ham, and, for so many, prepare a couple of rabbits, if they have them,—rabbits stewed with wine. The *rivolle* will also be composed of bread, salad, and wine. The farmer's mother will dress her salad with walnut oil, salt, pepper, vinegar, and a little garlic. After the grapes are trodden the wine remains twenty-four hours in the vat, and the grapes are

pressed the same day. The press here is large, and is worked by four or five men. At supper on this day there is another *rivolle*, another ham, but only one rabbit will suffice, for not so many men are needed. Also there will be a good leg of mutton, for always when they draw the wine they have a leg of mutton with potatoes around it. Sometimes the women make a *brioche* and a good pie, and there is as much wine as they want.

There is a rustic gathering here which also deserves mention. Pierre tells me that they make a hundred pounds or more of walnut oil for their own use, which sells at the grocer's at about twenty-five sous the French pound. During long winter evenings they take out the kernels, and they invite their neighbors to come and help them. Afterwards they will drink a cup and have a dance. Then they will go and help their neighbors. His mother says that they have had as many as sixty at what they call a *veillée* for cracking walnuts. They crack them with a wooden hammer, as the shells are thin, and others pick out the kernels, drawing the shells down to the floor. And when they are ready, they have a collation; they may have chestnuts, roasted or boiled, walnuts, apples, and wine, and then they dance till midnight or after.

Our hogs weigh from two to four hundred pounds, French. We have two here, but shall not kill both on the same day. The butcher comes from the village, but when Mrs. L.'s husband was living he himself killed them. Some days after butchering, people invite their friends,—six to ten persons,—and have a great dinner of perhaps ten courses. Generally the dessert is arranged upon the table before the guests sit down, and then the dishes are brought on one by one, changing the plates for each course. In the beginning they drink the new wine, but with the des-

sert the old ; and then coffee and *gouttes*, or small quantities of kirsch, and other liquors. They remain at table three or four hours ; but in general such a feast is given only once a year, although sometimes repeated at carnival. About three-fourths of the people make one of these feasts in a year. Not many unannounced visits are made here. Four or five times a year friends will be invited to come and see them. If a neighbor comes upon an errand he is always offered something to drink ; one of the farmer's hands was in lately, and liquor was produced.

Mrs. L. tells me that when a young man here wishes to become acquainted with a young woman, he addresses himself to an acquaintance of the family, who applies to the parents for leave to introduce him. If he has been introduced, and the parents conclude that he is not suitable, they tell him not to come any more. Even after there is question of marriage, the young people are never left together without one of the parents being present. If a young man comes to ask for a young lady in marriage, Mrs. L. says that the parents inform themselves concerning his family, whether it is respectable, and whether the young man is *sage*, or well-behaved. At length the parents of the two parties will meet to settle affairs concerning the marriage. The parents of the young man come to the residence of the young woman, and after having had a good dinner, and drunk well, and having talked on various other matters, the rest of the family, knowing very well what is going on, will leave the parents alone, and the father of the young man will speak in this manner : " We have not come here for nothing ; we have come to speak of the marriage of our children ;" adding (if he is a well-to-do proprietor), " I give

twenty-five thousand francs to my son ; how much can you give your daughter ?” Her parents offer about the same ; and if they do not, the marriage is not settled, and the parties separate ; but sometimes, perhaps once in ten times, it is found that there is too much attachment between the young people to continue the prohibition, and they are allowed to marry. And sometimes it happens, when the young people are of age, if the parents entirely refuse to consent, that the young pair send them the respectful summons (of which I shall speak hereafter), and they are then allowed by law to marry. This happens once in three or four years in this commune. Often the money given to children in marriage is paid in instalments, so much a year. The husband of Mrs. L.’s daughter received from his parents a piece of land worth about four thousand dollars, and Mrs. L. gave her daughter, on her own part and that of her deceased husband, a vineyard worth about three thousand six hundred, and the young woman is to receive more from her mother or from her estate. She says that the young people are well settled, well matched, and that both are industrious. He is, too, a merchant of *sabots*: he buys from those who make them, and, having much wood, also has them made for himself, and twice a week he goes to Romilies to sell them. The sum given by parents in money or in land does not include the wedding outfit. The young man’s mother gave him (for in this matter it is the mothers who are interested) a furnished bed, a dozen sheets, a dozen table-cloths, a dozen towels, and a dozen napkins ; also three dozen shirts of hemp and linen. Mrs. L. gave to her daughter two dozen sheets, two dozen table-cloths, the same of napkins, and two and a half dozen towels ; also a furnished bed, a wardrobe, and a night-table. The parents of the young man gave him a large

bureau, and the rest of the furniture he bought. They live with the parents of the young man, in rooms independent of theirs, and, if they should prefer, can keep house in their own two rooms,—a kitchen and sleeping-room. Here I feel inclined to parody the poet, and to say, "From homes like these the Gallic glory springs."

The marriage at the mayor's office costs nothing, but there was also the mass, where the curé married them, putting the ring upon the first joint of the bride's finger, the husband finishing this ceremony. For this marriage the curé receives twelve francs. Mrs. L. tells me, "There were about eighty persons invited to the marriage of my daughter, and all who were invited went to the mass, and afterwards came here to dine at noon. We had perhaps twenty courses. We had ham and boiled beef,—we took forty pounds of beef. There was calf's head *à la peau*, stewed chickens, duck with turnips, roast leg of mutton, fowls with rice. We had eight ducks, eight turkeys, and four geese, and there was a dish of little birds. Pierre and one of his companions, who was at the wedding, went hunting the day before, and got sparrows, larks, and fig-peckers. I think that we must have plucked altogether one hundred birds; and we had three *vols au vent*, or pies made from the livers of the poultry and little birds. The confectioner at Boissières brought us a complete dessert, and we made pies, and the baker made twenty pounds of *brioche*. They make splendid meals here at weddings. Besides giving to the relations, we had enough food left for a week. We had a cook, and I heated the oven to roast the things while the others were at the mass." "You did not see the marriage?" "No; all the boys went, and somebody had to stay to take care of things; that troubled me much."

I might have said to Mrs. L., "You did not see the marriage in church?" for it will be remembered that the legal one is that at the mayor's office.

She added that one of the guests carved the meats, and there were three women in the kitchen and three to wait upon the table. A whole cask of wine was drunk, and there were also Bordeaux and champagne, but not much was taken of them; and there were liquors. It is not so remarkable that so much was drunk when we hear how long the wedding lasted. Not only did the guests also remain to supper, but, after dancing a great part of the night, they found rest where they could, and remained to breakfast the next day. No one went to bed but the serving-women and the little children. Mrs. L. herself got about two hours' sleep. About three o'clock in the morning the guests sat down and rested, and some went to the barn to repose, and were ready to begin again at seven in the morning. After breakfast all left, at about ten o'clock. The two musicians were paid by the young men invited. Mrs. L. added that there are people who do not make weddings on account of the expense,—perhaps only one-fourth make such weddings.

Knowing the great preparations that are made for funerals among the "Dutch" where I live, I ask Mrs. L. how such occasions are observed here. She says that the bearers always partake of a meal, and the relatives from a distance,—about fifteen or twenty people altogether,—but no great preparations are made. The *bourgeois*, she adds,—those who live upon their *rentes*,—pay the bearers. She says that the nobility are not more esteemed than the bourgeois, but I think that she speaks of a certain person who has made money as a parvenu. She says that it is on riches and reputation that popular esteem is founded; adding, "We

don't think much of people who are rich and who have not much reputation."

I ask Pierre to repeat to me an anecdote about what a certain gentleman had said when the marriage contract was being made; but he corrects me: I should have said the *parlement* when the parents are talking about the marriage. Pierre says, "There must be no discussions when they go to the notary's to make the marriage" (or contract). "It was at the *parlement* of marriage that a gentleman said he gave fifty thousand francs to his son and the title of count, and the other answered that he gave three hundred thousand francs to his daughter; and as for the title of count he held it nothing, therefore would not make the marriage."

On Sunday, when the men go to the restaurants, they play cards for money. After mass is over on Sunday the country-women go to do their errands at the grocer's or elsewhere, and the men go to the restaurant to drink a bottle with their friends; then they go home to dinner, and about half return in the afternoon. "And when they play for money at restaurants," I inquire, "do they not quarrel?" "No," answers Mrs. L., "not more than once in two or three years. They may dispute, and then they go away and break up the game. Comrades never strike each other."

The restaurant-keepers take newspapers, but farmers generally do not. Some land-owners do, but few who rent land; the *bourgeois* in the villages do. It is hard to translate *bourgeois*; I think that sometimes it means rich. But no matter how much Mrs. L.'s family own, as long as the sons till land themselves they are *paysans*. Should they rent the small part which they now cultivate and move into the village, they would become *bourgeois*.

In French cities, all persons between mechanics and nobles are called *bourgeois*.

On this my last day, Mrs. L. is kind enough to tell me how their great washings are done. Every week a bundle is washed of common things,—kitchen aprons, the boys' colored shirts, their blouses, etc. But every six months lye is made and a great washing done,—she says nearly as follows: "I put a pair of sheets on the beds once a month, and my sons put on white shirts on Sundays, but we only wash these things twice a year, about the first of May and the last of October. I put all these white things into an enormous tub of water, a tub holding about a hundred gallons, and I allow them to soak the first day. There is a hole in this tub, and on the second day I draw off a little water from the bottom, and on top of the tub I put a great sheet to hold ashes. Into it I put about a bushel of ashes, and pour boiling water upon them to take out the strength. Before the clothes were first put into the tub the men's shirts were soaped, and then the water drawn off in the morning was taken to pour over the ashes, and all day long we are drawing water from the bottom of the tub and heating it—at first not very hot, but afterwards boiling—and pouring it back upon the linen or the ashes." This manner of washing, she says, saves soap. It requires a good supply of clothing. She says that she had fifty chemises when she was married. "On the third day," she continues, "the men take the ashes from the top of the tub and empty it upon the manure-heap, and three extra hired women come to wash the clothes. They put them into a bag, and the men take them to the piece of water near the house, and there the women wash all day. Washerwomen receive twenty-five sous a day and their food." Mrs. L. further tells me that she got a woman to iron one day last spring, who starched and ironed thirty-five shirts, and she paid her twenty-five sous and her board; but there are some who ask forty.

I find that Pierre's ideas concerning the image of God do not agree with those of the little history in use in their communal school, which is a course of history, containing sacred history, divided into eight epochs, the history of France, and some ideas about ancient and modern nations, by F. P. B. Why the initials only I cannot tell. The author asks, "In what respect is man made in the image of God?" and the reply says, "Not with relation to his body, but to his soul, which is immortal and capable of knowing God."

Here are another question and answer, which I commend to observation: "What did God create on the fifth day? The birds and the fishes." Then this remark follows in finer print: "It does not seem natural to us that God should have made the birds come out of the water, but who can explain the thoughts of the Almighty? Let us believe and adore."

About ninety pages of this little volume are given to sacred history, two hundred and forty-six to France, and fifty-five, in fine print, to other nations. The Egyptians, Scythians, etc., are mentioned, but our own continent is not described. I also see a little geography, which Henri tells me is now in use, by the same F. P. B. It gives seventy-three pages to France, about two to Great Britain, over nine to Italy, and one to the United States. There is also a little description of the characters of different nations. After mentioning the people of Soudan, the author tells us that the aborigines of the northern countries of America have preserved almost all the usages which they had before the invasion of Europeans; the Iroquois, the Hurons, the Illinois, the Canadians, etc., are intrepid, agile, and great hunters; they worship God under the name of the "Great Spirit." Then he speaks

of the Esquimaux. The next mentioned are the Mexicans, who are said to be tawny, handy, laborious, mild, loving the sciences, and, above all, the arts. Then we come to the Orinocos, and the Chilians are mentioned; but what I have just given is all that there is about the people of the United States. No wonder that a senator from France during our Exposition wanted to see some of our Indians! This little book was approved for the use of primary schools in 1836; and "primary" means such schools as that of which Henri passed the examination, corresponding with our grammar or district schools.

The want of wood may be considered one of the weak points of beautiful France. The granger, or farmer, of Mrs. L. has bought a bit of ground upon the hill with oak saplings on it. And the family assign him ground upon which to cut *genets*, or broom,—a plant with which he can heat the oven, light the fire, and cook potatoes for the hogs. These potatoes are boiled, and then mashed.

Saturday, July 13th.—This morning I bid Mrs. Deschavannes and her family farewell. Toinette, the servant, takes my box over to the village, and when we part at the stage puts up one cheek for me to kiss, and then the other. So I am a little troubled at my manner of parting with madame; I took both her hands, but ought I not to have offered my cheek in the French manner?

I have just called Toinette the servant, but I never heard the word used in France, that I remember. Toinette called herself a *bonne*, or good girl, which expression may be said to belong to the same class as the New Eng-

land "help." A word much used in France is domestic, and my American friend speaks of her woman's husband as being a valet in another family.

At Romilies I breakfast at the same hotel as before, taking the mid-day breakfast, and an afternoon train for Paris, where I arrive at about four in the morning. On my way I observe that all the hay is not yet in. We ride through a delightful country, so that I again recall the line,—

"How has kind Heaven adorned the happy land!"

PART III.

THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XXI.

Saturday, July 27th.—It was not a part of my original plan to visit two of the farming districts of France, but Mr. Carpentier, of Paris, to whom I am indebted for kind attentions (I would like to give his true name), suggested my also visiting the north, where he said that farming is different, and Victor Leblanc writes to an old friend of his, who consents to take me. I am to travel by rail to Cambray, and thence by private conveyance. I am to pay fifty francs for ten days' board, and a certain sum for taking me from the station at Cambray and for my return hither. Indeed, I have already paid, for the whole sum had to be transmitted in advance.

Victor insisted upon my leaving on an early train, which proves to be a very slow one; and there are several changes of cars. Mine is a third-class car, divided into five compartments, but open above, so that we can see all the people. Beside me sits a young woman, and facing us two ecclesiastics, old and young, her companions. How handsomely the robe of the elder is made! but they have not shaved this morning. The clergy are somewhat communicative in talking about my route, and then take out their prayer-books. Men are smoking in the car,—what an abomination!—but I forgot to look for a car for women only.

A man rises,—a man with a box,—and begins a rapid discourse upon his goods, offering for one franc a chain with an attachment, a set of shirt-studs, and a ticket for a dinner in Paris (we are leaving Paris!). He does not apologize to the reverend gentlemen for interrupting them, and they continue to look upon their books, with which they must be familiar. The man makes sales, and offers more goods. Plainly, all the money has not been spent in Paris. After selling a number of cheap trifles he gets out, which is wise. I leave at Creille, and by that car door close to which is seated the younger reverend. The young woman opposite tries to open the door for me, but the young reverend makes no such effort. As the door opens I hear something fall, and I see a tin can like a tall milk-can lying upon its side on the stone pavement. Some one lifts it: clear drops are falling from it; the lesser clergy finds a tongue: "It is ours."

A great difficulty which they have in leaving the Church is the question of subsistence. Ten years in the seminaries, learning what? An unfrocked priest might find it difficult to obtain a place as teacher or book-keeper. Victor told me how his mother and Mr. Carpentier induced a priest to marry a woman with whom he had been long intimate. He became an omnibus conductor, and his wife got work from a tailor; but he would stumble in going upon the top of the omnibus, and would make mistakes in change. Afterwards he got a situation in an omnibus office, and here he could get along better, as he could say that he had been a conductor, instead of being obliged to say that he had been a curé.

In the next car into which I enter, in my unnecessarily

prolonged journey, is a young woman, not fair, with a purple necktie, and just below, very conspicuous in the bosom of her black dress, a large, stiff, red-and-white carnation, and what looks like an equally large orange marigold,—leaves not being considered necessary. She gets out at Compiègne to get “a little glass,” but does not find a restaurant. She says that she is from Paris. She wears light slippers,—apparently of blue-and-white linen. As she seems to apologize for them, I suggest that her feet are tired with the Exposition; but she says that the Exposition did not tempt her. She went to see that of the free workingmen. She says that I ought to have seen it. The price of admission was ten cents on week-days and five on Sundays. Probably it was here that my democratic dressmaker exhibited something of which she was telling us. I believe that I saw the building—quite a neat one—near the Exposition grounds.

Lately, at Paris, I said to myself, “Pleasant Paris!” but the country is very pleasant too. I see quantities of beets growing. At Compiègne, at a restaurant, I breakfast in haste on plenty of strong coffee, plenty of hot milk, enough nice sugar, and more bread than I can eat, for twelve sous. At Tergnier we have to wait three-quarters of an hour; and the young woman with the carnation tells me that her slippers cost thirty-nine sous. They are nailed or pegged,—not sewed. While I am standing here, a woman in black says that I am English. I laugh, and say that I am not. She says I am not German, and insists that I am English. At last I tell her that I am American. From Tergnier to Busigny I ride in a car of “ladies alone.” Two women have books,—one seems to be a story-book. The other woman wears a cap instead of a

bonnet. There is dignity in her countenance, and a religious expression. She is not reading, however, and I offer her one of my papers,—“The Little French Republic.” She shakes her head, smiles, and holds up her rosary. After her prayers are finished she is very social, and so are others; and we have a lively time talking about the Exposition and boarding-places. We change again at Buisigny, and I hear my nice-looking woman with the cap say, “My sister,” and a big nun gets in, in a common brown dress with wide sleeves, a white sun-bonnet, or cap, with a black shawl over it; over her forehead a white band, and on her breast a crucifix. I am told that she is a Trappist (they collect for the poor); but she talks more than the Trappist monks do, and my nice-looking woman talks with her. At the station at Cambray I see a woman with a cap, who also sees me. It is Madame Salmier, wife of the ex-teacher with whom I am to board. She has accompanied her red-haired son to meet a person whom neither of them has seen before. As we enter the city of Cambray, we are stopped by an officer of the *octroi*, who wants to know whether I have any meat, etc. I begin to answer leisurely that I have no meat, when Mrs. Salmier cuts the matter short by declaring that we have nothing. Cambray has about twenty-three thousand inhabitants. Think of Lancaster, in my own State, establishing offices on all roads entering the town, and appointing officers to make the country-people pay a tax before they can sell their produce!

Now I am in the district of which Fénelon was archbishop; and while madame goes to do some errands I enter the cathedral, which has been remodelled, and looks too new to inspire reverence; but the vaulted roof I suppose to indicate age. There is a handsome seated statue of

Louis Belmas, bishop of Cambray ; but what do I care for him ? Did I not read Fénelon's "Télémaque" when a child ? Over the high altar hovers a majestic marble figure with the hands spread out, and the legend in Latin, "This is my beloved Son." Does it mean the mass upon the altar ? I see a nice place, carpeted, with music-stands and great books, and I enter the railing and sit down upon a chair and try to read one of the books. A man who has been cleaning comes and tells me that it is prohibited. I go, but ask, "Why prohibited ?" He spreads his hands, shrugs his shoulders, and says, "Only priests can enter the choir." I ask a gentleman who comes in whether there is anything here about Fénelon. He says, very pleasantly, "Behind the choir;" and there is a handsome tomb, but modern,—of about 1824. Above is the effigy of Fénelon, and, below, three small bas-reliefs. One represents him instructing the young prince ; another shows him bringing back the peasant's cow ; and the third I do not understand ; but the gentleman says that it is Fénelon receiving in his palace the wounded after the battle of Malplaquet. Why should Fénelon be put behind the choir and Bishop Belmas near the grand entrance ?

When we get into the wagon, Mrs. Salmier asks, "America,—is China on that side ?" Her husband is an ex-teacher, retired on his pension. To go to their house we leave Cambray and ride through a gate in the great wall,—a gate several yards through and over a little drawbridge,—and in a few moments we come to another wall and gate, and another drawbridge, and afterwards to a third, but the fourth is partly dismantled. On this side there were doubtless four distinct lines of fortifications.

On the road we pass patches of cultivated poppies going to seed ; some have been pulled ; the seeds are to make oil

for salad. We pass a mill with a great wooden wheel. It is to grind colza, flax, and poppy seeds for oil. Colza oil is used for machinery and leather, but they prefer to burn petroleum, which is cheaper. We stop at the village of Caulmain to call upon Mr. Salmier's sister. The villages have a very poor appearance, on account of there being no windows towards the street, or but few, which makes the houses look like stables. Brick is almost the only building material here. I find Mr. Salmier to be a worthy man,—a republican. He tells me that under Louis Philippe universal suffrage did not exist: it was established in 1848. Under Louis Philippe a man could not vote for municipal counsellors (selectmen of the town) unless he paid a tax of about forty francs, nor for deputies unless he paid two hundred. Now every one is an elector, whether he pays tax or not. He tells me that the best tillable lands here are worth about six hundred dollars an acre. This is limestone land, and doubtless of very fine quality.

In this part of France I see signs up saying that mendicity is forbidden in the commune, but I find that it exists, nevertheless.

July 28th.—Mrs. Salmier is surprised to hear that we have cows with us. "And horses?" she asks. They have no pasture-land here. Their limestone soil is all under cultivation, and the animals never go out to graze. Mrs. Salmier asks whether I will have milk for breakfast. I tell her that I generally drink coffee with milk; so she makes it for all the family, and we sit down together,—Mr. and Mrs. Salmier, the two sons who are at home, the young daughter, and myself. They keep no hired people. The men do not wear their hats at table. At breakfast bread is broken up in the coffee of each person but myself.

There is a piece of butter, and some bits of nice sugar upon a piece of paper before me. I do not see the others take any butter. My coffee is good, with plenty of good milk in it. Mrs. S. also offers me cheese, and gives me currant jelly, but the family confine themselves to the bread and coffee. Beer is the usual drink here, as wine was in the south; but I like beer so little as a supper drink that Mr. Salmier gave me, last evening, wine (which he has in the cellar), and which I drank with water.

Mr. Salmier taught the village school forty years, and receives a pension of about one hundred dollars. To have taught thirty years entitles a man to this pension. He and his wife were both born in this village. This department joins Belgium, and Mr. and Mrs. S. have both been away from home as far as that country. He never had during his forty years' teaching any maps to hang around his school-room,—the commune did not furnish them. He made a black-board himself; and when the Prussian soldiers visited them, not very long since, it was broken. Mr. Salmier holds the office of *greffier*, or mayor's clerk, in this commune of about seven hundred inhabitants. He has held the office over forty years, and it is worth two hundred francs yearly. They also own over twelve acres of land, besides the lot upon which their house stands; the house, like almost all the rest in the township or commune, being in the village; this is called an agglomerate population. Mr. Salmier seems to be an upright, worthy man, and kindly answers my many inquiries. Besides his dignity of clerk and ex-teacher, he is also a member of "the fabric of the church," or is a vestryman. He did not, however, receive this appointment through the curé, or parish priest, but

through the mayor, who never goes to church, except at funerals (and the vice-mayor never goes at all).

When Mrs. Salmier is much pressed with work her husband will not refuse to assist her by washing dishes, he being the second or third Frenchman whom I have seen perform that useful, if not agreeable, household task. Once when he sees me take water, he says, "You drink water?" I laugh, and he adds, "I never drink it: I could not; I believe I should die first." One evening he expresses the opinion that it was a Frenchman who discovered America.

Mrs. Salmier tells me that for some time since the war they have not made money, everything being so augmented in price. However, they have lately bought another house; and I tell her that I find they have made money. She admits it, and says, "I have never spent improperly; I have always been industrious. When we did not cultivate land, I sewed for other people. When I had little ones, I held them on my lap and sewed, and that is the reason I have made money." Although by industry and economy she and her husband seem to have acquired some valuable property, yet it grieves her to think how little there will be to divide among their six children. When I tell her of one of my acquaintances who has only one child, I understand her to say, "What good fortune!" Her own family, brothers and sisters, amounted to fourteen, of whom eleven are living; seven live in this commune, and the rest at no greater distance than about a two hours' walk.* She asks me whether we have neighbors, and when I mention Mexico and

* By the French census of 1872 it was found that out of every hundred individuals but fifteen had quitted their native commune or township, so that eighty-five lived where they were born. Almost the whole of the existing migration is that from the rural districts into the towns of France.—*Statesman's Year-Book*, 1879.

Canada, she wants to know whether Peru is also. Coming home once with herself and two other old ladies, I am asked the interesting questions, "Have you frogs in your country? rats and mice? Does it thunder in your country?" She inquires whether we have fleas in America; for they are to be found here as well as in Paris and the south. She does not know the distance to the North Sea, nor what countries bound France on the east. Soon after my arrival we go into the stable to look at the new cow, for which they gave about eighty dollars when within a month of calving. "Do you know," she says, "how to tell the age of a cow? There is a ridge in her horns for every calf. Since I have had animals I have tried to learn their ways. I always feed them before I myself eat, and always at a set time; for if you do not give them food when they are hungry, they will not get fat. Do you know how to fatten calves? When we begin we give them milk; you understand it takes two cows that give milk." "How did you learn these things?" I ask. "By talking about them with others; did you not hear me yesterday? If a stranger comes, I say, 'Do you do this? do you do that?' and so I learn. If you want the calf to grow long and not fatten too fast, you must give the morning's milk warmed, having taken off a little cream; and when calves are four or five weeks old, give them the new milk entire, with about one litre of water in four of milk. We sell them at from six weeks to two and a half months. One I sold lately was the finest in the market: he had such a shining skin! If the calf has diarrhoea, we boil rice; and if the calf is young, we give it the water, and if older we can give the rice too. Then when that is corrected you can give it well-boiled potatoes, well mashed, if you want to save a little cream to make butter. At the end, to fatten the calf

it takes the milk of two cows; but then the calf is strong, you know,—he is strong. The calf I sold was nine weeks old, and I sold him to a butcher at Cambray, who gets all the medals; he sells the best meat at Cambray; all those medals are hanging in his butchery. He buys the best meat; he gave me one hundred and thirty-five francs.” “That was a great price,” I reply. “My brother-in-law, at whose house you were, sold a calf at nine weeks (it was stronger in coming into the world than mine) at one hundred and ninety francs.” “That was as much as we sell a cow for.” “And he who bought it sold it at St. Quentin, and gained money, so fine a calf he was! Ah, how dear things are sold in France! What beautiful veal he must have made! so fat! And there are some who even give eggs in the milk. That is good, that.”

I speak to her about poultry and our feeding cracked Indian corn, but I cannot now recall what caused her to say, “Oh, madame, those poor little beasts,—you give them too much. They cannot support so much. I had twenty-two little ones, and I have only lost one.” Here she lowers her voice: “I have a neighbor who makes the wedding; she drinks brandy, she vomits; I think if she could get hold of a chicken she would eat it.” (To make the wedding is to spend the day drinking.) “And you never harvest poppies with you?” she adds. “For your little chickens that would be so good! First I give my little chickens crumbs of bread,—the same that we eat,—wet with good milk or beer.” “Don’t you take the cream off of the milk?” I ask. “No; that would give them diarrhœa. If you want them to have good stomachs, give them eggs boiled hard. When they are three or four weeks old you may give them wheat, but not younger.” “Not oats nor barley?” “Oh, they could not digest it; but when they

are half-grown you may give them oats or barley. Once, when mine were about fifteen days old, I gave them new rye, and they died; and then I said, But how does this happen? Madame Jarret, the mayor's wife, said it was because of the rye; that that formed a paste on the stomach. You must cook their meal when they are young. I had two hens to hatch this year, and I had twenty-one chickens. I did not lose one." "But you did lose one, as you said." "It did not die; they are too well cared for. Sometimes I have given them wine, knowing that wine is good. I have nineteen hens, and I get ten or twelve eggs a day; and it is not now the best moment to lay, you know." "And how much do you have to feed them?" I ask. "When they are little they are always eating, always,—between the bread poppy-seeds, and the seeds are fat, you know, that makes them digest. How content they are! they go 'Tickety, tickety, tickety!'" "But the old ones?" I ask. "We had to sell our wheat on account of the rats; we always kept wheat until after harvest, so as not to have to eat new. But it is very disgusting to have rats in the wheat; and some one said to me, 'That costs you two sous a day, every rat.' Now I give my hens winter barley." "And you have only one cock?" "Only one; and the eggs never fail: there are chickens in all." "But don't you change your stock? Don't you get a new cock sometimes?" "I have had the same stock—our French hens—for three years. Cochon China don't lay enough eggs, and the chickens are always naked." Her fowls resemble our common-sized, plain-colored poultry. She tells me about her eldest son,—how he thought she was too careful, and dressed like a beggar. "And do you know what he did?" she adds. "I only gave him three thousand francs, and he married a young woman who had twenty thousand francs the day that she was mar-

ried; not in money, but in land." "But how did that happen in France?" I inquire. "She had no father nor mother, and she wanted to marry him. He was not like some others, going to fêtes, dancing here, dancing there. He is now the clerk of the church where he lives,—an hour and a half's walk from here." Afterwards she tells me that this son has a tenor voice; and the curé who was here then, taught him to play on the harmonium. A neighboring curé employs him as clerk,—his salary being three hundred francs,—and he must sing at all the masses, which, on week-days, are before eight in the morning.

One of the six children is at a greater distance from home, for he is a soldier in camp at or near Besançon. He is a soldier for five years. There are two boys at home at work on their land,—that which they own and that which they rent. When I tell them about my country, one of them thinks that it might be well to go there, as then they would not have to be soldiers. It is quite surprising to the people here that we should hire our soldiers and pay them so much. They always have the conscription, and the common soldier receives one sou a day, besides his clothing and rations.

One other son, who is about nineteen, has a situation in a bank in a neighboring town, where he has been eighteen months. At first he got four dollars a month, and now eight. He goes to the bank at eight o'clock, and stays until seven, being allowed two hours at noon. He must work until noon on Sunday.

The youngest child is Marie, the only daughter. She is a delicate-looking child. The three at home have light hair, which was very uncommon at Boissières. (It may be observed that Mrs. Salmier spoke thus of her married son: "I only gave him three thousand francs;" but I do not

infer that the money was hers. Afterwards, when the notary's young man comes and receives money from them, it is she who produces the bag.)

When we arrived here we drove up to a high brick wall, with few, if any, windows, but with great double wooden doors, large enough for wagon and horses. We generally, however, open a little door cut in one of the big ones, and behold we are in a barn-yard, with a bed of manure near the centre. On the left hand, but not very near the entrance, stands a solid brick house, long, and facing the barn-yard,—if I must so call it, when there are some trees. The house is only one story high, and has two front doors and six front windows. The walls of the house are of the thickness of two bricks placed lengthwise. Mr. Salmier and I measure them, and we find them to be, with the mortar, over half a yard thick. The windows are set in the wall, so that there is a wide window-seat outside and a narrower one within. Like all the windows that I have observed in France, they open in the centre like a double door. Rooms seem to be well aired by such windows, but must they not be more inconvenient for winter? All our roofs are of tiles, but our next neighbor has an excellent slate one. Her house is a nice new brick one,—a long house, one end of it being the stable.

Opening upon our yard is another brick building, that was once Mr. Salmier's school-house, and still has the bell-frame on top. It is now the stable, where two good horses, two cows, and a heifer are kept, and whence the horned cattle very rarely come out. An adjoining room, which also belongs to the former school-house, is the sleeping-room of one of the sons, who can thus guard the animals at

night. Upon the same yard, also, opens the brick barn. A very little brick building standing out from the barn is the dwelling of our porker,—poor animal!—with no light but what enters around the door. He is not actually poor, but a very respectable swine; he is pink, and remarkably clean, his house being generally cleaned twice a week. On the same side as our dwelling there is a little brick stable, where the calf is kept, and which seems always to have clean straw in the bottom, and over this stable is a dove-cote. There is, too, a little hen-house, with short, broad ladder or rack for the fowls to roost on. All is of brick here, as at Boissières of stone. The north side of our yard is formed by the garden-wall, of brick and stone; grass has been growing on top, and the dry stalks wave in the air. About midway there is a wooden gate, by which we enter the garden. Within our barn-yard or house-yard is a pool of water for the animals; it is rain-water, which runs down here from the street, and is kept in some manner to me very mysterious. Such watering-places seem common here,—the bottom must be cemented. A few stone steps go down to the water, and on the east it is shaded by a beautiful ash and other trees. There is a minute orchard, too, in our yard, occupying, as I estimate, about sixteen square feet, and containing some dwarf pear-trees, a little cherry-tree, and two plums. To the garden-wall and east wall pear-trees are nailed, and on the house front are two apricots, but altogether there is not a great deal of fruit. The two strangest things in this yard, unless it be the water-pool, are two troughs dug in the ground,—one of them about two yards long and one and a half wide, and nearly a yard deep. These holes are for pulp; guess what that means. Just outside the village there is a *raperie*, or place where our beets are pressed. We sell them there to a company that has

obtained the right to manufacture sugar. Here in a neat new house lives the *basculeur*, who weighs the beets. When we take our beets to be weighed, we can buy the pulp left in pressing, at ten francs the thousand kilos, or at about two dollars for two thousand two hundred pounds, and we bought one hundred francs' worth and put it into these holes to keep and to feed. "I would like to have more still," says Mrs. Salmier, "because then the butter would not be soft in the summer,—the butter of the beet is hard." About half the cultivators here signed the compromise with the company, which entitles them to the privilege of buying one-fifth of the weight of the beets in pulp. They signed to induce the company to put up the works, and when the *raperie* was built the rest came in and signed. After the beets are pressed at the *raperie*, the juice is conducted underground in a pipe. Ours is not the only *raperie*,—there is another about three or four miles from here, where the pipe begins; thence the juice flows here, and, increased by ours, goes on about three miles farther, where there is another *raperie*; thence the juice of the three goes on to the mother or central house of this region, where there is a sugar-house for making *cassonade*, or brown sugar, and perhaps a refinery, too, though not a complete one, I am told. Every day during the season the *basculeur* at our village telegraphs to the chief house what weight of beets he has received; and the agent at the sugar-works writes us a letter letting us know to what we are entitled, and we can go to that place and get our money.

But we have left Mr. Salmier's house to follow the beet-juice in its underground travels; let us return. I was interested in the cellar, which had not upright walls like ours, with the beams and floors showing above, but was entirely covered with an arch of brick. I am allowed, too, to visit

the *grenier*, or garret. The wheat has been sold, but there is a nice heap of rye; we feed rye to the hog. And here madame has some clothes hanging to dry. I see, too, a bust in plaster of some one who has a laurel wreath around his head; she tells me that it is Louis Napoleon. It was at the mayor's office,—probably the mayor's father bought it,—and when the republic came they said it should be put into the garret, and they broke the nose. Thus passes the glory of this world!

With us in Southern Pennsylvania, even if our houses are at some distance from the barn-yard, we are tormented with flies in the summer; but here there are almost no flies in the house, although it is July and August. Even bacon hangs in the open room without a covering to protect it from insects.

I have mentioned the garden-wall. On the other three sides the garden is surrounded by a high hedge of elder, which is cut once in three years for pea-brush. Cabbages, onions, leeks, and garlic are growing within (remember our high northern latitude, Paris being north of Quebec). There are, too, chicory,—used here to help out coffee,—and *oseille*, or the sorrel which I ate at Paris, broad-leaved like spinach. There is a plant called cassis, with fruit like large black currants, some strawberries of the four seasons (small), and a few raspberries; peas with very high brush, and scarlet and white runners; there is a quantity of beet-seed, but we do not eat beets on the table; there are potatoes, carrots, etc., and delicious crimson clove-pinks.

CHAPTER XXII.

I HAVE mentioned that in our way hither we stopped at the house of Mrs. Salmier's sister-in-law, which is in the next commune to ours,—I call it Caulmain. Mrs. Gouchon, the sister-in-law, invited me to come the next day,—Sunday,—it being one of their fête-days. I did not understand her to invite me to dinner, and, as I had writing to do, I did not get off until late; Marie, the young daughter, accompanying me. We find the company still at the table, and Marie and I sit down, and food is brought to us. Mr. Salmier is there, our hostess being his sister, and the people are very much interested in talking with me about my country. Before we leave, Mr. Gouchon very kindly invites me to come the next day, which is the second day of the festival. This is not named for any saint, but is the fête of cherries. However, I see none. There is a more important festival in the fall. On our way back we stop in this village to see the ball-room, which is lighted up.

The dancing is not to begin this—Sunday—evening until nine. Mr. Salmier tells me that it is the influence of the curés, or parish priests, which prevents its beginning earlier, and I have imagined that the nearness of England has something to do with it. They dance the schottisch, polka, varsoviennè, and mazurka, and what they call the jumping waltz. Old dances were the *pastourelle* and *chassez four*.

On Monday it is Mrs. Salmier who accompanies me to Mr. Napoleon Gouchon's to dine, and we arrive there be-

tween one and two. A beautiful load of flax is standing before the door, and I speak of it to our host, who tells me that a good harvest of flax is worth ninety-two dollars per acre (computing five francs as a dollar). He gives me the expense of ploughing and cultivating, of manure, of seed, and of *weeding*, and the whole amounts to thirty-eight dollars, leaving fifty-four dollars clear profit. When, however, we learn that the best lands here are worth six hundred dollars per acre, and when we hear the great expense of renting land, our enthusiasm over the value of the crop will cool.

The family at Mr. Gouchon's consists first of my friend Napoleon and his wife. There are also two sons,—intelligent men, the older being married, and having children; his wife seems to be the housekeeper, or to do the principal part of the housework. At dinner we have first a good *bouillon*, or soup, with bread in, afterwards slices of cold roast beef with a dressing of herbs, containing probably garlic and poppy-seed oil, then veal with a plentiful supply of green peas. As this is the second day of the festival, we have cold roast turkey, with salad, and then the cold ham of yesterday. This turkey, which is not large, is quite a remarkable object in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Salmier. We have also wine and beer, black coffee with the little glass of spirits, and sweet cakes and a little rock-candy. We are at the table about three hours. Among the guests is a stout man in a blue linen blouse, whom I call Deraismes. When he sees me put water into wine, he remarks that I am going to do penance. There is no water upon the table until I call for it, and disturb our young hostess to go and bring it. Their beer is not near so strong as lager; but they say that it will intoxicate. I afterwards hear of a carpenter who was *gourmand*, and who drank in half an hour about six quarts. At this dinner we have napkins,

and spoons and forks resembling pewter. Again I am asked much about my country; indeed, I seem quite a lion. Mr. Napoleon Gouchon—the old gentleman—and his friend Deraismes are Bonapartists; one of the young men says because they are rich, but that is ironical. Mr. Deraismes is sixty-eight, and remembers the burning of Moscow. He had picked up a few English words, when the English occupied this country for three years after the battle of Waterloo until the indemnity was paid them; but Mr. Deraismes's English is hard to understand. The two young Gouchons also wear blue linen blouses,—they are at home. They are intelligent; they and two youths who come in are republicans. They speak of the different parties,—of the Orleanists and the Henri Quinquists. I ask how many Bourbonites there are. They do not readily understand me, for it seems that they generally call them Henri Quinquists, from the Bourbon heir to the throne. As soon as they do understand, the eldest son says that it is only the curés who support Henry V., adding afterwards, "Some great lords." In order to be fully correct, I turn to the father, Mr. Napoleon, the Bonapartist, and he replies that the greater part of the curés support Henry V. My neighbor at table, Mr. Deraismes, wishes to know whether Pekin is the capital of America; but one of the young men knows better. It is *Voz-ann-ton*, or perhaps *Nev-Yor*. When I remark that I can say in my country that all the young men I have seen are republicans, and, turning to my Napoleon and his friend, venture the remark that it is only the old gentlemen who are aristocrats, the bright younger son says, "They are old crusts," and Deraismes retaliates, "They are young rats."

This house where we dine is in the next commune to ours,—the commune containing six hundred and seventy-

two people, and having eleven *estaminets*, or places where drink is sold. On entering this commune, we see upon the roadside a large crucifix, at the top of a fine wide flight of steps. The figure on the cross is of life-size and life-like, and the crucifix is handsomely shaded with trees. It is called a calvary,—*calvaire*. Our host, Mr. Gouchon, has told me that it was put up by a private person; that the calvaries of the different townships are not established by the communes themselves. Some person was sick, and he promised if he got well to establish a calvary; and he left about five acres of ground, from the proceeds of which the calvary is to be maintained to eternity!

My host and his relatives are plain people, who work with their own hands. I do not have much opportunity to make the acquaintance of the great folks of the village. There are five houses in ours that have an *étage*, or a second story. The great majority are of one story; and at Mr. Salmier's, as at Boissières, the grain is kept in the garret. The day after my arrival the mayor is in at Mr. Salmier's; which is not surprising, as Mr. S. is town clerk. The mayor is not paid; he has the honor of being at the head of the seven hundred and twenty-five persons in this commune; and can sympathize with Julius Cæsar in preferring to be first in a certain village to being second in Rome. I tell Mr. Salmier that we have no mayors in our townships, and he asks me who registers births. And when I say that I do not think they are registered, he wants to know how we prevent infanticide.

The mayor—Mr. Cireau, as I call him—is big and burly, neatly dressed in his Sunday clothes,—a white linen waistcoat and light coat and pantaloons. (I have said that the

mayor never goes to church, except to funerals.) I learn that he has been to Paris,—to the Exposition; and well he may go, for he rents out one hundred acres of land, receiving about eighteen dollars an acre, renting his lands for eighteen years together, and the renter must pay the taxes. Mr. Cireau tells me that all the woods here are planted, and that the proprietor himself cannot cut them down without government permission. He can trim them or lop off the branches, but not root them out, the mayor says. I tell him that we cut down trees and then cultivate the ground; and here we come to a difficulty. He is sure that we cannot cultivate the ground without rooting out the trees. I tell him that if he will come to America he will see. Of course we do not cultivate the ground as it is cultivated here. There is something a little lonesome in this long stretch of land, with few trees, no fences nor dividing lines, and the corner-stones that serve to mark out properties so low as not to be visible when the grain is growing. Were not the ground handsomely undulating, it would be like a prairie.*

On Monday the mayor is in again in his blue blouse, and I inquire whether a stranger coming into the village can apply to the mayor for information as to where he can lodge. It seems that these *estaminets*, or restaurants, are not obliged to lodge people, nor even to feed them, and

* There are still native forests in France, principally in mountainous regions. About eighteen per cent. of the soil is in wood. A lady born in the department of Doubs, on the Swiss border, tells me that there are many forests there; but they belong to the communes, and not to individuals. The department of *Le Nord*, of which I speak in the text, is highly cultivated and populous. By census in 1876 it had fully 692 inhabitants to the square mile, whereas Pennsylvania, in 1870, had about 76.

that there are no taverns in these villages. The mayor informs me that a stranger can ask the first person he meets where lodging can be obtained; "a bad bed," he adds. There are not many towns of seven hundred people in our country without a public-house, but then we move about more.

Again I see Mr. Cireau, the mayor, without immediately knowing him. I am looking intently at the great watering-place in the village,—at a man who is dipping out water, and at his fine horse; and I also see a man at a little distance in a blue blouse, of whom I afterwards hear that it was the mayor; probably he does not understand all my movements. This watering-place is no curiosity to them. It is doubtless old, and they have known it all their lives. The little brick chapel with a brick roof, close by it, bears date 1696.

One day when Mrs. Salmier and I are out, we call at the mayor's, but Mr. and Mrs. Cireau are not at home. The servant gives us beer, and allows us to walk in the garden,—which has not an envious high wall and close gate, excluding all view from the road, like one we visited in the next village.

Speaking of persons of importance, we will next take the notary, who has a more elegant place,—perhaps the handsomest in the village. Mrs. Salmier calls his house a *château*. He has only been here about two years, and I do not find that he has become a favorite. Returning one day from the fields, on that side where the great chestnut-tree serves for a land-mark, I come first to the high brick wall which surrounds the grandeur of Mr. Notary. In one part the wall is lower, so that we can see the white building within, which seems to be an addition to another building; and there is another high building, which is the gardener's

house. What splendid walnut-trees there are in the enclosure! Farther round, a great gateway, with stone pillars, stands open, showing an avenue of trees. When I saw this house from the field, its large enclosure and high wall, I thought of Mrs. Sartoris's "Week in a French Country House."

I ask Mr. Salmier whether I can enter the great open gateway of the notary's house. "Not without permission," he answers. "If you wanted to put money at interest you would be welcome." (I understand that notaries resemble our conveyancers.)

The richest person in the village, and one whose name is much sounded, is a widow with one child,—a young daughter,—and doubtless the property belongs to both. Madame Druvet, as I call her, has about two hundred and fifty acres, and twenty horses. She lives in a long brick house, with four windows on one side of the front door and four on the other, having white window-blinds, all closed, and the front door white, with no steps to go up to it. However, the court-yard stands open; and what admirable order there is within! Madame Druvet manages her own affairs. She, the mayor, and one other are the only persons who have a right to hunt in this commune. For permission to hunt, or to send a hunter, you must pay five dollars yearly; then you can take partridges, hares, and rabbits. I see a great hole in a bank, where there is a rabbit-warren. There are not enough hunters here to keep down the rabbits that eat the crops. I visit a wood of Madame Druvet's,—a planted wood of several acres. She forbids hunting in it; and, indeed, it is in many places scarcely permeable,—being a thicket. Again I hear that Madame Druvet has in this commune over three hundred acres, worth on an average about four hun-

dred and eighty dollars the acre. She desires all her hands to vote the Bonapartist ticket, and would probably favor the legitimist if there were one. "Why is she so much on that side?" I ask. "Madame Druvet holds much to religion," is the reply. (But this commune is republican.) I was to be taken to see Madame Druvet, but fate forbade, as will be shown hereafter. The aristocracy was not for me.

I am not entirely sure that I should include the curé among the great people of the village; he is not rich. In walking through the street, after you pass the church and come towards the little chapel at the cross-road, the first house that you pass is a two-story one. Here lives Miss Gouchon, who is sixty or more, and has no domestic. Quick! see that black-robed figure going up those steps. He has disappeared, and there is nothing to be seen but a green door in a high brick wall. Yes, you can see the roof of a house and a large walnut-tree. Here lives Mr. Curé with his old aunt. He has no servant,—he has only the old aunt. Once there were two aunts. Possibly they said to him when he was younger, "We will educate you, and then you shall keep us." Or possibly they had other revenues. He receives from the government the enormous salary of nine hundred francs,—say one hundred and seventy-one dollars. Then the commune also gives him something; besides his house and garden, he has one hundred and fifty francs a year for saying low mass. He does not come to see us. He does not love republicans; and, indeed, he goes nowhere,—only to visit the schools. "And he visits the schools?" I ask. "Yes; it is his duty," is the answer. It may be remembered that I met at Paris a lady-inspectress of infant schools, and that I have spoken of the office of inspector. I hear at this village, "As for the inspector, he lives at Cambray, and only comes once a

year. When he comes he goes to the curé and the mayor, and they go round together."

But we have not yet heard all the perquisites of the curé, or parish priest. For high masses chanted during the week he receives forty sous for each mass. Madame Druvet has two said a week for her husband and her relatives and deceased friends. Then there is a Mr. Buffon, a deceased bachelor, whose heirs have a mass said once a week for the repose of his soul; and there are others, so that there is a mass every day. Then every Sunday the curé says a *De Profundis* for seventy-five dead people. He repeats all the names every Sunday, and he receives five francs a year for each person, from the families. For a funeral he is paid about as follows: at eleven o'clock, one hundred francs; at ten, eighty francs; at nine, forty; at eight, perhaps as low as fifteen. For marriages, when there are no masses, he receives nothing; and there are not many with masses, because the people here are not too devout, and on account of the expense. It costs about thirty francs, and there are years that there is not a marriage with mass. Every time that the curé makes a baptism he receives from twenty sous to three francs, and sometimes boxes of sugar-plums too. I am told that these altogether probably amount to six hundred francs.

This village cannot increase in size, because the lands around it belong to the hospitals of a neighboring city. Lands given to the poor were not seized during the Revolution. It was the lands of the seigneurs and the Church and the curés, those who emigrated, that were sold. In renting lands here, there is a peculiar bonus given called the pot of wine, or *pot de vin*,—the custom being probably ancient.

Lands are always rented for nine years. Madame Druvet rented hers for about twelve dollars the acre yearly. The *pot de vin* which she receives is another twelve dollars on each acre, paid once in these nine years. For some extra lands an extra *pot de vin* is bid, amounting even as high as seventy dollars the acre. Mr. Cireau, the mayor, rented his thus (there were nearly one hundred acres): for eighteen years at about sixteen dollars the acre, and the *pot de vin* sixteen dollars more; therefore the first year's rent is double, or thirty-two to thirty-three dollars per acre. Then at the end of the first nine years there must be another *pot de vin*, so that the rent of the tenth year will amount to thirty-two dollars or over. Those who hire these lands also have to pay the taxes, which amount to about one and a half dollars per acre. In renting lands at these high figures, Mr. Salmier says that the renter can make something if he does not have to hire hands, but he cannot buy property; he can live, but he cannot lay by money. He adds that in part of his land the renter will have to raise forage for his horses or he must buy; and this year, which has been wet, forage of sainfoin, lucerne, etc., will cost him thirty sous daily for two horses, and of oats it will require yearly about ninety-three dollars' worth.

I have told how at Boissières, in Central France, after raising a crop of grain they do not fatigue the ground the second year. Mr. Salmier tells me that formerly lands here were allowed to lie fallow every third year. The land was divided into three parts: all who raised wheat raised it on one of these thirds; those who raised oats on the second third; and the other third was *jachère*, or dead land, which lay uncultivated. The next year wheat was planted on the fallow, oats on the wheat ground, and the other third went

fallow. Then they did not manure the fields, but burned the straw, and few horses were necessary. (An inquiring mind might ask how much this system of farming had to do with bringing about the great Revolution, or the misery that prevailed at that time.)

Before leaving France, I call again on my kind host, Mr. Napoleon Gouchon, where we dined. He wishes to know of me how land is rented where we are; I answer for half the grain. "But if there is a seigneur, like Mr. De —, who owns a wood and perhaps two hundred and fifty acres in this commune, and altogether about one thousand,—how, then, would people like us peasants rent his lands?" I reply, "We do not have any persons who own so much land where I live" [*i.e.*, in my neighborhood]. "How did this gentleman get his land?" "Oh, his father had it, and perhaps his grandfather." Land is valued here thus, in round numbers, beginning at the lowest of four classes: the fourth class at three hundred and sixty dollars per acre, the third at four hundred, the second at four hundred and eighty, and the first, or highest, at six hundred and forty (five francs to the dollar, two and a half acres to the hectare). The flax crop of which I have spoken, computed to be worth over fifty dollars an acre after deducting expenses, was grown on land of nearly the first quality, and realized about nine per cent. This was a good return for flax, but not exceptional. They sell their flax in the field, and do not prepare it themselves. The value of a good acre in beets is near eighty dollars, and the leaves for feeding are worth about two in addition. The expenses are about forty-two dollars. Beets exhaust the land more than flax; after flax you need not manure for wheat, but after beets you must, unless you have manured heavily. The average yield of wheat, I am told, is about twenty-four

bushels.* In this commune, containing fifteen hundred and thirty-one acres of cultivated land, five hundred acres have been put into wheat in one year; of beets, one hundred and seventy-three acres; of colza and seeds for oil, about sixty-one acres,—mostly in poppies. Mr. Salmier sells his poppy-seeds by sample at Cambray, and they buy oil to eat; I have already mentioned that this oil is eaten on salad. Linseed-oil cake is fed here to cows, but the refuse of colza and poppy-seed oil is used for manure. Barn-yard manure is the principal employed; lime also is applied; guano was formerly, but it is now too dear.

Mrs. Salmier tells me that men working in harvest get thirty-five sous a day, and women twenty-five, and I understand that they are not boarded. Then, if wheat be worth one dollar and thirty-three cents the bushel, the laboring-man must work just about four days to earn a bushel.

Men will sometimes take a job of haying and harvest by contract,—to cut the sainfoin, lucerne, and clover, which have two cuttings, and the wheat, oats, barley, etc., which have only one. They are paid in wheat, boarding themselves, and cannot make more than two francs a day. A man working thus will take his breakfast into the field, of bread, with a little butter or cheese, and a little beer. He makes his own beer, although it is forbidden. It requires a license to make beer, but, apparently, such cases are winked at. He comes home to a dinner of vegetable soup, and perhaps a bit of bacon, or he may have a *fricasse* made with a bit of butter, onions, potatoes, and sometimes peas,

* The production of wheat in this department of the North—*Le Nord*—is said to have risen as high as sixty-nine bushels to the acre, sixty hectolitres the hectare. The average value is twenty francs the hectolitre, or about seven francs the bushel.

with fragrant herbs; it is said to be excellent. He may have both *fricasse* and soup at dinner, which is his principal meal. He takes two hours at noon. At four he eats in the fields,—the same as at breakfast,—and his evening meal is like his dinner. When Mrs. Salmier tells me about the food of harvesters, she asks, “And with you is it not the same thing?” “No; we feed our hands.” “Oh, that costs too much! that is dear!” she says.

I am interested in seeing the umbrellas that are sometimes put upon wheat-shocks in the field,—umbrellas without handles, made of straw and twine. They call them *chaperons*, or hoods. The Salmiers have some which they had made, and I am told that that costs money. A man made twenty in a day, he furnishing the twine, and received six francs and his board. They will last ten years.

In travelling in this part of the world, it is remarkable to an American to observe the small number of swine. At Mr. Gouchon's, where we dined, there were four horses and seven cows, and only one hog; and being shut up, as I have seen them, in little brick houses without windows, one would think they might go blind. They give their hog here rye three times a day, always boiling it, but some grind it. Rye is worth about eighty-seven cents a bushel.

I have spoken of the small number of house-flies, but there are horse-flies. In bringing me from the railroad Mr. Salmier's good young horse had on a blue cloth with long, heavy cotton fringe to protect him from the flies that make horses bleed. I think sheep are very scarce. Madame Druvet owns a flock, and they may be seen feeding on the roadsides, guarded by a man and three dogs to keep them off the fields.

I have remarked how little the people travel. There is a railroad about a mile and a quarter from here, but a large proportion of grown persons in this village have never been in a car: they are afraid. The greater part of the women here—say three-quarters—have never been farther than the neighboring city, about six miles off. There is more movement among the men, because some of them are merchants who sell things; but there are men here, too, who have never been farther than that city. By the railroad just mentioned they can go there, but it costs nineteen sous; and those who have vehicles would rather ride, and those who have none would rather walk. The roads here are generally very good; one person is constantly employed to work on them, and he can always demand aid when necessary. In all the communes every man from eighteen to sixty must make three days' work upon the roads or furnish money, having made a declaration. Those who have horses and wagons are also obliged to furnish them for three days. At Lisle, the chief city of this department, there is a chief road-inspector. Another principal inspector is at the chief town of our arrondissement; and in the third place, there is a road-inspector in our cantonal town. These attend to constructing and repairing roads. The brewer, the sugar-manufacturer, the maker of tiles for roofs and floors, the coal-merchant, is asked what he is carrying, and how much, and this is reported to the inspector of the canton. At the end of the year the merchant is charged for this transportation, and this is called industrial subsidy. When I express to Mr. Salmier my surprise at this regulation; he says in his open, clear manner, "You are not administered in America as France is; it is not possible." I rejoin that one of our great men said that the world is governed too much; and that we have another

saying of which I often think,—that “eternal vigilance is the price of liberty ;” adding, “If you want to keep yours, you must be always upon the watch, and not allow *coups d'état*.” Perhaps it would have been more pertinent to ask whether merchants are not public benefactors, and therefore entitled to a free passage ; and whether *octrois* and such restrictions upon trade are judicious.

The *garde champêtre* has been in at Mr. Salmier's wearing his blouse ; but one hundred and forty-two francs have been voted to get him a new uniform. He is the field-guard, on a salary of six hundred francs ; but he has also perquisites, as when he beats a saucepan and cries a sale, or announces the coming of a butcher with meat, or a hog-merchant. There is one of these guards, I am told, in every commune, and in the larger ones two. The duty of this guard is to watch the harvests and see that they are not stolen. He also makes a round of all the drinking-places at ten o'clock on Sundays and fête-days, at which hour he sounds the retreat on the church-bell ; after that, if he finds drinkers in the restaurants or disorderly persons on the streets, he draws up against them a *procès-verbal* and signs it, and the mayor certifies it, and sends it to be registered, and then the receiver of registration sends it to another officer,—the *huissier*,—who cites the offender to appear before the magistrate or judge of peace.

This is a republican district, but, not long since, a Bonapartist was elected to the Chamber of Deputies. The republicans, it is said, were not rich enough or were not willing to offer themselves, as an election costs about twenty thousand dollars, for handbills, for distributing ballots, etc.

Although this is the most northerly department of France, yet a deputy elected here in the fall of 1877 was from the Oriental Pyrenees, in the extreme south. Candidates generally make a profession of political faith, and that of this person had also affixed the name of MacMahon, the candidate being a Bonapartist. He was elected, but he was set aside in the chamber on account of having used too much *pression*, or persuasion: he had flattered the people too much. He went into the houses of workingmen and asked them how much they earned a day by weaving, and when they perhaps answered twenty or thirty sous, "But if I am elected," he said, "I promise you ten francs a day."

"And did they believe him?" I ask of Mr. Salmier. "Yes; and instead of gaining they lost, as their republican employer took away their work because they did not vote for him." Funny France! And when the Pyrenees gentleman was set aside, then this republican candidate, who is a great manufacturer in this department, was elected by more than four thousand majority. Mr. and Mrs. Salmier think that the laboring-man should support his employer. She says that they are ignorant people, who do not know how to read and write. But is it strange that a man who earns only twenty-five cents a day should have ignorant children?* So far I have spoken of the agricultural population, but this is one of the most celebrated manufacturing districts in the world. At Cambrai is a statue of Batiste, from whom the French *batiste*, or linen cambric, derives its name. I have thought that our word cambric

* By the census of 1872, there were in the department above described, of persons over six years of age, fully thirty-six in a hundred who did not know how to read or write. By the census of 1870, there were in Pennsylvania, of persons ten years old and upward, less than four in a hundred who could not read.

comes from Cambrai. And who has not heard of Lisle thread? I need scarcely mention for what Valenciennes is celebrated.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I HAVE said that Mr. Salmier, with whom I board, belongs to the fabric of the church. I suppose that the English would call him a church-warden. The curé and the mayor are by right members of the vestry, then there are five more, three named by the bishop (but here by the archbishop of Cambray), and two by the prefect or governor of the department. Thus church and state are both represented. However, the archbishop and the prefect are not to be supposed to know the people of all the little communes, and so the three appointed by the archbishop are proposed by the curé, and the two named by the prefect are proposed by the mayor. (All the church-wardens here are republican except one; but they were named under the Empire, when there was no question of a republic.) The money for paying the expenses of the church is obtained by the chairs in the church; some of these chair-rights are twenty-seven sous a year, some thirty-two, and some forty. The vestry gets part of the expenses of funerals, and six sous on masses chanted through the week. The money received by the vestry is expended in ornaments, candles, incense, and wine for the curé in the masses,—the wine costing forty francs yearly. The vestry pays also for all repairs in the interior of the church, the government paying for the outside; but the vestry does not furnish fuel, for they have no fire in

the winter. "Is it not very cold in winter?" I ask. "Yes; as for me, I do not go to mass when it is cold: I cannot," says Mr. Salmier. "I should think the curé would get sick," I say. "Oh, no; they are more hardy than we: they are ten years in the seminary without fire." "They have fire in the rooms in which they recite?" I ask. "No; only fire to do the cooking."

Mr. Salmier tells me that he once visited a Protestant temple, and that everybody sang and nobody talked. I do not understand what he means by the last part of the remark; but he explains that in their church the men talk. The women have chairs and do not converse, but the men stand back of them and talk, and the curé says nothing about it. Also, some of the men stand outside and talk loud enough to be heard within. Not more than half the men go to church. In summer they continue their work in the fields, and the weaver takes Sunday to cultivate his truck-patch. Of the men that do go, one-half leave when the mass is over, and do not wait to hear the sermon. A person in the village speaks thus to me: "In winter, when the curé comes down from the altar and goes into his cask——" "What?" I inquire, in surprise. "Chair of truth. Don't you know what that is, the chair of truth?" Of course he means the pulpit. "When he goes into his chair the men, or at least half of them, go to the tavern. In summer they have not time,—they go into the fields to work. Perhaps those men who go to the tavern will come back when the preaching is done. The curé is not a good speaker: he tells things we all know."

At home, in townships containing from seven hundred to two thousand people, we should have more than one church. But more than one does not seem to be wanted in

the French villages I visit, which reminds me of the motto of the Guises,—“One faith, one law.”

There are several points in which this part of France differs from what I saw farther south. First, it is proper for the young men to wait upon the young women home from the evening dance; second, I found the church door locked and did not get in; and, third, I had no difficulty in obtaining admission into the schools. In communes or townships that have less than five hundred inhabitants it is allowed for the boys and girls to go to the same school. But Boissières, in Central France, had about two thousand, and this commune has over seven hundred. All the forty years that Mr. Salmier taught here the boys and girls came to him together, but of late they have been divided. Three nuns teach the girls' communal school. One is paid by Madame Druvet to teach her daughter, and the other two by the commune. The commune gives nine hundred francs and Madame Druvet six hundred, the conditions having been made in advance that the three would come for fifteen hundred francs. Then they have their dwelling besides. The deceased Mr. Druvet put up this nice dwelling and the school-building at an expense of about five thousand dollars, and offered them to the commune on condition that the Sisters should be employed to teach. For three women to teach ten months in the year for five hundred dollars and their house-rent is not remarkable emolument, but the religious orders must be able to underbid others. If their living is guaranteed to them under any circumstances, of course they can teach lower. Marie, Mr. Salmier's young daughter, accompanies me to the school. The building is new, and in the front yard is a beautiful flower-bed. We

enter and pass through the house, seeing within a pretty young Sister in a gray dress and very peculiar muslin cap, with long ears pointing downwards and forwards. It must be some trouble to keep such caps done up. In one of the rooms is a fat lady in black. Marie says it is Madame Druvet. This is the first opportunity I have had to see that distinguished lady. We pass into the school-house, which is neatly built and divided into two class-rooms. The first teacher who receives me is another young and pretty Sister; there are very few girls in the well-lighted class-room, and the Sister does not let me hear them recite, saying that they are not ready. So we pass into another class-room and behold another young Sister of St. Anne,—not quite so pretty as the others. This class, too, is slender; it is harvest-time, when we have no schools with us in country places. I understand the teacher to say that children enter here at four, and stay until they can read. I ask if they recite the multiplication table, and she says something about their reciting the addition table, etc. There is no effort to show me anything at all. I see no maps nor blackboards; but perhaps I do not stay long enough. When one is not invited to sit down, and when a person stands waiting upon you, it is not very easy to see and do much, especially if that person limits her own conversation. Several of the children have weak eyes, which I observe, but the teacher says that the doctor has not said what is the reason. As Marie and I are going away we meet a little one in the yard, coming with knitting in hand. The teacher, who is conducting me, says that the small class knit three-quarters of an hour a day. The others sew one half-day in the week, which Mr. Salmier thinks is not enough. As we are going I notice the pretty flowers in the yard, and the Sister says that they tend them themselves: it is recreation for

them. I had before told her of having been at Paris, when she quietly took off her blue apron. What a nice-looking young woman she is! I speak to her of the system of Froebel, as they call it at Paris, or the Kindergarten, and she has not heard of it. As we are going and returning from our brief visit, we see four to six children at the ancient brick chapel in the cross-roads. "What are they doing?" I say to Marie. "Playing," the quiet child replies. "Why do they not go to school?" "Because they don't want to," she answers. But one has a big basket in which to pick up manure, and one has a child on her back. "They are keeping the younger ones," I say, "while their mothers are in the fields;" which Marie does not deny. They are all girls, with dark caps on their heads.

I have before spoken of the school examinations in France. I learn now that at one lately held here at the cantonal town there were twenty girls who received the certificate of studies, but there were none from this commune. Marie Salmier, I am told, was sufficiently advanced, but the nuns did not send her, saying that they would wait another year and then there would be two. Nevertheless, the inspector questioned her, and said that she could have received the certificate. "But, as the Sisters did not send you, you were not received," I say to Marie. "There must be papers to be received," the quiet girl answers. "What kind of papers?" I ask. "A certificate of birth," says Marie. O France! what a France thou art!

After my visit to the girls' school, I tell Mrs. Salmier of my not being shown any exercises. I had previously told her about my visit to the cathedral at Cambrai, and about my having gone into a place where there were great books on stands, and how I had been told that it was not permitted. "It was the choir," she replied, in a kind of awe

mingled with amusement. Now, when I tell her of the manner of my reception at the girls' school, she inquires whether I told the Sisters that I was in the choir. She says that women are not admitted there. "But why not women?" I ask, and she seems unable to explain.

Mr. Salmier tells me that children of ten go every day to the church to be examined by the curé in the catechism preparatory to the first communion, which takes place about eleven. He says also that they learn the New Testament. "Do you know the New Testament?" he asks. I smile, and answer that we have it. He adds that they learn sacred history. I say, "You do not have the Testament itself;" which he does not deny.

To the boys' school Mrs. Salmier accompanies me. This also is a new building; and the school is taught by a young man of twenty-three, from the normal school at Douai. When I ask Mrs. Salmier whether he obtained the *brevet*, or diploma, she replies that he would not be here if he had not. The building is very good, but the benches for large and small pupils are all of one height. I find the boys quite intelligent, but they cannot tell me any other way of coming from my country than by the Atlantic Ocean. The teacher asks about our schools; he supposes that we are beginning to have them. Whereupon I tell him that in some of our States they have been established two hundred years. He says that the children here pay for their books: they are well off. I tell him that our scholars do not; and he thinks that they would not be willing to accept this here. I offer to try to send him the book of American compositions of which I have before spoken. When we go out into the yard,—a good-sized one,—

I see a house on the other side of the yard with the door open ; it is his own house, and he invites us over. How neat it is, with its tiled floor (the tiles red, and so nicely sanded), with its curtains and no flies ! His wife is away from home. One end of the house is occupied by the mayor's office. Afterwards we walk into the teacher's garden, which he takes care of himself. It is of a good size, and is well kept. We compare salaries. I tell him of schools in America that are open six months and pay forty dollars a month. Here the school is open until the latter part of August, and begins again on the first of October. He receives from the commune one thousand francs a year and his comfortable dwelling and good garden. Then he gives private lessons, by which he earns as much as his salary. Is not that fine ? I hear from him that all schools, public and private, may go to the *concours*, or competitive examination, which was established, for schools of this grade, three years ago. Girls were not invited until this year.

When Mr. Druvet built the nice school-room for girls (the law now requiring that boys and girls shall be separate), he offered it to the commune on condition that the Sisters of St. Anne should teach the school ; the commune feared, not the Sisters, but the expense, and hesitated. Then somebody sent word to Lisle, and the sub-prefect came down here,—not the great man himself, but his vice,—and the matter was settled. And the sub-prefect wanted to know if we had not a map of the world, and said that he would see that we had one. Now it hangs in the boys' school, and on it I am able to show to Mrs. Salmier my own country, and how I came here ; and point out California, of whose gold she has heard, and Mexico, of which she has also heard ; and I

am also able to show the boys in what other way they can come from my country but by the Atlantic. Thanks to that great man, the sub-prefect! He is a greater man than the lieutenant-governor of Rhode Island, in so far as his is a life-office. Before the revolution of 1848 the parents paid the teacher; now those who send children pay a certain sum for each child to the tax-collector, and thus the teacher is paid. Isn't that progress? It may be worth while to observe that while the commune pays this young man one thousand francs, it pays the two Sisters six hundred only.

At one time when I meet this young man something is said about there being no fires in the seminary where the curés study (except for cooking). He replies that they have none during the three years' course at the normal school, and that it is to make them hardy; but I tell him that it is to save money.

Marie shows me her two sacred histories,—one the little one which is used at school, and the other for her to read. They have no Bible nor Testament in the house, and I inquire whether there is one in the village. "The curé ought to have one," is the answer. Marie thinks that she has a Bible, and brings me a moderate-sized book, lettered on the outside *The Holy Bible*. It is the larger book just mentioned. This is the fifth edition. Written by an abbé, approved by the bishop of Amiens, and authorized by the academic council of Douai. We find it to be a "History of the Holy Bible, with edifying explanations drawn from the holy Fathers." In chapter iv. we read of the punishment of Adam,—that it was not the penitence of Adam and Eve, but Jesus Christ our Lord, who repaired

the evil, and he did it in so advantageous a manner that the Church can now call the sin of Adam a necessary sin, and his fault a very fortunate fault. In chapter xiv., regarding the birth of Isaac, we are told that the holy Fathers admire the virtues that break forth in this story, the great charity of Abraham in receiving his guests, and the great modesty of Sarah. "Very far," says St. Ambrose, "from imitating the persons of her sex, who seek only to show themselves in public under the pretext of exercising works of charity, she, on the contrary, remained always shut up in her tent, without even appearing before the angels whom her husband received. Thus she taught Christian women," says the same Father, "that their life ought to be continually passed in the secrecy of their house and the care of their family." These extracts are from the book lettered on the outside *The Holy Bible*. The little sacred history of primary schools is also by a churchman, illustrated by sixty drawings; is approved by Pius IX., by one cardinal, several archbishops, etc.; its use authorized in the public schools by the minister of public instruction. Sixteenth edition, Paris, 1875. Sacred history, the author tells us, is, like the Bible, divided into two parts,—“Sacred history is the word of God.”

Of the school-books in use in the girls' school, I see a little French history adapted to the youngest pupils, also by a churchman,—a doctor of theology. Twenty-second edition, Paris, 1875. In speaking of Henry IV. (the Protestant), the author says that he was heir to the throne, “but the people then had too ardent a faith to obey a heretical king.”

The teacher of the boys' school is so kind also as to show me a couple of their books. One is a very small sacred

history, by an inspector-general of public instruction. The young man tells me that it is the translation of the Bible itself,—“*la Bible même.*”

“It is much abridged,” I say.

“Of the primitive Bible,” he replies.

He inquires what language is spoken in my country.

I have spoken of the great people of this commune of the North; next in importance appear to be the two brewers, one of whom is vice-mayor (and never goes to church). I paid a visit one afternoon to the house of a brewer very well-to-do, if I may judge from appearances. We—Madame Salmier and I—do not see him when, after crossing the large yard, we enter the house. But we find two women,—one little, one big. There is a large range and a great coal fire,—larger than is common here,—and the little woman is folding clothes. The big one sits down to entertain us. Immediately beer is handed, and we all three stand up and touch glasses, drinking our beer standing. I make some remark on this custom, and I learn then that Mrs. Salmier had observed that I did not stand when the mayor was at their house.

I suppose the big woman to be the brewer's wife. She is a Belgian, and speaks better French than most of the people here; besides, she has been in England, travelling with a young lady in delicate health, and tells us how much their meals cost them there. She had been cook in the young lady's family. When I hear this she begins to decline in my opinion; but she goes quite down when she says that she is not mistress of the house, but only house-keeper. She takes us into a large and well-kept garden, where, among many things, there are pear-trees—mostly

trained against the walls—with fruit on ; and there are grapes, and two plants of which I had often heard,—hyssop and rue. She tells us that rue is very fatal to women in pregnancy ; she should not dare to walk over it were she pregnant. In the court-yard we see a quantity of poultry, —chickens, geese, and turkeys. The geese have just been plucked ; in October they will be plucked again and sold. I suggest that they are very good to eat, and she replies that they have a quantity of chickens. Then she takes us to a pig-house, where a sow is lying upon her side and suckling such a litter of eight pigs as perhaps I never saw before. How clean ! how plump ! and generally, how strong a curl in the tail ! Yet the mother does not seem to me of a first-class breed : her snout is rather long. The house-keeper tells us that she was alone when the pigs were born, and that she received them one by one, and laid them into a basket of straw, lest the sow should crush them. Then she cleaned the place, and put down fresh straw and gave them to their mother. They are five weeks old, and she has not lost one. Their stable is cleaned every day ; and when the pigs were little she gave them fresh straw twice a day. My admiration of her rises to a high pitch. She has opened a door and shown us another large garden, in which two boys are weeding, She shows us the engine-room of the brewery, and at last the cattle in a long stable,—about nine cows and two others. She tells us how she kept a laundry in a city, and got disgusted because some had not paid her, and how, seeing the advertisement, she applied for this place. She lived fifteen years in one family, and twelve in another. At length I learn that she receives money brought here, and takes care even of large sums. She appears to have a powerful constitution : there are few such women. She superintends the milking, and when the

boy is away herself milks. She speaks of making thirty-five pieces of butter a week: I presume she means pounds French. They have many domestics to feed, and she sells butter. Going into the house, I see again the fine range, which cost sixty dollars, and observe a Belgian flat-iron, so made as to slip in a bit of iron heated red hot, which must be a much cleaner way of heating than by this bituminous coal. The coal they burn comes from Belgium. Before we leave I am invited to come again, and we fix on the next Sunday afternoon at five o'clock. When the day comes, Mrs. Salmier and I go to fulfil the appointment near the hour fixed, entering the poultry-yard as before, or the large court-yard, upon which the house, the brewery, engine-house, stables, and one or both garden-gates open. The small hired-woman is in the doorway, but the housekeeper is not visible; she has gone out, we are told; it seems that she does not often go, but she has gone to the fields. Well, we cannot visit her if she has gone! So we will walk out to see the chapel of Madame Druvet, on the edge of the village.

That lady's burial-ground immediately joins the public cemetery. We enter a gate, and find ourselves in her very neat enclosure, which is surrounded by a high hedge, and has green grass and flowers. Here is a remarkable piece of rock-work, made out of the flint pebbles which abound, and which have fantastic forms, resembling bones. These are cemented together; flowers are planted upon the structure; and above is a large figure of the crucified Jesus. Within the burial-ground are two women,—one large, with a dignified and somewhat severe countenance, quite neatly dressed, and with a rosary in her hand, on which is a little crucifix. I look round and make some inquiry about the stone-work, and something is said about the calvary, as this structure is called. The dignified woman says

that it is good to have a calvary. I do not feel much at my ease, as they can see that I do not cross myself nor pater prayer. In the centre of the enclosure is a large stone building,—large of the kind,—under which repose the mortal remains of the deceased Druvet and his parents. The door is locked, but Mrs. Salmier looks into the key-hole and invites me thus to view the interior. Then the lesser woman—who seems to be a servant—puts a foot upon a sloping portion of the carving, and a hand in the little window above in the door, and quickly is aloft where she can look in; and descending, I am invited to take the same manner of beholding; but I say no. If the foot-rest were broader, and not so sloping, I might try; but would I be expected to pray there? I walk round the enclosure and look through the hedge, and behold a distant village church. The tall, dignified woman walks away, accompanied by the lesser one, without saying good-afternoon. “Who is she?” I ask of Mrs. Salmier. She is an ex-domestic, or housekeeper. She lives in the Retreat, or that house with the chimneys, where Mr. Druvet, the father, went to live when his son was married. Afterwards we go into the adjoining cemetery, where lesser dignitaries have less imposing monuments. Here is that of the Cireau family, the present mayor’s, and that of the vice-mayor, whose housekeeper was not at home when I went to visit her this afternoon. Some of the stones say, “In perpetuity.” Is this to imitate Paris and Père la Chaise in that amiable and interesting feature,—reminding you that some may not be in perpetuity? Delightful thought! There is a chapel here too, and one or two women are praying at graves. One old woman is down beside a grave. She seems to be tending the flowers. She rises and speaks to Mrs. Salmier, and speaks sadly of her son who is buried there; then

adds, "Say, my cousin, how is your calf?" "Oh," answers Mrs. Salmier, "he is so little, so little, you would have thought he was a dog." After more talk, we turn to go, and the old woman to go down on the ground again to dress the flowers. We had rain last night, and I suggest that it is too damp for her. The cemetery is not large and is not in such perfect order as Madame Druvet's elegant enclosure. Close by there is a wind-mill. There is, too, a view. I had spoken of it before; I want to see it now. "Don't you have views in your country?" rather coolly asks Mrs. Salmier. Nevertheless, I get upon the bank where the wind-mill stands, and look round to count the villages. The bright western sun prevents my seeing very well; but there is a view of the whole country round. We can count six villages. Oh, could we not see from the top of the wind-mill? But the door is locked. The mill is covered down the sides with shingles,—the first building that I have seen thus constructed. It is not very large. A great beam extends to the ground at one side, with wheels. This is to turn the sails around to catch the wind. If we could get to the top of the wind-mill, and had a telescope, could we not see forty villages? Returned from our Sunday afternoon walk, Mrs. Salmier must get us supper. In the morning Mr. S., with all the children, had gone to the field to gather poppies. Marie came back with wet clothes, which her mother washed out, and Marie went to mass. About dinner-time the boys dressed for Sunday. In the afternoon Mr. Salmier lay down, and after a while we went out for our visit to the brewer's. But first we called at a relative's house,—one who keeps an *estaminet*, or a drinking-place; and Mrs. Salmier treated me to white beer,—beer without hops,—a luxury, six sous a bottle. Two of Mrs. Salmier's sons were there, and they came in

and tasted ; and the woman of the house took some of the beer when invited. One of the boys—sons of Mrs. Salmier—was firing, for amusement, at a mark with an *arbalète*, or cross-bow. When we got back from our visit where the housekeeper was not at home, and from the cemetery and wind-mill, Mr. Salmier was up ; and with one of his good friends, who had called, was in the court-yard entrance making ties for wheat. Marie went to vespers, and after the service the three Sisters of St. Anne and the school-children went to walk. They went to Madame Druvet's, and that lady gave Marie a dahlia. The dignity of going to madame's will not, however, be for me ; although, when I first came, Mrs. Salmier spoke of taking me there. But now she knows what a person I am,—who went into the choir at Cambray,—and I might not please Madame Druvet ! Well, instead of supping at the rich man's house,—the brewer's,—Mrs. S. quickly gets an omelet for supper for her husband, herself, and me, the sons being still absent. Mrs. S. also gives me the regular bread, butter, and jelly, and the wine, which I mix with water. I take the butter and jelly with trembling, because the family do not freely partake. But what delightful bread I have in this great wheat district ! It is excellent, though not very white,—though dark, how sweet !—with more taste than the Paris bread ; and the price is twenty-three sous for six pounds French. Sometimes Mrs. S. makes bread herself. She heated her oven when I was there with bunches of poppy-stalks. Once I saw her rub garlic on the crust of her dry bit of bread, saying that this gives one an appetite. I observe on a week-day how they get along in France with so little meat ; for about four in the afternoon the Salmiers ate, while I, who took butter at dinner, could wait until six.

I have before spoken of the wind-mill. They abound in this part of France. I visit this one again, and observe that the base is of brick and it is eight-sided, each side measuring something over a yard. Not far from the wind-mill lies a millstone, broken in two, and in the open space between the pieces are growing wild poppies, bluets, etc. I see these red poppies, the blue bluets, and the plentiful white flowers of the wild chamomile, and I imagine that I see the origin of the national tricolor.

Mr. Salmier's sons usually get up about five in the morning, and go to the field carrying their breakfast of bread, cottage cheese, and beer. By cutting a slice quite thick at one end, a little hollow can be made in one side of the slice to receive the cheese, in which no milk has been mixed; and you may add to it salt, pepper, and tarragon, an odoriferous herb; I observe once that Mr. Salmier has two little bulbs of garlic, which he cuts up and puts in also. That gives a good taste, they think. Then, with a stoneware canteen of beer, they will be ready for the field. They sometimes use a mild kind, which they call young beer. The boys come in about noon to dinner, and then they take two hours' rest. After dinner we generally have coffee, and then the boys take out the same as in the morning for their four-o'clock meal in the fields,—their bread, cheese, and beer. Then they do not come in until nightfall.

On the Sunday of which I have spoken so much,—the Sunday of our unsuccessful visit,—the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Salmier, who is in the bank in the city, is at home in the afternoon on a visit; he is on duty at the bank until noon. He stays until Monday morning, but must leave early to walk into the city and be in time at

the bank. Mrs. Salmier comes to my door to tell me that he is going, and wishes to bid me good-by. I am up, but, as I am not dressed, she suggests my putting myself into bed. I prefer making a slight toilet, and am quickly out. The rest of the family are all gone to the field. We talk a little while about what I can see in the city, and on other matters, and then madame tells her son that he must not be hurried on the road, and says, "Salute madame,—*embrasse madame.*" Behold, when I offer my hand, the slender youth salutes me on each cheek, which makes him blush!

I think that I understand more of the *patois* here than I did farther south, but it may be because my ear is becoming more accustomed to French sounds. One evening a woman is in at Mr. Salmier's to get the certificate of the publication of her son's marriage, they having before received his "act of birth" and the "act of the decease of his father." (Being dead, he cannot consent to the marriage!) His mother talks a while, and I learn from some one that she does not like the marriage, because the young woman has nothing and is small and slender. But the mother will not refuse her consent, and put them to the expense of sending her two respectful summons, or papers drawn up by a notary, which the notary must take to her, accompanied by two witnesses.

The small and thin young woman, who is to marry, has no parents; so she must present the *acts* of their decease, and those of her four grandfathers, or their consent, if living. Even a widow of sixty, with parents of eighty, must present their consent, as must all. This is a long preamble to the statement that the old woman who was in at Mr. Salmier's talked *patois*, and that she said or pro-

nounced "Shay sha," which I was able to interpret into *C'est cela*. One day I went out into the fields to see Mr. Salmier and Marie gathering poppies on one of those patches into which the fields are generally divided. An old woman was helping them with the work. By putting her foot at the root she was able to break the tall stem off. She said something, and remarked that I did not understand, "*shou que je dizo*," or "what I said." As I return from the fields, I see children pulling weeds in the little-used roadway, and they get grass, too, behind the high wall of the notary, to feed their rabbits. I walk on with them, and a woman, the mother of two of them, invites me in. She is ironing on Saturday afternoon. She has twins, who were six months old on the second of the month, or, as she pronounces, "Ul deux de she mo shi,"—*Le deux de ce mois-ci*. On parting I bestow some sous, and say "Good-day." The mother says, "Say good-day to madame, who has given you Sunday."

As I am drawing near the close of my visit in the north, I wish to speak of a few things, to one of which I have before alluded,—namely, the great *abreuvoir*, or watering-place, near the centre of the village. I know not why this limestone district should suffer from want of water. Perhaps one reason is because it is limestone, and the rain quickly escapes through crevices in the rock below; and can another reason be because it is so nearly treeless? Mr. Salmier and I are of one mind in thinking the watering-place one of the most ancient things here. It is deep enough to cover a horse, or over two yards at the deepest, and they can take their horses into it to be cleaned. It is rain-water which runs down from the street, and is retained in some way, to me at first very mysterious; but it must

be by having the bottom properly prepared. It is nearly surrounded by a fine low brick wall, built only a few years ago; before that it was unwalled, like the little one in our court-yard. The wall is in form much like a very long horseshoe. One evening I stopped to see a man who had a small cask on a little sled, and straw in his cask. He had gone in at the broad, open end, and, with trousers turned up, was standing in this shallow part, putting water into his cask. His elegant dark-gray horse was drinking and then kicking or splashing with a front foot, as if he wanted to throw water over himself, while his master called him to order. About the same time, near nightfall, a young woman was standing on stepping-stones to fill her bucket from the water. In a dry summer they have been obliged to bring water to this village from elsewhere; as in that of 1874 or 1875, when there was no water in this watering-pool, and very little in the wells: the commune paid about sixty dollars for water, which was brought from another township in the underground pipe by which the beet-juice is conveyed.

I hear mention of a custom which is doubtless ancient. A certain person who lived in this commune had his farm-buildings burnt, and he obtained the *pourchat* of Paris, which gave him the right to take subscriptions from different persons to replace his losses, and also, I think, to put notices in newspapers. This is supposed to have made him rich. In the French Academy's dictionary of 1778 the noun *pourchat* does not occur; but the verb *pourchasser*, which means "to try to obtain," is spoken of as old.

I hear a person mentioned as being divorced from his

wife, but of course it is not a divorce, but only a separation of body and goods, neither party being allowed to marry again. He had the habit of drinking and sometimes staying out until midnight, and she remained up for him. But what entitled her to the separation was that some one testified that he struck her. The children are divided between the two parties, and both sides have spent a good deal in litigation.

The evening before I leave this village, Mrs. Salmier tells me that there has been a rumor that I am a Prussian. She had before told me how Prussians came and quartered themselves in their premises during the recent war. She tells me that I should have been much better received if the people had known I was an American, because they like Americans. On account of this rumor she did not like to take me to Madame Druvet's. And, oh! she had been so frightened herself when that Prussian pointed his *revolvair*e at her; and how he threatened to kill her if she let any one in; and before the war the king of Prussia sent people here to find out about the country. "And he did quite right," I say, "when your emperor was trying to get up a fight." "He did right, you think! But it was we who had to suffer! That Prussian did feel for me some, for when I was carrying a mattress for his bed,—a heavy mattress,—he said, 'But, madame, let your son do that.'" "And so," said I, "the people think I am a spy?" She does not, however, like to use that word. But can this be the reason of our late peculiar reception—or no reception—at the brewer's?

To Paris I had taken a very good letter of introduction to three prominent gentlemen. In a more southern village, of which I have written, there lived a gentleman who had

been several years in Philadelphia, and with whom I was personally acquainted ; moreover, I was not in a village in that region, but upon a farm. If Mrs. Salmier had told me sooner, I could have produced letters in French, and visiting-cards of persons in Paris, of so much importance as possibly to astonish Mr. Cireau, the mayor. But now I am about to go.

Before parting with Mr. and Mrs. Salmier, she requested me to write to them on my return home. I have since written, and, among other things, I wished to know who thought I was a Prussian, or why they thought so. In reply, I received a very neat letter, written in part by Mr. Salmier, and replying to a question which I had asked about "acts of birth," or certificates. Mrs. Salmier writes that they were pleased in receiving word from me ; they could prove to those who doubted it that I was really an American ; but no more was said upon the subject.

It will be remembered that Marie Salmier could not pass the school examination, as she stated, because she had not her act of birth. It must have been in order to prepare this certificate that the mayor's assistant asked so many questions of Victor Leblanc when I accompanied him to the office with his young infant. These certificates are considered of much importance in France, and one of the occasions when they are produced is at a marriage ; but Mr. Salmier's letter, just alluded to, tells me that they need not be presented when both of the parties to be married live in one commune.

PART IV.

BELGIUM.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON Tuesday, August 6th, I leave France for Belgium, in order to take the steamer of the 15th from Antwerp to Philadelphia. I find nice-looking people in the third-class car going to the Belgian frontier. The car is not divided. It is disagreeable that some of the men smoke, but an advantage when they have only cigarettes. Plenty of ecclesiastics are to be seen this morning. They have their dresses looped up behind. One young priest sits down on the same bench with me in a passenger-room; as it is warm, he has taken off his hat, and shows his shaven crown.

At Valenciennes I dine in a restaurant where a woman presides. I have roast beef, the excellent bread of the north, butter, and wine, also a basin and towel, and the charge is fifteen sous. At Valenciennes I see pears three for a sou, and plums eight for a sou, which seem very cheap. A young salesman in a store is sufficiently interested to inquire whether I am going by sea to America.

I saw one coal-mine while in France, but in Belgium I already see several, and great heaps of waste, as at Scranton and Wilkesbarre. After England, Belgium is the greatest country for fuel in Europe.

At Brussels when I inquire of a railroad officer for a cheap restaurant, he tells me of Van Camp's, and asks whether I can read. I find myself in a country of different manners. A young woman getting out of the cars is really asked by a young man whether he shall take her travelling-bag; and at a railroad station this evening a young man who is at the window before me actually makes way for me to buy a ticket first. I see a conspicuous sign in a station,—Waterloo; and I afterwards hear about the English that they go to Waterloo and bring back a nail as a relic, all true relics of the great battle having long since disappeared.

I make an inquiry at a station, and two men are standing who appear to be officers of the railway. One thinks I am English. "No." "Not French?" "No." "*Not* English?" "No." "Not Flemish?" doubtfully. "No." "Holland?" "No." The other then suggests Swiss, and one of them Italian; they had already guessed German. At last I say, "I was born in Philadelphia," for Philadelphia is known since our Exposition. The first thing that I note at Antwerp is carpets upon the floor, having left so many tiled floors in rural France, and tiled and waxed ones in Paris.

I am now getting very near the spot where the English language originated. When in the morning a servant-girl asks the milkman what time it is, he answers, "Seven." She talks Flemish. Then I see proper names which I have heard in Pennsylvania,—Conard, Baetes, and Ferree. Were they brought to my own State by religious refugees? I also find the name Pulmann. I have a very nice boarding-place at Antwerp, with a very interesting family, of which the mother is Belgian, and bred Catholic, and the

father was English, and Protestant. I should like to give the real name, but will call them Willems. The three daughters at home speak English, French, Flemish, and German. They were instructed—in part, at least—in convents. The two sons went to foreign countries to school; one writes in six and the other in seven languages, which is of much advantage to them in such a commercial town as Antwerp. It was partly through my friend in Paris whom I have called Carpentier that I obtained knowledge of this family, who occupy a large and handsome house in a central part of the city. All the children were baptized in the Catholic Church, and made their first communion; but they do not practice, as the saying is. The young men belong to the liberal party in politics, and are opposed to the Catholic, these being the two political parties of which I hear mention.

People in Antwerp smile at the mistakes or peculiarities of strangers more than do the Parisians. There seem to be quantities of English here. I wish a direction, and speak in French to a person upon the street, but he does not understand; he speaks English. French is the fashionable tongue in Belgium, and, strange to say, in this small kingdom of about five million people, two distinct tongues are spoken by the peasantry: one the Flemish, and the other the Walloon, which, as I afterwards learn from Appletons' "*Cyclopædia*," is essentially the French of the thirteenth century.

It seems to me at Antwerp that there is a degraded look about the common people as compared with those of Paris. Taking the Belgians altogether, as far as I saw them, I should not call them a handsome race, and the laboring-

people at Antwerp seem to have a defeated, a beaten-out look, as if in their lives there might be much labor, little pleasure, and less aspiration. But if I could talk Flemish with them, perhaps they would brighten up. Then the wooden shoes here look clumsy or burdensome. While on a journey I saw a woman at work with a rake, bonnetless, and in rags, so different from French tidiness. I see men upon an allotment of ground preparing to carry grain upon handbarrows or trays, as if they had no working animals, and a man himself dragging a harrow on a bit of ground. In a village street are little boys running to pick up wet horse-manure with their hands. There is a great deal of poverty in Belgium; various pernicious influences are said to have produced a vast amount of pauperism; and it is added that in 1857, out of 908,000 families, 266,000 (more than one-fourth) received support from the state. In 1876 Belgium had a population of 469 to the square mile, being thus the most thickly-settled country in Europe.

So long as Belgium possesses a landed aristocracy, or a few persons possessing a great amount of land, we need scarcely expect that republican institutions like our own will be established here; and before proceeding farther I will make some remarks upon the politics of the country, which will help to explain what follows. A gentleman in Antwerp, a native Belgian belonging to the liberal party, was so kind as to give me some information on the political condition of his country. Belgium is an independent kingdom; it had been joined to Holland, but became independent in 1830. This revolution, says my informant, was not necessary, but they wished to imitate France. Belgium has not the right of universal suffrage, however, as has

France. The senate and lower house are elected directly, but to vote for these one must pay a tax of over forty-two francs. Instead of the mayor of the French township or commune, there is in every commune a burgomaster; and there are a certain number of councilmen for the commune. To vote for this town-council a man must pay a tax of ten francs a year. This does not seem very high,—two dollars or less,—yet in Mrs. Willems' native village of four hundred inhabitants there are only four voters. The law requires, however, that there shall be twenty-five voters in a township; and in such cases as the above, the twenty-five highest tax-payers become the voters. The greater part of the land in Belgium is in possession of great proprietors, noble and Catholic, and the peasants who rent their lands have been obliged to vote for their party. Hitherto, says my informant, they have been led to the polls by the curés, or parish priests, and the ballots put into their hands, but now that is over. About two years ago a law was passed to insure the secrecy of the ballot. Great frauds have taken place in both political parties. The liberals, it is said, caused their clerks to declare their salaries two or three times as great as they really were, and by thus increasing their taxes made electors of them. The clericals made electors of farmers, whose taxes were increased by many fraudulent pretences, one of which was to declare one or more horses to be mixed,—that is, both labor and saddle horses,—by which means thousands of small farmers and peasants are said to have obtained the legal tax and become voters even for parliament. Instances have been recorded where one saddle was placed with the village priest, each of the farmers using it in turn and riding proudly with it before the eyes of a tax-collector (very often a clerical himself), to prove that the horse was a saddle-horse, and that

they had the right to be taxed, the mixed horse paying an additional tax of ten francs. (The word clerical, used above, I understand to be applied to the Catholic party in politics, the party to which my acquaintance is opposed; he being, as I have said, a liberal. Another person said to me that these additional taxes were paid by the Catholic Association.) But now these things are done away with. The voting committee, with a certain number of legal and sworn witnesses, sit in a room apart; each voter enters separately, receives from the president a ticket, and goes into a box, where he is left totally alone, having, as says my friend, his conscience only in that last moment to direct his actions.

An Antwerp gentleman—a liberal—told me that there is much danger in touching their constitution. Parties are so nearly balanced that, in endeavoring to extend the right of suffrage, changes might be made which they would not desire. After reflection, I asked him whether the liberal party wished to extend the right of suffrage. He answered that some of the liberals are opposed to the measure, so long as the people are ignorant and led by their priests.

Although Belgium now has a system of schools said to be next in excellence to the Prussian, yet thirty-five per cent. of the people above forty years of age do not know how to read and write. The present system was established in 1842.

Mrs. Willems is animated and fond of conversation. Although a Catholic, yet her husband was, as I have said, Protestant, and her sons are liberal. She says to me, "We cannot read the Bible in our religion; it is prohibited. We can read it in Latin; but if we read it in our own tongue, we must confess it." She adds that there are passages which are improbable when read,—which would confuse

their minds,—and says, “At the time that the Spanish governed our country the Inquisition was established here, and I think that they also established confession; and as the Bible does not speak of confession; that is why it is not permitted to read it.” She is, however, far in the wrong as regards the Spanish having first established confession.*

Mrs. Willems tells me that she was at the golden wedding of one of her father’s cousins; and out of twenty guests at the table, fourteen were priests. There were also four *béguines*, or nuns, in the family circle; but they did not come. “I don’t know why,” she says; “an especial dispensation from the bishop is required for them.” “And what did they talk about?” I ask. “Oh, about very gay things. They did not talk about religion. The vicars went and put on the servants’ clothes, and had a good pantomime in the court-yard, making believe play on dif-

* Since my return to this country, one of my Catholic friends has doubted Mrs. Willems’ having spoken to me as above told,—adding that I mistook her. I have Butler’s Catechism, with the addition of Milner’s Scriptural Catechism,—a work in use in Catholic Sunday-schools here. The true position of the Roman Catholic Church—at least in our country and Great Britain—upon the subject of reading the Scriptures will be seen by the following, from the work just mentioned: “*Question*.—Is it lawful for the laity to read the Holy Scriptures? *Answer*.—They may read them in the language in which they were written,—as likewise in the ancient Vulgate translation, which the Church vouches to be authentic. They may also read them in approved modern versions; but with due submission to the interpretation and authority of the Church. *Question*.—Have any great evils ensued from an unrestricted reading of the Bible in vulgar languages by the *unlearned and unstable*? *Answer*.—Yes; numberless heresies and impieties; as also many rebellious and civil wars.”

ferent kitchen utensils. They had each taken a good bottle of wine." (The parish priest is the *curé*; his assistant, or assistants, are vicars.) "They talked a little about Protestants,—that they are more serious than we; that in England they observe Sunday better than we; that the religion of the Protestant English is a religion of their own, but ours is the true religion. There was one priest who said that he was familiar with different religions, and that there are certainly good persons in all. They argued about different religions; but when one has taken a good bottle of wine the mind becomes confused." "And what did you do at that golden wedding?" I inquire. "Madame, I took a great nosegay of the flowers of the fields to the farmer's wife,—red poppies, bluets, and so on,—and ears of wheat and rye. My cousin gathered and arranged them for me. We had a great banquet from two o'clock to about eight, when the priests went away. We were at the table about six hours. We had anecdotes about the different ways of the villagers. We discussed different religions, but came back to the same point,—that the Catholic is the surest for going to heaven; that outside of it one cannot be saved. The conversation was general about house-keeping, farming, and all sorts of things." (Mrs. W.'s narrative is animated; but it will be observed that there is a discrepancy in the above.)

She adds, "When the weather is dry we have public prayers for rain; when it is too wet, the same that it may stop; and also in epidemics. For these things we have candles, and processions, and prayers that they may cease. At this time," she continues, "the village priests, and those in the cities, preach a great deal about politics. My family

is liberal, and I do not care to go to church to hear such sermons."

I ask one of the young ladies to repeat the Commandments, and she gives me the same, or a part of those rhymed ones which I saw in the Lyons prayer-book, and which I heard quoted in Paris and repeated in the north. And, as once before, the question is asked whether I want the commandments of God, for there are also commandments of the Church, already quoted herein.

I have before mentioned how, in the north of France, Mr. Salmier said that the men talked in church. Mrs. Willems says that there was, in a Belgian village, now more than twenty years ago, a curé who had a flock of which the men were accustomed to leave the church when he went up into his chair of truth, or pulpit. Observing this, the curé took off his white surplice, and went around to the taverns and said, "When you have finished drinking I will finish my sermon." Then they were all afraid, and went back to church. Their habit had been not to leave church entirely, but only while the sermon lasted, and then return. In the same village, every one went to confession at least once a year, and Madame Willems adds that there was in the village a certain man who was very profane, and to whom the curé gave as a penance to repeat a certain number of prayers. But as he could not read and write, he made use of a chaplet, or rosary. Once he had sworn so much that the curé assigned to him a penance of sixty chaplets. There was in the same village a certain old woman named Marianne, who could not work. She was nearly blind and quite poor, and all the sinners, says Madame W., went to her to get her to pray their chaplets; and the chapel, too, was quite near her, where she went to pray.

Our swearing farmer said to the curé, "I cannot pray those sixty chaplets; I'll go to old Marianne." "I prohibit your doing it," said the curé. "But, sir, you are doing wrong to Marianne, who has no other way of getting her living." "I'll pay Marianne myself, and you'll pray the chaplets." So the curé went to see the old woman, and gave her what money he had,—three francs,—and told her that she was not to pray the chaplets of the farmer. Then, when the latter came to her with his request, she told him what the curé had said. Then the man began to swear anew, but, recollecting himself, he asked how much the curé had given her. Three francs was all at that time. "Very well; keep them, and I will pay you a franc apiece for the rest, and I will pray the three myself." They laughed a good deal about it in the village, and thought he had paid high for his chaplets.

This curé was rich and generous, and was much loved. One Sunday there was a man trying to make a bargain with a cattle-dealer for a calf that he wished to sell. When such a bargain was on hand they always adjourned to a public-house to drink. On this occasion it was the time of vespers and the *Salut*, or Hail Mary, and the curé was going through the village, looking in at the tavern-windows to see if any one was there, and he saw Philip and his cattle-merchant. "Why don't you come to the church for the *Salut*? Did you not hear the bell?" he said. But Philip told him that he was just concluding the bargain. "There is a difference of five francs, and I hope, if I give him something more to drink, he will pay me that." "Come and pray the good God," said the curé, "and perhaps that will inspire you with some thoughts; and let him come

too." When vespers were over the curé gave Philip five francs, and said, "If the merchant pays you the five francs, you can bring this back to me; but if he does not, you can keep it."

The next day Philip went to find the curé, and told him that the man had not paid him the money, but he had paid one franc for the drinks, and one to his son to lead the calf away for him. "And, Mr. Curé, ought I to make restitution to you of the two francs?" "You may keep them," said the curé. He was a man who was loved, and knew how to make himself respected. Now he is dead, and old Marianne, my village acquaintances, and he who had his chaplets prayed.

In the Flemish villages, dancing is not permitted by the curés in many places. (Perhaps Mrs. W. means dancing on Sunday.) In Hammes, a village of ten thousand souls, the curé does not allow dancing, but in the Walloon villages it is permitted. (The Walloon villages are those in which the Old French is spoken.) This good curé, if his parishioners came to him and asked permission to dance at the *Kermesse*, or village fête, would say, "Yes, you can dance; but do not fight, nor stay out late, nor make any scandal." But if they had not obtained his permission, he would punish them. The dance began after the Salut; the musicians began to play coming out of the church, and the cavaliers would join their ladies, and all would walk after the music to the great tree in the public place, where the dancing would begin. Then they would dance the dance of honor, and then go to the end of the village, with some ten musicians at the head, all in procession to meet the young people of the neighboring villages, and to give them the wine of honor, which is only white beer; and the young people of the neighboring villages put a white piece

of money on the plate, for the expenses of the fête. When the dancing under the linden was finished, they went into the public-houses, or to supper, and, returning, the dancing in the restaurants was kept up sometimes until four in the morning. The fête lasts three days, but on Tuesday it is the married ladies who have the dance of honor, under the linden on the public place, with the young men. When the violin went ting! ting! the young men would kiss the married women on each cheek, and then everybody would laugh; perhaps the husbands would be looking on. When I was young I danced every year, and afterwards when I was married, and went back to the village, I would dance with my children.

Mrs. Willems herself is from the Walloon country.

Not long after my arrival, Mrs. Willems accompanied me to visit an old printing-house at Antwerp, now become a museum. I am told that it belonged for about three hundred years to the family Plantin-Moretus, Plantin having bought it in 1579. Moretus was the son-in-law of Plantin, and the printing-house continued in the same family until 1865. In 1876 the city of Antwerp bought this ancient collection from a member of the family for one million five hundred thousand francs, and it was opened as a museum soon after. In the office of the head of the establishment, upon the walls, instead of paper, are pieces of leather about one and a half feet long and nearly as wide, sewed together. These are figured in gold and colors. They were found under seven coverings of wall-paper, and have all been repaired. In another room are two printing-presses of 1540. Among many other things I see a magnificent Polyglot Bible of 1572, printed with

the permission of Philip II. In another place we are shown Syriac and Samaritan characters, or types; and the guide says to Mrs. W., "We read that the good God spoke to a Samaritan woman,—see, here are Samaritan types." I see over a door an inartistic picture of a man sitting at a table upon which there seems to be a fowl, while he holds a loaf in his hands. The guide tells us that it is the good God, who blesses the bread before eating, which Mrs. Willem's explains to mean Jesus Christ blessing the bread. And here in this connection I wish to introduce a little anecdote of something that occurred elsewhere. I asked a young lady at Antwerp what her brother-in-law is. And quietly, much as one might say at home, "He is a Unitarian," she replied, "Atheist."

I have come to Antwerp at the time of a great festival. Thursday, the 15th of August, is the four hundredth anniversary of the guild erected in 1478 in honor of Our Lady, patroness of Antwerp, on the festival of the Assumption and the ten following days. I copy from the notice the following, which was in Flemish, and not, like the former, in French also: "Alles tot meerdere Eer en Glorie van God en van de Allerheiligste Magd en moeder Gods Maria," or, translated, "All for the honor and glory of God and of the most holy maid and mother of God, Mary." There is in the cathedral an image of Mary and the infant Jesus, said to be several hundred years old. This image I see in the cathedral, like a big doll, dressed in some stiff material which I infer to be cloth of gold.

At Antwerp I see a hearse go by. It is black, and on the body is painted in orange a sort of grave-yard scene, with two skeletons and other objects. Above at the corners

of the hearse are gilded angels. At the time of a funeral I see a yellow-fringed cloth lying over the coffin and hanging down the sides of the hearse, nearly hiding those ghastly emblems of mortality. A priest is in the first carriage, and only men in the others, but whether this is the universal rule I cannot tell. In a funeral procession I see smoke issuing from a carriage window, for within young men have cigarettes.

Mrs. Willems tells me that the country-people of Belgium put poppy-seeds into the children's pap to make them sleep while they work in the fields. She had before taken me to visit a *crèche*, a sort of temporary infant asylum, where, among many others, I saw a child, quite a nice one, but of a very peculiar appearance,—dark around the eyes. I could not understand the cause of this, hearing from the teacher that she had not a bad habit, which I suspected; but when I hear about the poppy-seeds, it strikes me that this may be the cause. Mrs. Willems adds that in the town it is quite common to give *slaap-drank*, or sleep-drink, to the children; that hired nurses carry the bottle in their pockets to keep the baby asleep (or children under two years); and that mothers give it.

CHAPTER XXV.

DURING my stay at Antwerp, Mrs. Willems kindly accompanies me on several excursions among the farming population. We travel almost entirely by rail, and railway travelling is cheap here. Our first trip is only about three

miles from the city, and when we alight at the station Mrs. W. inquires the way of a gentleman, who, with a lady, has also got off of the train. When he learns what we are out for, he says that they are going to visit a farm of his, and it is concluded for us to accompany them ; but first we must pass through the village, where he is repairing a house. I am quite shocked at the station by seeing wagons drawn by dogs, holding peasants returning from market with their baskets. I see three persons, drawn by three dogs abreast, but when it comes to two dogs dragging two women, in the August heat, it looks worse. We meet many of these dogs laboring along on the stone pavement of the highway ; must not their paws be sore ? They have a means of expression, however, that does not belong to horses. I hear a barking and see a man whipping, for he wants his team to get over the railroad track. Mr. Pulmann, as I call the gentleman whom we accompany, says that these people got up at one o'clock to go to market at Antwerp, and they still have a long distance to go. He says that they live in a poor country, where there is a great deal of sand, but he afterwards adds that they are people without care ; they do not read the newspapers, and do not concern themselves about what is going on in America. They bring eggs, butter, chickens, and many rabbits, but probably not fruits, from their country ; and then English dealers meet them, and take their produce. Mr. Pulmann adds that these English agents come to his farm to ask the farmer to sell them his fruits by the tree ; they will come themselves to gather them. He adds that more agricultural products go to England than Antwerp itself consumes. Antwerp is said to have one hundred and twenty thousand souls, but England pays better. After passing through the village, we at length reach the farm of Mr. Pulmann, and find the

farm-house to be a long building of brick, with a firm, excellent roof of osiers, or willow, laid on like thatch, and seven or eight inches thick. Such a roof is said to be good for the grain, which is, of course, kept in the garret. The house is very pleasantly situated in a grassy yard, with a number of fine elms in front, and some laurels or bay-trees in tubs, and medlars growing,—fruits that are gathered in November. In this handsome yard there is no manure-heap, as so often seen in France. The bake-house is a separate large building, for fear of fire. It has a tile roof, which is cheaper than the willow. The buildings and the yard are surrounded by a ditch or fish-pond, more than twelve yards broad, in winter about three or four yards deep, and measuring about fifty yards long on each side. In it are carp, eels, and other fish. I wish to know the age of the house. "We will look," says Mr. Pulmann; and when we go to one end, we find large iron figures put into the wall giving the date of the house as 1615 (or five years older than Massachusetts). The ground here is dug in ditches at a distance from each other of about a yard and a half; not all the fields are thus dug, but the wet ones. Land here without buildings is worth about five hundred and thirty dollars an acre, and when there is competition may run up higher than seven hundred. Farmers here rent for money, the rent payable every six months, and amounting to about ten dollars the acre. The use of the buildings is thrown in, and the farmer pays all taxes. The taxes amount to seven per cent. of the revenue, the government making an estimate once in ten years of the value of the property, and putting the taxes at seven per cent. But although the farmer pays the taxes, that does not make him a voter; he pays them to the landlord. His tax on windows, two francs a year for each, the tax on his doors, on

his chimney, on his animals,—these entitle him to vote for burgomaster and town-council, but not for deputies to parliament.*

Soon after we get to the farm the farmer's wife comes in her Flemish cap of lace and clattering wooden shoes. She has a table set for us in the shaded yard, and she offers us milk and plums,—fine purple ones. She brings me a well-written letter from her brother-in-law, who is a priest,—“a Catholic missionary at Chicago,”—but as the letter is in Flemish, I cannot read it, nor can I understand her. We do not see the farmer himself, but she is preparing for market. She has peas and apples, and potatoes are standing in a cart.

Within the house, in the kitchen, there is a fireplace as large as our old-fashioned ones, and within it is a good stove in which they are burning coal. Mr. Pulmann tells us that the stove will be removed in winter as insufficient to keep them warm, and a large wood-fire built upon the hearth. I remark that they ought to have a stove to burn the wood in, that this is extravagant. (I wonder whether the reason can be that there is no pipe-hole cut in the chimney.) Mr. Pulmann shows me where the farmer gets his wood. All or most of the fields are surrounded by trees, and between the trees are shrubs growing. It is the trimmings of these shrubs which the farmer gets to burn. After entering Belgium, I was surprised to see so much wood; but now I infer that, owing to the small size of the fields, and their being surrounded with trees, the country has a wooded appearance. Afterwards I find another part of Belgium as treeless as where I sojourned in the north of

* My impression, from recollection, is that this farm contained about thirty-three acres.

France. Where Belgium suffers from too much water, can it be good policy to surround the fields with trees? But to return to the farmer's kitchen. On the side opposite to the fireplace, Mrs. Farmer opens a door, and what is my surprise to find myself facing the cows. Near the door, inside the kitchen, is a berth built into the wall, and quite short. This is for the bed of the farmer and his wife; and there is in it a kind of small shutter, which, when opened, allows them to observe what is going on in the stable. The stable is constructed in a remarkable manner for saving the manure, but we may doubt whether it is very good for the animals that spend all their lives here. The cows stand, with their heads facing the house part, upon a floor not much longer than their bodies, and then the floor ceases, and running the length of the centre of the stable is a deeper part for receiving the manure. Opposite to the cows, and tail to them, and also on a floor elevated above this central portion, is the horse. Thus it will be observed how easily the stables can be cleaned. You have only to draw the manure to the centre, and let it fall into this deeper part, where it is thoroughly protected from the weather. Mr. Pulmann calls my attention to the fact of there being a cask here to receive the urine.

We go into the garden, which is large and neatly kept; again the ground is ditched and lying in lands somewhat like those prepared for the vine in the south of France, or in broad beds. This ditching is to prevent the water or ice from lying on the garden in the winter. I observe that the currant-bushes are cultivated in tree form; there are many fruit-trees and some dahlias and hydrangeas. The lady who accompanies Mr. Pulmann is his sister-in-law, and she tells us of the family of the farmer's wife who live in the adjoining village, and who have rented the same lands

for a very long period. Some one having curiosity asked how long they had been there, and "these brave folks," thinking that some inheritance was coming to them, searched their old papers and found that these lands had passed from father to son for four hundred years. All the papers had been saved concerning the rent of their farm. The lady adds that in the good old times lands were rented for one hundred years, but now ordinarily for ten. This lady, whom I call Miss Maulevert, says that the farmer can put by five hundred francs a year. He can put it into the bank or with the notary, who gives him three per cent. A farmer who wants to buy land, say of the value of one thousand francs, and has only five hundred, can go to the notary, who will lend him the sum wanted at six per cent.; the borrower can then pay in small sums, the notary keeping the papers until all is paid. Most of the notaries are trustworthy; but, says Mr. Pulmann, "sometimes there is one who will take the money and go to see you in America, madame." "Almost all our rogues go there," says Mrs. Willems. "What part of America are you from?" says Mr. Pulmann. "North America; and where do these people go?" "To Brazil." Mr. Pulmann has retired from business. He was a West India merchant, but never went thither himself: he did not like the water. He and his sister-in-law come nearly every day to visit the farm. There is upon it a pavilion or long plain building of wood and glass, where they can entertain their friends, having a petroleum stove in the building, and bringing their two servants with provisions.

The most profitable crop grown here is wheat, but the great reliance of the people is upon potatoes. Mr. Pulmann says that when this crop misses all goes wrong or goes backward. There is only one hog at this farm,

and I begin to ask whether I shall ever see more than one.

We learn of Mr. Pulmann or his sister that of three sons he has two ecclesiastics belonging to a religious order. If they are monks, I suppose the expression is not strictly correct, but I asked Mr. Pulmann whether his sons wished to become curés, and I understood him to answer thus: "Yes, they had an instinct for study." He does not think that they had to study without fire, as in the department of the north. They made their preparatory studies at Antwerp and went to the University of Louvain. The theological seminary is at Mechlin. Madame Willems afterwards says that Miss Maulevert was speaking to her about a Norwegian church at Antwerp. Although Lutheran, it has, she said, the Virgin Mary and child in one of the painted windows. Miss Maulevert added, says Mrs. W., that before fifty years almost all the world will be Catholic,—England and Norway, but not Germany; they are too bad.

We see buckwheat growing, and Mr. Pulmann tells me that the country-people make cakes and also thicken milk with it, but there is not much raised,—it is not a profitable crop. Mr. P. tells me that the country-people eat fried potatoes, that bacon and lard are sold in great quantities in Antwerp; he does not know where they come from, but one of Mrs. Willems' sons says that they come from America, and one of her daughters says that the country-people fry a bit of bacon, add salt and pepper to the fat, and when it is cold spread it upon their *tartine*, or slice of bread, in place of butter. She adds that she likes it herself.

The present king of Belgium is a relative or near connection of Queen Victoria. When the Belgians established

their independence in 1830 or 1831, the crown was offered to his father, Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, a Protestant, whose first wife was the Princess Charlotte, of England. He afterwards married the daughter of Louis Philippe, of France, and their son, the present king, is Catholic. His silver wedding was approaching when I was in Belgium, and the women were raising a contribution to make a present to the queen. The subscription was not to exceed five sous, and I was told that they had already raised one hundred thousand francs, and all the subscriptions were not in. It was proposed to buy a crown and a train of lace. There was one commune that sent back the paper blank, the burgomaster saying that the women in his village were too poor, which Mrs. Willens interprets thus: she says that the nobility and the members of the political Catholic party are not giving because the king has made some decisions that favor the liberals; and that in the village mentioned, the seigneur was probably opposed to the king or to the liberal party, and also the burgomaster. The seigneur could go into the houses himself and speak to the people, or send his servant, or have the curé to preach in the church. If the curé is not on friendly terms with the seigneur, he can do nothing, because the peasants are dependants of the seigneur.

After the Revolution of 1830, which drove the Bourbons out of France, the Belgians revolted from the king of Holland and set up a government of their own. England, Russia, Austria, and the other great powers of Europe established them as an independent kingdom, and made of them a neutral nation, not obliged to join in any of their wars; which has succeeded so well that, with a

population of less than six millions, they have sixty thousand soldiers to support. Belgium also has, as one of her sons tells me, to maintain defensive works to an absurd extent. England once forced Belgium to build enormous forts around Antwerp to protect her from France and Germany, and now Germany obliges Belgium to build more forts to protect her against England and France. Mr. Pulmann, whose farm we visited, said that the expenses for fortifications are eating up their ears.

Belgians who desire to do so can pay money to the government in order to provide substitutes for the army or volunteers. In advance, before the conscription, you put in your request for a substitute, paying at the same time two hundred francs. If you are drawn, you must make the sum up to sixteen hundred francs; but if not drawn, your two hundred are returned to you. The volunteer or substitute who accepts this sixteen hundred francs must serve eight years. Those drawn in the conscription must serve in the cavalry four years, in the infantry two, but they are always liable to be called on, if there is need, for eight years, dating from the conscription. After retiring from active service they become the reserve. The Belgian soldiers are more coarsely dressed than the French. They receive about three and a quarter pounds of bread for two days, and about half a pound of meat daily, also a portion of potatoes or other vegetables. They also receive one sou a day.

Another excursion which Mrs. Willems and I make is to the great village of B., with a population of eight thousand,

having a Catholic church and chapel. The village is mostly agricultural, but there are two tanneries, five breweries, and a dozen manufactures of lace. Two thousand persons are said to be working at lace, so that the farmers have much trouble in hiring women to work in house and field. It is in this village that I see boys with a basket, boys with a wheel-barrow, picking up the horse-manure in the street. The person whom we go to visit this day holds an office of some consequence, and has about one hundred and seventy acres, part of which is *polder*, or alluvial land, near Antwerp, reclaimed from the river Scheldt. It furnishes excellent pasture. About twenty of Mr. V.'s cattle were out on the *polder* when we were there. Mr. V. may be called a model farmer. He lives in the village, but has excellent buildings on the farm. He has over forty medals, received at agricultural expositions within eight years; they are of gold, of silver gilt, of silver, etc. I learn that some of his flax-stalks measure not far from a yard and a half in height, and I saw a specimen of oats measuring about five feet six inches. He says that this oat-field will bring him ninety bushels to the acre, and oats this year are worth sixty-six cents a bushel (ten francs the hectolitre). Mr. V. also tells me that the potato is their best crop, but they still suffer from rot; the heats of summer, followed by heavy autumnal rains, spoil the crop. Every year Mr. V. loses some, and last year about two and a half acres. When potatoes produce about two hundred and ninety bushels to the acre they are very good. I learn from Mr. V. that there are no insects here which injure wheat in the fields: something which he calls *cancre* eats it in the barn. Nor are there insects here that injure plums, but sparrows eat plums and cherries. Perhaps they are north of the range of the

curculio, or plum-beetle, as Canada seems to be north of the range of the pea-weevil. We see at Mr. V.'s a hog, ten months old, estimated to weigh five hundred pounds. Mr. V. has more than one.

If it be not too great a step from swine to nobility, allow me to add here that in the same great village with Mr. V. the Count of —— has a residence. He has altogether three residences, and is said to possess about two thousand five hundred acres.

One more excursion Mrs. Willems and I are to take. It is to her native village; and at the same time we will visit other places, where different acquaintances think that there are things worth seeing. And as madame wishes to be back soon, it is concluded to start on August 11th, which is Sunday. We pass through Malines, and I do not know until my return to my own country that it is Mechlin. We see peasants with handkerchiefs or little shawls pinned upon the crowns of their bonnets, and falling in folds on their necks. The ends may be pinned under the chin or tied upon the breast. One woman, who is quite well dressed, thus wears a little yellow silk shawl, with broad yellow lace around it. It seems to me that the Belgian Sunday more resembles ours than does the Parisian, but I am told at Mechlin that the stores are open.*

At one of the stations that we pass, Mrs. Willems says that the station-keeper was a liberal, and that the peasants signed a petition and had him removed. Now he has a smaller place. "What for?" I ask; "there must have been a reason given." "There was some reason invented.

* By Article XIV. of the Belgian Constitution, no person can be forced to observe the holidays of any religious body.

We say," she adds, smiling, "when one wants to whip a dog one can always find a stick." I ask why the peasants are opposed to the liberals, who ought to be their friends. "Because they think them opposed to religion, and the curés tell them that they are." We change cars at Louvain, where is the university, which is Catholic; but Mrs. W. says that young men who go to it come out more liberal than others. After quitting Louvain, we see on our right a fine stretch of agricultural country, resembling France, almost treeless, and I see beets growing, and stacks of grain, and a great spread of land without houses, as in *Le Nord*, the department of France I lately left. We stop a few moments at Neerwinden. Here on a great plain was a great battle, and thousands of soldiers, Mrs. W. says, were buried in that plain. It was one of the battles of Louis XIV. War seems to have been a game that he loved to play at. About here the peasants who get into the cars are speaking Walloon, which Mrs. W. tells me is quite different from Flemish; one does not understand the other.*

We stop for the night at a flourishing town, where lives a gentleman to whom we have a letter of introduction. When we go to his house he and the family are absent, and we leave a note for him at a little shop near by. We then conclude to take up our quarters at the Blue Sheep, which, for an obvious reason, I prefer to the Golden Crown. The house seems to be kept by a woman; it is decent and comfortable, but probably we should have had better butter at the Golden Crown. At supper-time we have the company of a man of about thirty, who is stout, has curling hair, and looks to me like a travelling salesman. Before eating,

* Of course there are persons who speak both. See Appletons' "Cyclopædia," "Belgium."

he crosses himself twice. I do not remember ever to have seen a man in France cross himself even once before eating, and rarely a woman. It turns out, however, that this young man at the Blue Sheep is a teacher, or is connected with the public schools, which are now in vacation. The landlady thinks that he is employed by the government. He himself tells us of a school examination that is now going on here; but it is private. He tells me that Mr. Van Ambek is going to introduce a system into all Belgian schools in imitation of that of America. Here I am told what I have before mentioned,—that public school education in Belgium comes next to that of Prussia; it is also said to be much more advanced than in France. Instruction in the common grade of public schools is gratuitous; and books are given to the indigent, but others must pay.

At this flourishing town we find, with some exceptions, that the stores are open this Sunday afternoon. In one window we see showy red cotton handkerchiefs, bearing the smiling face of Pope Leo XIII., "Papa," and besprinkled with little cross-keys; while on a border are larger ones. Mrs. Willems buys one for fourteen sous to give to an old man whom she is going to visit.

In the morning we find the gentleman to whom we brought the letter of introduction, and he tells us that he was at their country-house near the town, where there is a fine view; he thinks it a pity that we had not known where to find them. I make an inquiry concerning the farmers here, and he replies that they are generally very comfortable, but they are not the owners of lands; these belong to great seigneurs. He is so kind as to write in my note-book the names of a few proprietors, whence I learn that the Count of ——— possesses about five thousand acres, rented to four farmers,—except the woods, which are re-

served for hunting. The count's family is very old. Several others are mentioned who own lesser quantities. The town in which we are—which is handsomely situated on a river—has grown up by its great manufactures of iron, paper, etc. It has manufactures of zinc and of tiles, has tanneries, and one or more distilleries. In the vicinity are mines of coal, iron, zinc, and lead. In this neighborhood almost all are liberal in politics, except the nobility. In religion all are Catholics,—at least, nominally. “The nobility,” says this gentleman, “are more opposed to liberal ideas than the clergy.” “Then,” I say, “the clergy are obliged to follow them because they are dependent on them.” “It is a chain,” he answers.*

Our time this morning is very limited, but I get Mr. P. to call a carriage, and we ride out to see a farm belonging to a lady whose husband is of a distinguished Antwerp family.

We see the farmer's wife, who is much occupied, but shows us round during our brief stay. The floors that I see in the house are of stone. There are here about two hundred and fifty acres, sixteen working-horses, nine colts, fifty horned cattle, and fifteen hogs. Raising colts is one of their industries, and in a horse-stable I observe at each end a short bunk built against the wall at a considerable height, one having a ladder by which to go up. In the two sleep four men. It seems to me that these beds are too short. The farmer's wife, in speaking of the colts, speaks also of the *mères*, or mothers. Is this the origin of our word mare? We are now in the Walloon part of Belgium,

* Of course the seigneurs of Belgium have not the old feudal privileges; as I understand, they are only nobles, with landed possessions; nor can the clergy be said to be directly dependent upon them, for they are paid by the government.

or, as we may say, the French part. At this farm the manure is not protected, as at the one we visited near Antwerp, but there is a cistern in the barn-yard to collect the drainings of the stables, and a pump to take them out.

Mr. P., the gentleman who accompanies us, asks me a question about my country. When we were preparing for the journey, Mrs. Willems put on a black silk, while I wore a black woollen. She says that she must dress in going to her own village, or the people will be sure to say, "They must have lost money. Don't you see that she is not dressed so well as she used to be?" The question which Mr. P. asks me is, whether we occupy ourselves much with the toilet in America. "Oh, yes," I answer. "At New York?" he asks. "Oh, in other places," I reply. "I thought that perhaps you are too advanced," he concludes. In this town where Mr. P. lives we see little wagons or trucks drawn by dogs, carrying each a small cask. He says that these contain the refuse of the distillery, taken to feed animals. He says that the *ouvriers*—by which I suppose he means the workingmen of the town—drink beer and gin. While at the town, a woman tells us that there is a grotto we ought to see, to Our Lady of Lourdes. It is in the hospital-yard, close by the great church, and, seeing the hospital gate open, we go in. It is an artificially constructed grotto, with a little image of Bernadotte kneeling, and higher up Mary without the infant Jesus. There is also a box for you to put money in. In the church the altar is very plain, except the great painted window behind it. The church has two stoves, but Mrs. Willems says that theirs at Antwerp have none. One chapel, she says, has fire, but no church except the Protestant ones. We bid Mr. P. good-by; he has been quite cordial; and we make our way by rail to a station about a mile from the first village at which

Madame Willems intends to stop,—a village where live her uncle and cousins. Before starting to walk over we get a simple dinner at a restaurant near the station, and among other things have purple cabbage, boiled or stewed, with vinegar and sugar, and perhaps some fat. I do not like it. As we walk over to the village, we find two little chapels, or shrines, standing at different spots along the way.

One of our first visits is to the public school of this village, the schools now being in vacation. Our arrival is doubtless an event worthy of notice, for five boys in sabots rush into the school-house yard, and soon after comes a girl, also in wooden shoes, carrying a heavy baby. Villages in Belgium are probably more interested in strangers than our own small towns. In that great village which we lately visited, containing eight thousand inhabitants, I understand some one to say that a large part of the people never visited Antwerp, which is only about six miles distant. This seems incredible, but Mrs. Willems says that some of them have not.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN the window of the town-house, in one of the villages, I see important advice,—a handbill with pictures of the Colorado potato-beetle, and also a box with models of the different forms or stages of the insect; but I do not learn that it has ever been seen here; perhaps it will not visit so high a latitude.

I see that in one of the villages which we are now visiting the houses are numbered. Most of the dwellings here are set with their gable-ends to the street, without windows towards it, or the house faces upon a court-yard which is

walled from the street. They say that in old times houses were set with their backs to the street. Brewers are great men in these Belgian villages. Out of eighty houses in one village which we visit, twelve are *estaminets* or drinking-places. I have before mentioned that I saw at a farmhouse a letter from a priest,—a Catholic missionary at Chicago. The expression was somewhat amusing; but I here learn that great numbers have emigrated from Belgium, and gone to the neighborhood of Chicago, to Green Bay (not in close nearness to that city).

We were just going to visit the public school, where the boys rushed into the yard, shod in wood. To this school the boys and girls go together, the population of the commune being four hundred; but in a neighboring commune which has nine hundred, and one hundred and eighty scholars, the sexes are divided. The wall of the school we now visit is nearly surrounded by little colored pictures from the Bible,—the deluge, the death of Absalom, and others. A most conspicuous place is given to the bust of the present king; there is also a fine picture of his Holiness Pius IX., a small engraving of Rubens' Descent from the Cross, and other pictures. The floor of the school-room is very neatly finished with cement, and a black-board occupies the whole length of one side of the room. The teacher has a map of the province, one of Belgium, and one of Europe, and these are all that the school possesses. I have already mentioned that thirty-five per cent. of the people above forty years of age do not know how to read and write; but from seven to fourteen, I am told that all children have this amount of learning. The teacher tells me that the public can visit the school when it is not in session; but I tell him that we can visit ours when they are in session, both the parents and the public, to encourage

the children. I might have added, however, that ours are not overrun with visitors.

We also make a call upon one of Mrs. Willems' cousins, who has risen to the dignity of an *étage*, or a second story to her house. They are maiden ladies, her cousins; there were four sisters, none of whom married, and the brother was a curé. The sisters have a nice collection of cows and calves, and they made last week twenty-four pounds of butter (Mrs. W. says that ordinarily a fresh cow gives one pound of butter a day). In the garden I see an immense stalk of mullein growing as if it belonged there. They call it *bouillon blanc*, which means literally white soup. They gather the flowers to make tea, and Mrs. Willems says that it is a kind of tisane, or diet drink, very beneficial to the stomach and intestines. And here I may add that at Antwerp one of the young ladies was making tea from linden leaves and flowers, as she felt indisposed.

In the garden of which I was just speaking there was a plum-tree with very good fruit. We went under the tree, and the person accompanying us picked up a plum for me, and one or two for Mrs. Willems. I should have been quite willing to have more, and did not know why she did not shake the tree; but I have since thought that the fruit may have been sold in the manner before spoken of. We have many calls to make, and do not tarry long at the house of this cousin. We go to see Mrs. Willems' uncle, who is eighty-eight years old. His daughter kindly prepares us a lunch of bread and butter and coffee, and a son shows us his ten bee-hives. He is not troubled with the bee-moth; he knows nothing about it. He joins us and accompanies us to the next village, which is Mrs. Willems' native place. On our way we call upon a curé, one of Mrs. W.'s acquaintances, and this is my first and last visit

to a Catholic ecclesiastic in Europe. We are politely received, and there is something agreeable in calling upon a gentleman of refined manners, whose daily employments do not prevent him from having a well-kept hand. He seats us at a table in a pleasant sitting-room; altogether we are four, and he produces a bottle of wine,—French wine, he says, twenty years in the bottle. He tells us that he wished to make use of this wine in the sacrament; they are forbidden to use any but pure wine in the sacrament, and he had this analyzed, and it was pure. He tells us that the older the wine is the milder; that it loses its alcohol. Hanging upon the wall is a small picture of a noble lady, Madame de F——, who was a countess by birth, but her husband was a chevalier. I understand that they had a country-seat here, and lived at Brussels in the winter, and had about five thousand acres. But she is no longer living.

Mrs. Willems speaks to Mr. E., the curé, about one of his uncles, also a curé, who was very gay. He is now eighty-five. "Gay!" says Mr. E. "*Mon Dieu!* how gay he is!" He tells us that when the noble just mentioned was going to have his picture taken by a German, the painter wanted to know whether he had any one to talk with him to enliven his countenance. "There is Mr. Curé," answered the chevalier. Mrs. Willems begins to tell the story about old Marianne, who "prayed the chaplets" for the man; but the curé will not accede to this account. She tells him what great taxes she has to pay. "Make yourself a curé, madame," he answers. It seems that upon his windows, his doors, his stove, and so on, he paid a tax of sixty-six francs, and the liberal party has excused him from paying, except for his woman-servant, which tax is eight francs yearly. The same law releases him from voting!

I afterwards hear that the curé's house is considered to belong to the municipality ; he pays no rent for it. A liberal gentleman in Antwerp adds that, unfortunately, the same law will deprive a number of schoolmasters of the right to vote.

We also visit the school in Mrs. Willems' native district, two villages being joined in one commune. The walls of this school-room we find to be surrounded in part by small pictures from the different natural kingdoms,—animals, birds, and so on,—in the place of the little Scripture scenes that were in the former. Here also is no large map of the world. In speaking of the salaries of teachers, he whom we are now visiting tells me that the least which the commune gives is two hundred francs, and the least which the province and general government also give is one thousand ; so the minimum of the teacher's salary is twelve hundred francs, besides his dwelling and almost always a garden. The maximum in large cities may amount to four thousand francs, besides lodging, fire, and light. He tells me that there are teachers in Belgium who have one hundred and fifty scholars, boys and girls, and no assistant. In one of the schools I visit something is said about obligatory education ; but I reply that we do not speak much of that ; adding in effect that we try to make our schools good, and allow the public to visit them, including the parents of the children, and endeavor to interest them in their progress.

When we get to Madame Willems' village, many are the calls that she must make ! We spend the night at the house of one of her friends, Madame H., who is a widow, and whose son farms. His wife, a pretty-looking young woman, is going to Brussels on the 22d, to take the queen's

present for the silver wedding. One woman is to go from each commune. Madame H. herself is fine-looking. She seems to admire the nobility. She shows me a picture of mademoiselle the Countess of —, sister of the noble lady whose picture I saw at the curé's. I also see a picture of the latter lady's daughter, who is married to Mr. the Baron of —, a man of the right kind!—*comme il faut!* With what an air our hostess adds, "These are nobles!" She has the pictures of the father, mother, and little son; the last having a sword in front of him, about as long as himself.

At Madame H.'s house, the manure-heap occupies a good part of the yard upon which the house opens, and seven or eight hogs are in the yard. In the hall and kitchen is a neat pavement of square stones, but in the best room and bedroom there are tiles or bricks. My bed has two good wool mattresses, and a straw bed beneath. Mrs. Willems will not sleep with 'me, but with her friend Madame H., with whom she made her first communion.

Lands here are at over six hundred dollars the acre, and sometimes over seven hundred and fifty. Madame H.'s son tells me that last year half of their potatoes rotted. The rot has appeared here this year also, worse than before, it is said. A good woman-servant gets two hundred francs a year, or even two hundred and fifty (about fifty dollars), and works in the field when she has time. A man gets as high as four hundred francs.

In these small communes the burgomaster is at the head of the police. He has two aids, called *échevins*, and there are four members of council. To vote for these, I repeat, you must pay a tax of ten francs, but as in one of the communes which we have just visited there are not enough voters to elect them (the law requiring twenty-five), the law

allows the twenty-five highest taxpayers to be electors. The only lawful marriage is that by the burgomaster ; this law dates from 1804 ; doubtless from the empire of Napoleon Bonaparte. Madame H. entertains us at supper and breakfast. We have bread and butter and tea for supper, and bread and butter and coffee for breakfast. I think it is she who inquires whether we have cream in my country. At this season of the year her son tells me that they rise at three, to take care of the animals. Speaking of potatoes, I tell them that our crop at my home failed lately, but that we have so many other things,—wheat, Indian corn, and turnips,—that we do not mind the loss of them much.

I tell them of one of my countrymen who said, “Go West, young man ; go West !” and Mrs. Willems adds, “That is what we say here,—go to the United States.” This morning we return to Antwerp, Mrs. W. being in haste to get home.

A young lady in Antwerp, familiar with peasant life in the Walloon country, thus describes to me the manner of living among persons who possess a little land, a couple of cows, and so on : Formerly, she says, the bread was almost entirely of rye, so that it was difficult to find a slice of white bread ; but by degrees that has changed, so that white bread prevails. The morning meal is coffee and slices of bread and butter, except among those who are not always rich enough to have butter, when the fat of pork will be spread as already described, perhaps with the addition of a little stewed apple, or sometimes white cheese is used, made from sour milk. At dinner they have potatoes stewed with carrots or other vegetables, and followed by some slices of fried pork. At four o'clock they take coffee again, with the *tartine*, or spread-slice before described. At eight o'clock potatoes, perhaps with a salad on top and a vinegar

sauce over all ; or perhaps a green soup made thus : Take half a slice of bacon and fry it, and when it is brown add water, sweet herbs cut fine, and many potatoes ; this should cook for an hour or two. Or sometimes in place of the soup they take buttermilk. Occasionally they drink beer. (I infer that these four meals are the summer custom.)

When Mrs. W. and I are returning, we again change cars at Louvain, and the language has changed from Walloon back to Flemish. I have spoken of railroad travelling being cheap here. In a third-class car it cost eight sous lately for two of us to ride three miles. Probably the abundance of coal makes travelling cheaper. Private persons at Antwerp pay about four cents for the cubic yard of gas. I hear Mrs. W. telling of six burners costing two sous an hour. On our homeward journey I observe at one spot that the ground is divided into little grass-fields, surrounded by ditches, and one or both banks planted with trees, for we have got again into the wooded country. In looking off at a distance, there seems to be a great deal of wood when lands are thus divided. And again we have got where the fields are thrown up into rounded divisions, about two yards wide, with little courses between for the water. On a simple low fence along the railway apple-trees are trained very short, never intended to grow high. We are prohibited from walking on the track here ; we must cross and take a path.

On our return to Antwerp I tell a liberal gentleman what the village curé had said and how he is deprived of a vote. The gentleman says that the house is not the curé's, but a government property, and that the law which thus operates against the village priests operates equally against public school-teachers, which he admits is a pity. He tells me that the regular clergy are *bons diables*, an expression which

surprises me, but he translates it into English, good fellows. He adds that if the regular clergy were married they could get along with them; but it is religious societies like the Jesuits that they fear more. Universal suffrage he declares to be the remedy for these troubles, and as soon as the people can read and write he is willing or desirous to extend the suffrage; but to do so requires a change in the constitution, and I have before stated that the liberals are afraid to touch the constitution, lest it should be made less liberal than it now is. Something is said to this gentleman about a curé who has a red face. He seems to sympathize with the curé in his solitude, but he says that wine-drinking is the least of the vices of the clergy. A regulation has been passed forbidding their having women-servants under thirty or thirty-five years of age.

Mrs. Willems' house is near the great cathedral at Antwerp, where is kept Rubens' celebrated picture of the Descent from the Cross. The cathedral is being bedecked for the great coming festival. The big bell goes boom! boom! the little bells chime the quarters, and I was never in a city that was so berung before. The four-hundred-year-old image has a stiff dress, and is to be carried in procession. In one aisle of the cathedral I see six men at prayer at one time, and that when there is no service. One has a low chair in the middle of the aisle: he kneels upon the edge of this chair, and his feet rest on the pavement. From time to time he moves his chair along to face the different pictures on the wall, which are scenes from the crucifixion, probably what are called the stations of the cross. He looks at his book and looks at the pictures. Is this public display a penance? What has he done?

I see here in the cathedral what I never remember seeing before, namely, a man confessing. One scene in this great

church was where several of the clergy were leaving the main apartment, the first being a conspicuous person in a scarlet dress and a ring on his finger, with a great violet stone. He was putting out his hands to bless the people who stood in his way. It is the primate of Belgium, Cardinal Deschamps.

Some of the faces in the cathedral would be a study for Doré. One scene was kissing a small metallic plate. The priest handed it round and wiped it, and after him was a little fellow, perhaps of seven (in a white robe that had been whiter), carrying a box into which about every second or third person dropped something. It seemed strange to me to see grown men in this crowd. I think that some one spoke of there being a relic in the little metallic thing which they kissed.

Another little scene in the cathedral struck me; it was on the day before the beginning of the great festival. A man in a black robe and white half robe enters the main part from an adjoining room, where I infer that the clergy have been taking refreshment after high mass. As the robed individual comes in, a man in citizen's dress is going out. The citizen winks: both stop; the ecclesiastic puts his left hand into his robe, takes out a snuff-box, and presents it to the other. The hospitable village curé, whom we visited, had a silver snuff-box, but he hesitated about presenting it.

In the cathedral there is a monument with carved figures, — a person being seized by Death, who, in the form of a skeleton, is laying his hand upon him. This ghastly evidence of mortality belongs to the same class as the yellow figures on the black hearse of which I have spoken. I do not remember seeing such in London or Paris. The traveller will not fail to observe a realism, a grossness, in Belgium.

I ask a gentleman why the cathedral here is not filled with monuments like Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. He replies that it was twice sacked,—once by the Calvinists in 1566, and once by the French at the time of their Revolution.*

Among the persons at Madame Willems' was a young man, a painter, one of the competitors for the prize of Rome. He did not gain it, but with great good humor he spoke in high terms of the merit of the painting which had gained, and brought the successful competitor to dine with us. One year the competition is in painting, another in sculpture, a third in architecture. This year there were sixteen competitors, out of which number six were chosen, and given, as the subject of a painting, the return of the prodigal son. Each is shut up alone until he has made his sketch; then they may go where they please for three months, during which time they are to paint the picture. He who gains the prize receives five thousand francs a year for four years in order to visit Rome, and must send to the government every year a painting from that city.

It was on the day of the great festival that the *Vaderland* steamed away from the quay at Antwerp, and that I accompanied her, returning to my native land.

* See for a short account of the former Appletons' "Cyclopædia," article "Iconoclasts," and, for a longer one, Prescott's "Philip II."

28.

V.C.

